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The attention of the **Reader** is particularly directed to
the **Preface**.

IRISH LIFE.

IRISH LIFE:

IN

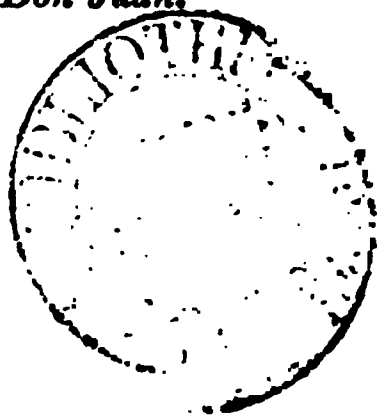
THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE
COUNTRY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Good Company's a Chess-board—There are Kings,
Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, Pawns,—The World's a Game;
Save that the Puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.

Don Juan.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
HOW AND PARSONS, 132, FLEET-STREET.

1840.

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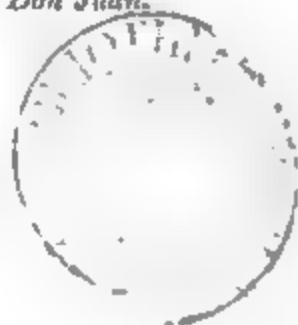
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PRINTED BY MANNING AND WASON,
117-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

PREFACE.

As to the writer of fiction is universally accorded the right of ransacking the venerable repositories of the past, and of selecting from their range whatever particular portion of it he pleases whereupon to erect the edifice of his imaginary history, together with a license founded on custom and established by prescription, of transferring from one age to another those characters he may choose — having invested them with sufficient concealment for his purpose—to bring again upon the scene, and marshal as his own creations, without any regard to the chronological order of their appearance, or any regular observance as to the exact period of their existence, frequently ex-

hibiting, as actually present, those long since mouldering in the chambers of the dust; so equally may be permitted to him the greater irregularity of forestalling the future, and having preconceived occurrences to come—peopling then the story with representations and personages of the present day, thrown a little forward into the womb of time, and beheld, under the fancied circumstances of a few years in advance.

Such has been the liberty arrogated to himself by the Author; whose great aim has been (foregoing any exaggerated impersonation of the human passions for the purpose of exciting the morbid

been his object; and if in the course of his narrative any remarks may appear to bear too severely upon any particular class, body, or profession, the Author begs most respectfully to disclaim any feeling of an acrimonious nature to any person or persons whatsoever.

November, 1840.



IRISH LIFE:
IN
THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone.

Measure for Measure.

When on the past the memory dwells,
And with full tide remembrance swells;
When o'er the heart are wildly flung,
Thoughts, feelings, passions, which have wrung
Each, in their turn, the tortured breast;
The struggle o'er, and now at rest,
The soul reviews with bootless pain,
Those faults it now deplores in vain.

Unpublished Poem.

It was my misfortune, at a very early age, to lose my mother, who was only able to bequeath to me on her death-bed the aversion and dislike of a father, transferred from a persecuted wife to an unoffending child. Though I was little more than an infant at the time,—and many years have since

They told me she was dying. I knew
it meant; beyond, indeed, that it was
from me, and that I should henceforth
of the refuge which her protection afforded
the harsh treatment of my father; shared
and more than equally, by her. A dis-
in the amount of her fortune was the pri-
original cause of estrangement. My
respectable family, had inherited from
cessor a crippled patrimony, and had en-
Bar as the best mode to repair the shatter-
of his house. Cold, proud—yet calcula-
with ambition, the natural austerity of his
was heightened by the force of circumsta-
his eye, from the first, steadily fixed on
step of the ladder, he cheerfully under-
drudgery of its ascent. Tobacco

the earlier and rougher stages of his career; so in the more elevated position of its termination, he still flinched not from its steady prosecution; nor, in the end, did he suffer himself, by the independence he had procured, to be seduced from the habits necessity had at first engendered. His early jealousy and almost hatred of mankind, had, from the experience of his life, mellowed into a profound and unmitigated contempt for his fellows, which marked all his intercourse with them. Whilst he was yet far from commanding his professional position, the commendable assiduity and industry of so young a man, co-existing with a deportment and character so utterly unimpeachable, had recommended him to the respect and countenance of his seniors. My grandfather by my mother's side, being at that time in the very zenith of forensic fame, with the reputation of about ten times the wealth his liberal and generous character allowed him to possess, was naturally a connexion suited both to the narrow means and restless ambition of Charles Tarleton.

The result was, his marriage with my mother,—a marriage rendered wretched, almost from the first, in consequence of the comparatively small

fortune it brought; but hopelessly embittered by the success which its assistance afforded him, as enabling him to reach a position on the slippery ascent, too high to be longer benefited by her father's name or interest. At the time of my birth, a high office, the immediate stepping-stone to the bench, had already rewarded the long labour necessary for its procurement. As usual too, friends, as mutually useful acquaintances are termed, now thronged around him; but, in this respect, Sir Charles Tarleton differed from most. Few, none indeed, could, even in the enlarged sense in which the word is used, call themselves his friends; his cold and calculating nature shrunk from the rising

word with most people imports. The occurrences of my earlier years shall be passed over, as affording nothing of particular moment, and as their general complexion may be easily conceived from what has already been said, and from the fact of my father's having speedily again married.

The profession of the law was that selected for me, and for which I was from my infancy intended;—the eminence of my family on both sides in that pursuit, rendered it almost a necessary destination for me;—and at the proper age, I was despatched to enter myself at one of the English Inns of Court, to qualify. On leaving Ireland, my father handed me a liberal order on his London banker, and took leave of me in nearly the following words: “You are now about to begin the world on your own account: hitherto your life has been marked by idleness and profligacy (hard names, I thought, for boyish errors); if you wish to push your way in the world, I will assist you; if not, expect nothing from me. You now see that you are the master of your own future prospects, you must do as I have done; if not, I give you fair warning that I shall disinherit you. My carriage

waits; Lady Tarleton is in the next room, and you are already late." It was certainly one consolation to me, that I had not to suffer any of the mental anguish which a first departure from a happy home must cause to a young heart. Even now, in the calm of age, and with the matured experience of my life, when I look back upon those times, much as I may condemn, I yet feel little surprise at the course I then took. It was not to be wondered at, that I, who had always been kept under unusually severe control, should, at this my first enfranchisement—like the horse loosened from the rein—run wild: there was no authority to

and wrong revolted from my follies, the force of habit, the intercourse with those more hardened, soon blunted the goadings of conscience, and silenced every whisper: on I went, headlong to ruin.

I, at least, consoled myself by thinking, that, far removed as I was from home, my father could know nothing of it. I was wrong: in proportion as I was apparently left to unrestricted liberty, I was in reality more closely surrounded by the nets and toils of a close and unremitting surveillance. Amongst the numerous acquaintance with whom an association in the pursuits of pleasure had brought me in more immediate contact in London, was Gerald M'Cullagh, who, though rather my senior, was nevertheless not more advanced than myself towards the attainment of the profession for which we were both destined. Though in many points almost diametrically opposed in character, there was a something in our similarity of position which formed a kind of sympathetic link between us. We both stood alone, more than is usually the case with men so young: he, without any relatives in existence,—I, with those whose existence was

to me as nothing. Thrown upon the world, dependent on ourselves, our objects were much alike; and though our habits differed in many respects, the acquaintance which at first owed its birth to chance, gradually improved into an intimacy more deserving the name of friendship than the generality of cases to which it is applied. There were some circumstances of a mysterious character connected with the parentage and early years of M'Cullagh that I did not at that time fully understand, and which—from the sensitiveness with which he always appeared to avoid any particular allusion to this subject when talking over our different pro-

country, and committed to their care by his only surviving relative, a maternal uncle, whom circumstances (not very clearly explained, but confusedly hinted at, as having reference to the political state of his native country) had for the present obliged to live abroad. Of the truth of this story M'Cullagh always declared himself extremely doubtful; more particularly as to the existence of this uncle, from whom, he was used to say, if he really were alive he would naturally have heard; but at the same time he always professed to have some very indistinct and glimmering recollections of persons and scenes greatly different from the calm and tranquil fireside of the respected friends who had taken charge of him, that were strongly corroborative of the part of his story which traced his birth to another country: an extraction, however, otherwise abundantly evidenced by the peculiarities of his character—proud, passionate, incapable of control, swayed by every impulse, gifted with a brilliant imagination, a ready wit, and a copiousness of diction whose fluency was only to be equalled by the elegance and appositeness of its selection; brave and generous, it nevertheless appeared to me

that there was wanting in his character that open-hearted candour and confiding frankness, the offspring of a kindly heart, which I believe most frequently distinguish his countrymen: his difference from them in this respect was, I imagine, only the result of those circumstances which afterwards so peculiarly moulded his character. It was, however, sufficiently clear, that he was not altogether destitute of friends; for though expensive in his habits, and little accustomed to regard prudence in money matters or anything else, he was always able to fulfil his engagements with exactitude, and seemed more liberally supplied in a pecuniary point

of view than most of those with whom he associated.

vastly improved in temperature, and in the last missive with which he favoured me, reached a warmth of expression that, had affection characterised it, would have been most enviable;—hot, heavy, and thick came his denunciations of vengeance on my devoted head. Wrapt in imagined security, I fatally slumbered over a hidden mine; I flattered myself with the pleasing illusion that my excesses were known only to myself and my associates, and had from time to time forwarded to him the most gratifying accounts of my assiduity, regularity, and application; nor had I reason to believe, until from the increased warmth of his most recent letter, that he entertained any great

CHAPTER II.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v.

It was on the evening of the day I received this letter, seated in the solitude of a lodging—a position most suited to the full flow of memory and reflection; the letter lay upon the table before me, the unsnuffed candles burned in their sockets, the lazy fire scarce smouldered in the grate, the half-smoked cigar had fallen from my careless hand, and the utter neglect of all around, bespoke the profundity of my reflection. It is strange how the mind loves to dwell on its own miseries; and the very extent of calamity seems to give to it a power of abstraction and of concentrating its faculties, in the bootless task of deploring follies; the occurrence of which, half this energy wisely applied would have prevented. A smart knock was heard at the

door : I started, it was late ; I expected no visitors, and the people of the house had long since retired ; unwilling to allow the servants to be disturbed, for what might be the freak of some drunken comrade, I went to the door myself, and was rather surprised to find that it was a total stranger, a man advanced in years and bearing the appearance of a gentleman, fully confirmed by his manner of accosting me.

“I have to apologise extremely, sir, for so unseasonable a visit, but circumstances will hereafter acquit me of rudeness ; forms are unnecessary, and I shall wave them. You are Mr. Tarleton?”

ments: filled with a desire of ascertaining whether such was the fact, and resolved to profit by this opportunity, I replied in a tone, the haughtiness of which indicated but little respect for the assumed authority of my visitor—"However that may be, sir, this appears to me, not a very fit place for conversation with a stranger. May I beg you will do me the honour to walk up to my apartments." Upon reaching my room, I motioned him to a chair, and throwing myself on the sofa with great apparent carelessness—although in reality, I kept my eye firmly fixed on his countenance, so as to endeavour to read his secret thoughts—I requested him to inform me of the object of his rather unseasonable visit. He was a man apparently about sixty, his face strongly indented with the lines usually marked by violent passions; his hair, which was perfectly white, contrasting not unpleasantly with a quick, small, piercing black eye, gave him a claim to the respect of age; whilst at the same time, the whole of his person exhibited the active vigour of manhood. Altogether, there were the unmistakable marks of gentleman about his general appearance; characterised moreover by an air of energy and decision,

indicated by the quick glance of the eye, and a peculiar expression about the lower part of the face. I could not, in fact, help thinking that he was altogether a very unlikely person to have played the spy upon me; but though inclined to acquit him, still the homely proverb, of deceptive appearance, recurring to my mind, I resolved to judge for myself. Without at once replying to my question, he looked carefully around the room as if to ascertain whether any other were there, then drawing his chair close to my side, and looking me full in the face, in a low, but earnest tone of voice, he thus addressed me.

"I do not wonder, Mr. Turlston, at your remark."

intimate associate, nay perhaps, though not common, the confidential friend of one in whom I take the deepest and most lively interest; you, perhaps, know whom I mean."

Gerald M'Cullagh, I was about to say, but stopping myself short, half-way, he perceived my intention and subsequent change, and completing the words for me, added, "Yes, that is the person. I do not, however, think the worse of you," he said, rather pettishly, "for being upon your guard with a stranger; but by-and-by that will vanish. Well then, to proceed—it is in consequence of that deep and lively interest in Gerald that I have called upon you. So much for the proper cause of my visit: the necessity for its unseasonable hour," he added in an altered voice, "you shall learn hereafter; unless, indeed, that necessity shall, with the change of circumstances, cease." Here he paused, and his thoughts seemed to wander from the present scene; recovering himself quickly, he, however, added, "and now Mr. Tarleton, I hope we may treat as friends."

A good deal surprised by the whole affair, but much prepossessed by the frank manner of the

stranger, I felt inclined to be cordial with him; but checking myself, I merely replied, that I was convinced of his perfect honour and fairness, and added, "I feel proud to say, Mr. M'Cullagh is my most intimate friend; but give me leave to add, that if the object of your calling upon me in this secret way, be to obtain any sort of information concerning him, without meaning anything offensive, I must at once decline any further conversation on the subject."

"I must say, Mr. Tarleton, you are a little over cautious; I have not, I believe, as yet asked you one single question about Gerald."

This, I thought, would be no bad way of quietly letting the gentleman see that we were rather on unequal terms, and that I was at a disadvantage; however, either he did not understand my hint, or would not take it, for, wholly passing by this excellent opportunity of introducing himself with all proper formality, he said, "Well, I must not let my temper interfere with the object I had in coming to you, and on the whole, I do not, Mr. Tarleton, the less respect you for your caution, however offensive it may appear to myself; but pray, my young friend, do not you either be over quick to suspect bad intentions in an honourable man. Gerald M'Cullagh is an orphan, but not quite without friends; possibly you may have heard so much from him?"

"I have heard him say, that he had been told his mother's brother was alive and abroad, though he doubted it himself, never having heard from him."

"Never heard from him!" he exclaimed, "and yet it is so: he has not indeed heard, but then he has not been forgotten. Mr. Tarleton, you and Gerald are about to leave London very shortly for the prosecution of your profession in Ireland, what

I am desirous of knowing is, whether Gerald goes with you?"

"We shall both complete our terms about the same time, and I shall leave London at once; but what M'Cullagh may do, I do not exactly know; but I should imagine his stay not likely to be prolonged."

"Pray, may I ask you, whether you had ever heard him assign his motive for preferring Ireland to remaining in this country? this you will perceive is no inquiry affecting the private confidence of young friends."

"Really," I replied, "I never heard any very

most persevering, integrity unquestioned, and honour unimpeached, confer on their possessor, in the unhappy island you are both going to, only the second-rate prizes striven for in the great race of life: that wretched country, is in this, and in all other points—but chiefly in this—a mere subordinate. Yes,” he continued with energy, “unfortunate Ireland! your sons go forth to fight on the broad stage of the world, and carry off the palm, in fair proportion to their number: but at home, success must halt half-way upon its road, and a career unfinished and incomplete, alone crown the effort. But Mr. Tarleton, pardon me for this digression; this disproportion has ever struck me as being more glaring in your profession than in any other; and I am an enthusiast when my native country, when Ireland I mean, is in question.”

“Your observations are in some degree just; but I cannot bring myself to believe the Irish bar to be so crippled in its rewards as you describe; though it is undoubtedly too true, that the vast political power attainable in this country is not in Ireland open to the ambitious lawyer; my own destination to the former, is the choice of my

friends, not mine. Whether the objections you describe, may have occurred to M'Cullagh, I know not; but as you seem so interested on his account, would it not be better to personally communicate your opinions to him?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," quickly retorted the stranger: "I was only desirous of knowing whether Gerald had maturely considered the matter, and whether the resolution he has adopted, be grounded on anything more than mere caprice; and whether such resolution were in your opinion easily to be altered."

"I protest, sir, I find myself wholly unable to satisfy your inquiries otherwise than I have already

Mr. Tarleton, I beg of you to tell him, it comes from one to whom his happiness is most dear, and whose wish should have weight with him; and whom a necessity it would be useless to explain alone prevents openly communicating with him. It only remains for me to again crave your indulgence for the liberty I have taken, in, as a complete stranger, calling upon you thus unseasonably; an indulgence which the sincere regard I have reason to believe you bear to poor Gerald, leads me confidently to anticipate."

As he spoke the concluding words, he rose from his chair, and laying a sealed letter upon the table, bowed in token of departure: he had already reached the landing, when suddenly recollecting that this might be an opportunity not easily recoverable, if lost, of obtaining for my friend some clue that might lead to the discovery of information of much importance, I followed, and stopping the stranger in his descent, in a voice that betrayed my anxiety, I hastily said—"One word, sir,—am I to tell M'Cullagh, that you are the writer of this letter? although, from the silence you have thought proper to maintain as to who you are, that

would not much enlighten him; or, am I to say that it comes from some other?"

"That is wholly immaterial," he replied.

"Well then, am I to look upon you as his friend merely, or relative; possibly the uncle," I said hesitatingly, "of whom he has heard?"

The stranger seemed embarrassed, but quickly replied, "The friend, most assuredly; further than that, I do not mean to say, nor are you to construe my silence into a confirmation, one way or another, of any suspicions you may have formed."

He turned abruptly, and in an instant the street door closed after him.


gone night; and contrary to my usual habit, I was not only early awake, but up betimes, and could not help viewing with surprise the different, but scarce less busy scene, which London at that time presents, from that which it wears at a different period of the day. My intention was, of course, to lose no time unnecessarily in the delivery of the letter with which I was entrusted; but I had first to make a call, which duty, no less than inclination, made as imperative as my visit to M'Cullagh.

CHAPTER III.

Farewell!

For in that word, that fatal word—howe'er
We promise, hope, believe—there breathes despair.
BROOK.

AMID the desolate wild into which vice and folly had in all other respects converted this period of my existence, there was to be found one solitary act of homage at the shrine of virtue,—not the



my sojourn there, an occurrence in which I felt much interest, took place. A large ship having been newly commissioned, was named for departure on a particular day; and as I surveyed the immense numbers collected from their common interest in such an affecting event, I could not avoid experiencing a sensation of pride and pleasure in thus witnessing so general an exhibition of sound genuine nationality. There were, amongst the vast crowd, a great many little detached groups of individuals knotted together; and, as it were set apart and separate from the multitude around, by the particular sympathy of feeling they had in common, one small party—smaller, indeed, than others—particularly drew my attention as I loitered about, being a good deal earlier on the spot than was necessary. It consisted of a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman—having, however, no pretension in her appearance to anything beyond the middle rank of life—upon whose arm leaned another female, of whose age I was at first only able to guess by her figure, which, though somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*, was so gracefully moulded as to convey an impression of her being much

younger than her companion. Standing close to these was a young man in naval uniform, the whole expression of whose countenance at once bespoke him to be ill at ease; the wandering of his eye, as it glanced around unconscious of the objects it rested on, denoted painful anxiety. When I first saw them, the whole party were perfectly silent—not a word seemed to be exchanged—though, from the faces of the two latter persons, as they gazed in apparent vacancy on the scene before them, it was easy to perceive that the silence was one of deep concentrated feeling. Whilst I still looked, the young man suddenly turning towards

out, the plans of future happiness he spoke of, were to her but as dreams: a cruel mockery, an illusion, however kindly meant, that was so unreal in its nature, as to have ceased to exist ere well it had passed his lips. The glowing tints with which sanguine hope had coloured its painting, faded almost before the picture was complete: it seemed to me to say, "No—no, I feel that that can never be." A deep pause followed. I had not as yet seen her face—she seemed now to rouse herself to some effort, for, throwing back her veil with one hand, she withdrew the other from her companion's arm, upon which it had hitherto rested; and I then, for the first time, perceived that she had been weeping; her tears, however, for the moment stopped, and clasping in both hands one of the young sailor's, which was clenched with the iron gripe of despair, "Go," she said, in a tone of some energy, "may God bless you!" I was sufficiently near at this time to hear what passed.

"And leave you, Mary, alone and unprotected? God of heaven! what have I done to deserve such a fate!"

"Nay, George," she said, "it is now too late;

before, when it was time—but why should I reproach you? Go, George, I forgive you, and may God bless you!”

As she spoke, a seaman, whom I had observed watching them at a distance, and who had evidently been stopped on his errand by the respect any exhibition of deep feeling commands from humanity, and by none held more sacred than the British tar, advanced, and whispered something in the officer's ear. A short embrace, and the lovers had parted. A trembling hand drew again the veil—a convulsive grasp of her companion's arm—the tottering step as she turned to go,—all, all, too plainly told

turn, replaced by the utter forgetfulness that you have ever so felt. Such is the heart, the uncertain heart of man. I said that I had resolved to trace the two females already mentioned. I did so.—Young, pretty, and clever, Mary Elston had by her friends been led into society rather beyond the position, though respectable, of her parents. The result too common—a promised marriage, and a broken vow. The countenance of her family thus lost, the professional calls of her betrayer had deprived her of the only substitute. Her companion, almost a total stranger, and merely known to her as the landlady of the house where they had lodged,

was yet, in the profession allotted me, every prospect of future wealth with which to realise the fond visions I had formed for her happiness. Why, then, thought I, if for the present the foundation on which to rear this superstructure be doubtful—why shall I hesitate? Why, for temporary difficulty, shrink from discharging a duty? and because I am comparatively without the power, unless with risk to myself, shall I, by yielding to my present fears, render useless and abortive the future power I may then command? Thus I reasoned; and though all of ruin to myself that my fears then pictured may have been since realised, yet can I not regret the resolution I took. To snatch as a brand from the fire a lovely creature endowed with high qualities, though marked for the world's scorn by the villany of another, seemed to me no question for cold calculation. To rescue from possible degradation here, and eternal ruin hereafter, one, that amid misfortune commanded respect, did not to me, in the youthful wisdom of nineteen, seem to clash with the canons of Christianity. Nor do I, with the matured sense of age, and the soured feelings of a long life, on which the world has

never smiled, even now, much envy the polished and refined philosophy of those whose lips would curl with contempt at the mention of such notions.

Oh, what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame!
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.—*Moore.*

Enough, that I so felt, and so I acted. Present embarrassment was of course the consequence, and with that I had to struggle; a long and severe illness, the result of feelings tasked beyond nature's power, was the first additional difficulty to test my constancy. It was to the chamber of sickness,

“Long since, my dear fellow; but, joking aside, I am come to you on business; so I hope that will save Walker’s character, as he did tell me that you were at breakfast.”

“Business, Tarleton, then let me beg of you to forget it for a while. You know I hate the name of business, and you are not very fond of it yourself; so it may as well keep cool, till we go down to Lincoln’s Inn, and believe me, it will be all the better attended to, from being talked over in the congenial atmosphere of that place; and if it be unpleasant, as I have always found to be the case, when a man with a long face talks about business,

I think it right, however, first to tell you, that he seemed to speak of you with considerable emotion, and expressed the deepest interest in your welfare; and desired me to request your unprejudiced attention to the contents, though the letter be anonymous; and to say, that it came from one whose wish ought to have weight with you." M'Cullagh, as I spoke, changed rapidly from the light and trifling listener into an attitude of profound attention, and without speaking a single word slowly extended his hand to receive the letter from me, with an air of calm and composed resolution; as one expecting some disastrous intelligence, and nerving himself for it, rather than with

and your respectable visitor might have dispensed with the mystery in which he has dealt—the Sibylline books themselves were a trifle to him in this respect. Some impostor, I'll be sworn. You lost nothing though, I hope?"

"How do you mean, lost nothing?"

"Why, I mean, Tarleton, there was nothing stolen. Come, now, don't look so serious; I see you are a little offended that your grand adventure has come to nothing."

"You may laugh, Gerald, if you please; but, as to your joke of impostor and swindler, you are, believe me, quite mistaken. The person, whoever he may be, was nothing of the sort; and, however light you may make of his communication, whatever it is, his manner induces me to think that he had a different opinion of its importance himself."

"Judge for yourself, Tarleton, here it is; at all events, it has the merit of being short."

"That I am deserving attention, your friend will sufficiently vouch. Ireland is not the country for you to go to; but, if you persevere in this intention, permit not politics nor party to engage

your notice; your family have already paid dearly in these respects."

"This is, no doubt, short, M'Cullagh," I replied; "but it does not seem to me to contain anything deserving of ridicule."

"As to that," he said, "it is harmless enough; I do not attach the smallest importance to it myself: true, there is something at the end I would gladly trace," he said, musing for a moment; "but then it may be, after all, only a hoax—an ill-natured and malignant sneer," he added, with warmth, "upon the unfortunate state of uncertainty I am in as to my family; but let us drop the matter for

"Come, come, Tarleton, you must come."

Half against my will,—from feeling that the duty I had otherwise imposed myself unfitted me for the boisterous scene that usually ended an evening spent as M'Cullagh proposed,—and yet, half willing to join his party, I allowed myself to be forced into the engagement.

CHAPTER IV.

There's many a lad I knew, is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold ;
But Wine awhile drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain,—
Why that I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Drinking Song.

neithersides of dinner hours, ensconced in a street cab, we arrived at the door of the mansion: our arrival seemed an occurrence not altogether unexpected, for our knock was assisted by a loud peal from the drawing-room bell, pulled with more than ordinary violence by the lady of the house, whom I had observed reconnoitering us from behind the curtain. Both efforts however seemed ineffectual, for whether from natural obtuseness, or the din made by himself, as he rattled the necessary implements on the table, the footboy seemed unconscious of the double summons. The sharp shrill tones, however, of the lady, no doubt familiar to his ears, quickly came more effectually to our aid; for scarce had I heard "James," twice screamed, from the elevated position Mrs. Bayley occupied on the landing, ere the door flew open, and a young man in his shirt sleeves, and in a profuse perspiration, desired us to walk up to the drawing-room, where we found seated on the sofa, in stiff ease, two ladies of a certain age, boarders; whilst a juvenile elderly man in short trousers, long straps, white stockings, and low shoes, with both hands joined behind in close embrace beneath

his coat-skirts, fronted them direct; and poising himself with graceful sway, alternately on heel and toe, evidently had maintained an engaging conversation with them, which was interrupted on the ladies' part by our entrance; of which, however, the gentleman disdained all other notice than a sidelong look at the dingy mirror that crowned the mantelpiece, reflecting as it did, the scene below.

"Mr. M'Cullagh, I am so vexed, that stupid boy—really I am quite ashamed, pray excuse it!"

"My dear Mr. Bayley, I am delighted to see you looking so remarkably well," said M'Cullagh.

if I had only known of it: such beautiful fish too, this morning ! How very vexatious !” The gentleman in the straps, gradually edging towards the door—addressing himself, neither to Mrs. Bayley, nor to M’Cullagh, nor to me, nor to the ladies on the sofa, but yet to all—declared he would go and call Mr. Watson. A quick heavy step descending the stairs three at a time was now heard, and, the door bursting open, an interesting young lady about sixteen, with large languishing eyes, and coffee-coloured hair tied up *à la Grecque*, particularly soiled stockings, and slip-shod shoes, dashed into the room. Upon seeing us, however, she suddenly wheeled right-about, and making her escape, to Mrs. Bayley’s repeated calls “of Maria, dear !” replied, as soon as she had passed the threshold, through an opening of three inches from door to doorcase, “That she did not know there was company to dinner.” Watson’s entrance, now remedied this *contre temps*. He was accompanied by my friend in the straps, who having skilfully profited by the opportunity his good-natured manœuvre afforded for effecting such a change in his outer man, as the presence of visitors required,

now seemed by no means disinclined to form an acquaintance with us, and with a good-humoured courtesy, arising from the self-complacency with which he surveyed in the beforementioned mirror, the brilliant gilt buttons, that shone no contemptible rivals of its reflecting powers, on an exceedingly tight, light blue coat, surmounting a vest of watered silk with a velvet collar, and curiously wrought glass buttons, forming a well-defined and justly-proportioned line of circumvallation to the ample folds of a bright satin stock, whose three pearl buttons stood prominently forth, vouchers that, if there lurked no shirt beneath, at least, shirt buttons

and I indistinctly heard him whispering to him—
“His father is a man of rank, first-rate lawyer—
great political power.”

“Which of them?” retorted Mr. Price.

“That fellow, Tarleton, of course,” said he, pointing to M'Cullagh.

The entrance of the footboy, who shaking himself into his coat as he stood at the door, put an end to all further conversation.

“Are the gentlemen in the parlour?” asked Mrs. Bayley.

“Master be there, ma'am; shall I call the others?”

The whole of our party had not, it seemed, yet assembled. That portion of it already collected, now formed in marching order, and proceeded to the scene of action; where, as already announced, we found the master of the house, a short fat man, with a remarkably red face, endeavouring to make himself useful, by very lustily sharpening a huge carving-knife, which he handled with the air of an adept. With very little ceremony we obtained seats, as best we might. I was myself next Watson, whilst Mr. Price, either by accident or design, had secured

the chair nearest M'Cullagh, notwithstanding a pointed remark from the elder of the two ladies, "That Mr. Price had changed his seat to-day!" not many minutes elapsed before we were fully engaged. The dinner half over, a squad of boarders came dropping in one by one, and, at the very termination, Miss Maria Bayley reappeared *en habit de fête*. Matters proceeded very much in the usual course of bad dinners; and the cloth at last drawn, the servant made his retreat under a volley of different orders from half a dozen individuals, to be each executed directly; whilst he contented himself by a distinct assurance to each,

financial affairs, delivered with much importance—the said Mr. Bayley being a bankrupt hatter.

Whilst listening to this, which though it appeared to me a very dull sort of pleasantry, nevertheless seemed to be considered by the other gentlemen (Mr. Bayley himself being wholly unconscious that he was our butt) a very good joke, I was somewhat struck by the exceedingly earnest manner in which Mr. Price, having separated M'Cullagh from the rest of the company, was conversing with him.

“I feel myself highly honoured, sir, in having the pleasure of making your acquaintance, although I cannot consider you wholly a stranger; your name, sir, or rather that of your esteemed and revered father, is familiar to every one.” (M'Cullagh seemed to start.) “But I, sir, I may boast of more—I have been in Ireland, sir—I have seen your father, sir;” M'Cullagh looked at him, half doubtful whether he were made the subject of ridicule, on a point upon which he was most sensitive; “and although I have never myself spoken to him, yet I have had the advantage to hear him speak—a wonderful man, sir! few such are left to

us now, the old school are nearly exhausted; we elderly folk" (and here he pulled his waistcoat into proper shape, and adjusted his neckcloth with an air that gave the lie to this description of himself) "are, you know, partial to antiquated notions. Do me the favour, sir, to try my bottle."

I shall never forget the expression of M^cCullagh's countenance, as with a bow of the most haughty politeness he abruptly turned from Mr. Price and entered into conversation with young Watson. Poor Mr. Price seemed to the full as much disconcerted at the bad reception his polite compliments had met with; for Mr. Price particularly

bad port—the tints of which he looked at through the light, with the raptured gaze of a connoisseur at the *frères provençaux*—he proceeded to that great-est of consolations under all earthly ills—a large, a long, and potent pinch of snuff. Watson, who had watched the whole proceeding with the most indescribable glee, poked me vigorously under the ribs, and succeeded by dint of looks and winks, and shakes of the head, in drawing my attention to it; then whispering to me, he proceeded to draw Price into conversation.

“I never until to-night, knew that you had been in Ireland, Price. What could have taken you there?”

“O! I held office for some time in that country, a position of great trust, somewhat subordinate perhaps, but you know the greatest affairs are carried on by subordinate departments.”

“In what line, my dear Price, naval or military?”

“Neither Mr. Watson, but one infinitely superior to both—the Excise.”

“What!” shouted Watson, with a roar of uncontrollable laughter, “a ganger! by all that is sacred.”

“Not exactly, Mr. Watson; though I hold the

situation of a gauger to be an office of high trust; and, in a commercial country like this, one of paramount importance; but I see you are inclined to be rather facetious. Your young friend has wonderful spirits, Mr. M'Cullagh," he said, addressing me, "he is quite the soul of us all, one never can feel angry with him."

I endeavoured at once, for the first time fully observing the mistake he was labouring under, to set him right, but was unable; the boisterous and noisy mirth of Watson (the ladies having some time retired) and the other young men, who were fully alive to it, rendered my attempt for the

a so-called supper having appeared, and in due course made its exit, the jollity increased—and singing, not of the best taste, succeeded. The room, enveloped in smoke, permitted only a strange and indistinct outline of the faces of the company to be seen; amid which, like a full moon just rising of a hazy evening, and seen athwart the fog upon the horizon's verge, was to be remarked the rubied countenance of the worthy master of the house, as shrouded in the fumes that reeked from a huge bowl of gin-punch which ever and anon he stirred with a large soup-ladle, he dispensed it around the table; himself an old man, outdoing the youngsters around him in the drunken revel: like as some old oak, which a century's growth has rooted to the bowels of the earth, tosses high in air its topmost branches in festive gambol amid the storm's loudest rage—and is not the delirium of intoxication a storm more wild—whilst all around, the younger saplings yield to the tempest's force, and bow, distressed and helpless, beneath its blast. Accompaniment to this scene was to be heard, loud above the din of oaths, of laughter, and of song, the watchman's warning voice.

I could not help thinking what a perverted and mistaken judgment was that of Watson's father, in selecting such a place for the residence of his son; and all merely for the opportunity, he alleged, it afforded for study; being accustomed to observe, "having your dinner comfortably at home, without the loss of time and expense of going to taverns or hotels, a man can go quietly to his room and read;" forgetting that all the while the public room of the boarding-house was nothing more than a tavern, continually at hand, and, by the temptation which it—having boon companions always ready to join—affords, made the secluding himself

and sparkling wit I have several times to-night fancied I could recognise the great man whose son you are."

M'Cullagh, who somehow did not seem to relish more now than before the eulogistic oratory of his *bon gré, malgré* friend, replied, "You will excuse me, Mr. Price, but I do not exactly understand what you mean. My father"—and his voice rather trembled as he pronounced the words—"is not alive."

"Well, well, better and better, you really are a wit; done to the very life."

"Hold, sir, a truce with your folly. I desire no more of this nonsense," cried M'Cullagh, in a furious rage—"say what you mean?"

"Mean, sir! why I only mean to say that it is rather too rich a joke that you should try to make me believe Sir Charles Tarleton, a man one hears of every day, is no more—positively you carry your joke too far."

"Sir Charles Tarleton! What on earth do you mean, sir?"

"Well, now, Mr. Tarleton, this is really too much."

"Mr. Tarleton! why the man's mad. That is Mr. Tarleton over there."

"That Mr. Tarleton!" exclaimed poor Price, in great astonishment.

"Yes, sir, and my name is M'Cullagh—Gerald M'Cullagh, at your service. And now, pray are you yourself the author of this agreeable pleasantry, of which I have had the honour to be made the object?" said M'Cullagh, not in a loud or angry voice, but in a cool, calm, and deliberate tone. Price at once saw that the thing was now no joke on M'Cullagh's part, and pointing to Watson, exclaimed—

table furiously with his hand, in a voice, whose forced calmness contrasted strongly with his excited appearance,—“Gentlemen,” he said, “I feel proud at having the honour to serve for your butt, and am delighted that so humble an individual as myself can have been made an exhibition of for your amusement. Is it true, Watson, that you told this gentleman that my name was Tarleton?”

Watson, who was a raw, good-natured youth of seventeen, had never imagined that M'Cullagh was likely to take serious offence at what seemed to himself a capital joke, and one intended only to exhibit Price's parasitical, tuft-hunting propensity; nor is it probable that M'Cullagh himself, who relished a bit of fun as well as any one, would have taken any offence, but for the whole company seeming to join in it, and his not being exactly aware that it was intended to be at Price's, and not at his expense. Seeing that it was likely to become an ugly affair, and that Watson's boyish folly had already placed him in the awkward position of hostility to his guest, I interfered, and so explained matters as to let M'Cullagh understand how things really were, without, at the same

, who, having directly laughing, turned to Price, who had been standing in an attitude of indescribable astonishment, with his bedchamber candle in his hand:—"Mr. Price, I see you have laboured under a mistake, but I hope, in my humble name of M'Cullagh, I shall not be the less welcome to your kind farewell; and, gentlemen, I trust any little hastiness on my part, at my friend Watson's jocularities, may not, in any degree, have disturbed the harmony of the evening."

"I assure you, Mr. M'Cullagh," said Price, "that I do not feel the less delighted at having made your acquaintance, though you do not bear the name of Tarleton. M'Cullagh, sir, is one of great antiquity—a name, sir, ever famous in the annals of its country, and always to be foremost in the cause of liberty."

This was touching rather delicate ground. I ought to have said so.

that he must insist on Mr. Price's remaining with us.

“Willingly,” cried Mr. Price, “and not the less so for its being a proposition emanating from the real Mr. Tarleton. Let me hasten to repair my past mistake, and allow me to do homage, in your person, to the talent, honour, and reputation of Sir Charles Tarleton.”

I soon saw that I was in for Mr. Price's compliments for the rest of the evening, or-rather morning—for it was now very late—but I consoled myself with the reflection, that it could not be prolonged. The fresh supply of liquor soon had its effect; and though the expiring lamp, with its foetid smell, was sufficient to damp the ardour of bacchanals less joyous than we then were, all boisterously roaring out the well-known song—

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares of marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
But yet all happy 's not his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope,—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

Etc. etc. etc.

The song was chanted with great spirit, and

greater noise; the broken glasses bespoke the enthusiastic applause that accompanied it; whilst nature so far asserted her mastery as to cast a pallid hue over the late rosy visage of Mr. Bayley, just as the crash of the falling table, with the shattered utensils it had borne, smote upon his ears. Thus ended the revelry: we were accompanied to the door by the whole party, who each took leave of us with a farewell as friendly as though we had been their particular guests. Amidst promises of soon meeting again, we sallied from the house; the voice of Mr. Price, clearly predominating, as with particular fervency, and grasping my hand, he cried, "Your father, sir, will be made

CHAPTER V.

Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ;
Confused and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from th' insulted shore ;
Or like the broken thunder heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din,
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in.
A thoroughfare of news—where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies ;
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.

Dryden.

THE season of youth is, with most, a period fraught with the gay and brilliant promises in which sanguine hope delights to robe the future ; and itself, rich in the possession of the countless blessings that a lively and buoyant spirit bestows—in the wantonness of full enjoyment, dares, with contemptuous challenge, the worst that Fate can do. The lessons of experience fall unheeded on its ear : in the fulness of innate pride, and in the plenitude

of self-confidence, the cold admonitions of age are despised: thus the advantages with which man would otherwise, profiting by the experience of his fellows, enter upon the career of life, are by this law of nature for ever forfeited; and the same narrow bounds of incomplete advance towards happiness, the same perpetual terminus that life exhibits in the continual disappointment to all its efforts, which its course and progress for ever present, are from generation to generation successively and uninterruptedly entailed upon humanity. It was not altogether so with me: life, even in the greenness of its earliest spring, wore not to my view the enchanting garb of rapturous delight and

where none of the sacred and lovely charities of life existed to give the name of home, and enclose within the fence of their softened and benign influence, a spot—small, but holy as Sinai's mountain when Moses trod thereon—a speck only, indeed, in the vast waste around, but visible on all sides from its remotest verge, blocked out from the view by no interposing obstacles, present to the heart in the furthest distance, and forming a haven of rest to the care-worn wanderer—welcome as ever the poet's creation has pictured the harbour towards which the benighted mariner shapes his course. Alas! my home frowned from afar, like the beetling cliff whose iron-bound shore beneath makes the longing heart to sink and sicken, and droop in cold despair. Guided by no fostering hand of affection, I had from infancy to struggle for myself: debarred during childhood the soft indulgences belonging to that age, my youth had little relish for the amusements with which boyhood beguiles that period, wherein parental fondness usually conceals the complete dependence, which was in my case, on the contrary, for ever marshalled before my view—its trivial errors glossed over by no

mother's interposition—the graver faults of a rather more advanced period visited with no indulgent consideration—and the severest terms of censure and reproach employed to remedy, but tending only to exasperate, what mild reproof would have completely cured. Thus used to battle from the first, it is not to be wondered if the scene has since been one only of strife; yet would I fain hope that, even in the bitterness of a soured and disappointed existence, bending beneath a load of calumny undeserved, and with an unmerited stigma on my name, the cause of virtue and humanity shall ever find me ranked amongst their warmest champions, and that my hand shall ever be stretched forth to

to my father's residence with a heart damped rather than cheered as I approached it. Considerable changes had occurred, even during my brief absence. No longer the professional slave of every client whom wrong, either imaginary or real, malevolence or caprice, had driven to seek relief, or gratify revenge, through the medium of legal process, Sir Charles Tarleton now occupied the more dignified position of the bench, and with this elevation in his position came a corresponding increase of hauteur and repulsive pride. He was not at home on my arrival, nor expected for some hours ; I had accordingly time to look about me, and from what I could learn from some few old acquaintances whom I met, I found that all the accounts that I had heard in London of the disturbed state of Ireland were not much exaggerated. It was impossible to move about the streets without being struck by the great display of military force that presented itself on all sides, totally different, or at least very materially changed, from what it had been before my departure ; however, though I found every one to whom I spoke apprehensive that there was something wrong, nevertheless their ideas seemed

to be so confused, and the dangers looked forward to so totally undefined, that although this state of things evidently bespoke anything but a tranquil condition of public affairs; yet it was rather the result of a precautionary foresight of expected troubles, than any actual or immediate danger. Wandering about the streets without any settled object, I found myself, partly through chance, but altogether undesignedly upon my part, in the vicinity of that magnificent pile of building which, standing upon the river side, forms one of the most splendid ornaments of a city, rich beyond almost any other in Europe in its public edifices, and in which the

character would, I knew, be far from displeasing. Turning therefore from the open street which forms an avenue along the superb quays that skirt on each side the whole length of the river in its passage through Dublin (a feature in which this city greatly resembles Paris), I entered the large circular hall which occupies the centre of the building, serving as a vestibule to the various courts which diverge from opposite points, and which are designated by the names of the peculiar branches of the great juggle carried on within their precincts—a scene of stupendous fraud and humbug in its aggregate, however contemptible in its petty details. The spectacle which this hall exhibits at its full tide is very remarkable, and, in the great diversity of characters presented to the view, perhaps unequalled by any similar collection of individuals. It is not a mere assembly of the votaries of law—whether the gulled client, the crafty attorney, or the brow-beating barrister. It is not like an exchange—a gathering only of the sons of commerce, let them be speculating dupes, financial rogues, or gigantic capitalists. It is not merely a place of rendezvous for country squires. It is not

solely the beat of money-raising borrowers and swindling lenders. It is not alone the habitual resort of the pauperised litigant—made mendicant by the pursuit of a visionary *eldorado*; as ghost-like his attenuated form, encased in thread-bare garments, flits through the crowd with a facility arising from long custom, and with animated eye, anxious despite long years of disappointment, strives to attract the attention of one whom no longer able to fee, his notice is in vain sought; yet, day after day, like the guardian genius of the spot, he haunts from habit the temple, at whose shrine like the worshipper of Juggernaut he has sacrificed himself.

misrepresentations of low subordinates, he despised a popularity which he disdained to court; and in the fearless discharge of his high duties, the natural haughtiness of his character received an impetus that certainly made him far from amiable, however redeemed by manners the most polished and refined, if not the most engaging and conciliating. Having waited some short time, during which the court was almost empty at the termination of a long harangue from a barrister not noted for brevity, and who, however attentively listened to by the judge, required the stimulus of a heavy fee and the brazen callousness of long practice, to hold on against the unequivocal signs of impatience and weariness manifested by the different persons whose duties, but certainly not whose inclination, required their remaining to the end. At last, however, there came a termination to this, as to all other annoyances,—the long-winded lawyer brought his speech to a close, and with a profound obeisance Sir Charles Tarleton passed to his chamber, amid the obsequious bowings of his official satellites, who, marshalled in the full array their scanty number would admit, and headed by

their chief, appeared in view behind the scenes upon the opening of the door that formed the passage from the public court: low, low, profoundly low, they bent, with reverential bow, as to a God; whilst he proudly passed them by. I could not help laughing within myself at this scene, and half excused the vanity which such sycophancy was likely to produce. There were one or two other persons waiting for an audience as well as myself, and it was not until after they had been disposed of, that one of the attendants said he thought he might now venture to announce my being there: accordingly, having tapped at the door, though so

ing you some days. Have you brought any letters for me?"

Without replying to the first question, the answer to which I knew was of very little interest, I passed to what concerned him.

"Lord R—— has given me a parcel to deliver to you, sir, but whether it contains letters I am not aware."

"Where is it?"

"I left it at home, sir."

"What! you are too fine a gentleman to carry a parcel through the streets, I suppose. Give me leave to tell you this sort of fashionable gaggery wont do; I like to see a man who attends to his business. You must go back at once and fetch it, and on your way call upon Mr. Browne, and desire him to accompany you, and wait for me in the lower Castle-yard; I have first to meet Judge Botherwig. Crier, go and see whether Judge Botherwig be in his chamber; if so, make my compliments and say that I shall do myself the honour of calling upon him directly. Where is Mr. Ransom?"

"He is waiting outside, Sir Charles."

"Well then, ask him whether he delivered the cards I ordered him this morning, or stay, you had better tell him to walk in;" and immediately a thin young man made his appearance at the door, hat in hand; he did not, however, pass the threshold.

"I have been up to the barracks, Sir Charles, but could not find Mr. Osborne."

"Did you ask anybody?"

"Yes, Sir Charles, I inquired from a trooper who was on duty at the gate."

"Why, you stupid booby, did you not ask a soldier of his own regiment?"

"So I did, sir."

he had not done with me. "Pray, what is the reason you did not arrive upon the day I directed?"

I stammered out something about not being able to get a seat in the coach.

"I see very well how it is, but you must now turn over a new leaf, friend; you may go now:" then recalling me, he added, "be sure Mr. Browne meets me; if he is not at home, look for him."

Glad of the opportunity to escape, I hurried away, penetrated with grateful and lively emotions of dutiful affection at so kind a reception after an absence of more than two years; as I crossed the outer room, the same authoritative voice rung in my ear.

"Order my groom to take my horses to the other court-yard, see that he finds the proper place, Judge Botherwig's chamber, do you understand?"

Impelled by an anxiety if not to please, at least a fear to displease, I hastened home for the parcel, and having secured it, I repaired to my appointment, taking Mr. Browne's house *en route*.

Mr. Browne was a mild, amiable man, of great aptitude in matters of business, recommended to Sir Charles Tarleton by his activity and diligence; but

more than either by the full conviction which my father most justly entertained of his extreme honour and integrity—qualities which induced Sir Charles to repose in his discretion the most unbounded confidence, and he was accustomed to consult and employ him in all private matters. The influence which Mr. Browne thus possessed over the mind of Sir Charles Tarleton, was ever employed to soften down and assuage the domestic discords arising from the over severity of the latter; these, it will be easily conceived, were not infrequent in their recurrence; and in all of them the interference of Mr. Browne was honourable to himself,

CHAPTER VI.

Now

I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,
And you an equal courtesy should show.

Don Juan.

UPON calling at Mr. Browne's house I found he was then at dinner, but upon learning that a gentleman from Sir Charles Tarleton wished to see him, he obligingly left his unfinished meal, in his anxiety to learn Sir Charles' pleasure. Upon seeing me, (not having been aware that I had returned) he very cordially greeted me.

“ My dear friend, I am very glad to see you ; I wish you had come a day or two sooner, for Sir Charles has been asking me if I was sure I had told you correctly the time he wished you to come, and I assure you, he has not been quite satisfied with me about it ; but I endeavoured to make some excuse for you. You know I never wish to

interfere, but you should try and humour him. You know I don't want to gain anything, I only wish to serve you.—But what does he want? Can't you come in and take a mouthful with me? I am having an early dinner."

Thanking my worthy friend for the interest in me which his good advice evinced, and apologizing for any trouble or uneasiness I might have caused him, I at once informed him of the object of my visit, adding, however, that as he was at dinner of course he could not come.

"Not at all, my dear friend," said Browne; "I have quite done, and if you only wait one minute

city than in almost any other with the superb appearance which the magnificence of its leading avenues displays, equalling as they do, if not surpassing, in grandeur, beauty and convenience, the streets of almost every other capital in the world. A diminution of distance, however, dearly purchased by the painful and almost revolting scenes of squalid misery and poverty obtruded upon the eye at every turn, heightened also as they unfortunately, but too frequently, were by intemperance, and her inseparable handmaid, disease. Arriving at our appointed place of rendezvous, I with pleasure perceived by my father's absence that we were not too late, for naturally conjecturing that he would remain there until we arrived, I of course concluded that he had not yet come. Browne and I, therefore, sauntered about, amusing ourselves as best we could by counting the number of windows in the part of the building opposite to us, or reckoning with exactitude the precise number of steps the sentry took in each way upon his post. Our *ennui* was, in some degree, occasionally lightened by the important haste with which a shabby man on horseback, with a little wooden box

stuck behind, dashed through the gates, to the imminent danger of the passers-by—called, as I afterwards found, a Castle-messenger; and spurring in this hot haste to summon some half-dozen officials, resident at farthest within a few miles, to meet the following day in privy council upon some subject of not more importance than, perhaps, the dismissal of a policeman. Scarcely had we withdrawn our wondering gaze from the man with the box, ere it was again drawn by the not less important entrance of a personage, more attractive certainly in external appearance. With nodding plume and formidable sword—emblems of horrid

"Your sowl to blazes," responded an overgrown ruffian of nineteen, better clad, but with a countenance debased by every grovelling passion, as he pushed the first speaker out of the way, and putting his hand upon the horse's neck, as if to catch the rein, "the captain never has anybody but myself, sure."

"Out of the way both of yees," cried a third fellow in a voice of confidence, and borne, not on gales of Araby, but redolent of Cork whiskey. "Out of the way both of yees; didn't I hold his honour's horse at Lady M'Shane's in the square? and do ye think is it the likes of yees his honour would be after putting afore me?" and the favoured equerry, with the consequential air of well-assured patronage, patting the animal on the neck, held the rein whilst the armed and paid dangler of a vice-regal court proudly dismounted, and, in an extra-Anglo drawl—a dialect peculiar to all military men in Ireland, but considerably enriched by staff appointments—desired the "fellow" to walk his horse about. The different passers-by, all staring with the stolid gaze of stupid wonderment and open-mouthed amazement in which ignorance delights

to gratify its vulgar curiosity, but too well deserved the insolent contempt of the coxcomb, as with jingling spurs he swaggered by, inflated with all the empty vanity and unseemly affectation of an assurance unmannered as ill-bred; offspring of the contemptible adulation which is, as lavishly as absurdly, showered by the inhabitants of that metropolis on military officials, converting many a good fellow from a quiet gentleman—pleasing and agreeable by the mild and easy manner of a man conscious of his own proper position, and aiming at no more—into a most ridiculous compound of silly vanity, and pretension unfounded as unbecoming.

"How is it you did not meet me at the Castle?" he exclaimed; "I remained there a full quarter of an hour waiting for you; all, of course, this boy's fault, Browne."

"We lost no time, Sir Charles, I assure you," replied Browne.

"I dare say not, at least from the time he called on you; but before that, of course, he must loiter and lounge about instead of going direct; and I have been quite fagged out by that fellow Tomkins with one of his long speeches. Browne, I want to speak to you a few minutes in my study."

After they had been closeted some time, I was informed by a servant that Mr. Browne wished to speak to me. Desiring him to be shewn up to my chamber, I observed upon his entrance considerable alteration in his manner, there being an air of embarrassment and anxiety depicted in his countenance.

"I want to speak to you, my dear fellow. Who is this Mr. M'Cullagh that you are intimate with in London? Your father has been speaking to me about the matter. Did he come over with you?"

"No," I said; "but what if he did? I am quite

at a loss to know what you mean by saying my father has been speaking to you about such affairs."

"You yourself know what a state we are in over here just now, and Sir Charles is particularly anxious to stand well with the government. Do you know any of Mr. M'Cullagh's friends?"

"If, by friends, you mean relatives," I said, "it would not be very easy for me, as that is more than he does himself, not having any."

"That's all right, quite right, I am very glad of that; you have never been at all mixed up with him in anything of a political kind?"

"Positively you astonish me, Browne," said I; "Mr. M'Cullagh cares no more about politics than

“there is nothing of the kind required; your father has no such intention, nor would I, for the world, recommend you to insult any one; he does not wish that you should do anything pointed or rude: on the contrary, Mr. M'Cullagh may be, for all that we yet know, a very proper young man; but, after he has been here sometime, it is hardly possible to expect that he can escape falling into bad hands; considering the peculiar position he will be placed in, it is a most unfortunate thing he should have come to this country; and, if he be the well-disposed young man you say he is, I am sorry for the fate which, I fear, too assuredly awaits him; but, my dear young friend, let me beg of you not to permit the impetuosity of youthful ardour to hurry you into an opposition to your father's wishes on this point—grounded, as I pledge myself that they are, on prudential motives. Nothing, as I before said, pointed, but a gradual and imperceptible diminution of an intimacy that can only plunge you into difficulties. You know I only wish to serve you in what I say to you, it is all for your own good.”

“That, my dear Browne, I am very well con-

vinced of; but tell me, what is it that leads you to think that M'Cullagh should injure me?"

"That I did not say," replied Browne; "but there are circumstances connected with his family of which you are ignorant, and the mentioning of which could be productive of no good."

I had latterly myself felt disposed to give credence to some of the stories that had from various quarters reached my ears, tending to implicate in the disastrous occurrences of ninety-eight, a family said to be, in some distant way, related to M'Cullagh; and with whom this communication of Browne's, in my mind, at once connected my friend—affording, as it did, an easy solution to the mysterious visit of

CHAPTER VII.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :

For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet.

To the uninitiated in the society of the Irish metropolis, however highly favoured they may be by possessing the entrée into the “*salons*” where Fashion holds her court at the other side of St. George’s Channel, some slight description—albeit a digression ; but that we regard not, for we wholly discard all rules of ordinary fictionists, and we reserve for ourselves the high privilege of cantering on our hobby whithersoever we list, unfettered and unshackled—of the *dramatis personæ* forming the charmed circle of her votaries in the Irish capital, may not be wholly unamusing, as chronicling the high feats of some who, however but companions,

and very junior ones too, of the order in England, swell out to a degree of importance commensurate with their London insignificance, upon their transit to Ireland, which confers upon them a sort of local rank, that well entitles them to the designation of knights grand crosses in this preceptory, wherein the mighty temple of Ton has marshalled as her champions, in one grand order, all the hundred different branches of ancient chivalry. Kings, lords, and commons, clergy and noblesse, wits, warriors, and *savans*, the homely antiquary, the modern man of *vertu*, the poet and the philosopher, the politician and the preacher, the drudging man of business, and the latterly idler, all—all

of achieving this, goaded by hard necessity, to whose iron law even he must yield, seeks for his guests, if not titled greatness, at least the officially titled; hence spring names, strange and foreign, that inharmonious grate upon the exclusive's ear when the announcements, thundering from below, more modulated reach the precincts of the drawing-room. Each profession furnishes its quota.

Pause we not to notice the higher grades of each, which everywhere legitimate and recognised demand not this; but here, unknown deans and archdeacons of unheard of places swell the loud note, whilst masters in chancery, judges of inferior courts, subordinate legal officers elsewhere unnamed, commissioners of all sorts and sizes, discard their patronymics or preface them with some official badge. Secretaries, under secretaries, and private secretaries; but far beyond all others, burst forth the thousand different denominations with which the endless deputies, assistants, and deputy-assistants in its departments, separate and distinct, load the vast and varied military staff of Dublin. In a word, professional distinction attends every name you hear, and the quiet and unobtrusive man of

no calling is nowhere to be found. The aristocracy of wealth, rank, political influence, and literary eminence, abandoning this outpost as conferring only inferior degrees, and flowing to graduate at head-quarters, leave their positions untenanted, into which glide from their absence the higher class of officials of all denominations, seizing with avidity upon the unappropriated distinction, otherwise so far beyond their reach. Whilst the more moderate position that respectability and independence command is usurped by the various professions who, quitting their own natural position, and forcing themselves into a prominence to which they have no claim, struggle into contact on terms of

received by my father at breakfast that morning giving orders for his equipage to attend him earlier than usual at the courts, in order to take him to pay his devoirs to the Viceroy, the necessity for which he was deploring as being a great waste of public time; and upon my venturing to express some little surprise at his going, if contrary to his inclination, I received for answer, an intimation that such absence, however to be desired by himself, would be in fact a breach of official duty, and a mark of pointed disrespect to the lord-lieutenant. This I own, though of course conclusive as to any further remark I might have been inclined to hazard, was to me totally unintelligible, never having been used during my attendance upon the English courts to find the judges as a matter of course neglecting the actual duties of their stations in order to play the courtier upon every trifling occasion; but in this I soon after found how complete had been my ignorance. It was not the judges alone—nor the great law officers—nor those dignified with silk gowns—nor yet the leading men of the outer bar, whose talents placed them on a level with, and in many instances beyond, their

more favoured brethren within; but it was a general migratory move of the whole legal profession, from the briefless barrister of one month's standing to the matured and pauperized practitioner (if one guiltless of practice may so be called), who, either too stupid or too idle to follow the legitimate career of his profession, adopts in lieu thereof, a course of sycophantic courtship and adulation to every successive chief governor, until by dint of bowing at their levees and drawing rooms, together with a careful flattery of those already on the ladder, he succeeds in squeezing himself into some comparatively sinecure employment—part and parcel of the

tively a desert; proceeding towards one of the courts, I found all shut up; and a dirty cinder-wench sweeping the floors, who answered to my question of what was the meaning of all this—

“Maning, your honour! is that what you say? Why sure you want to be after laughing at me?”

Upon my assuring her that I had no such intention, and that being comparatively a stranger, I had merely asked for information sake, she said, “Is it a stranger you are? O, well then, in coorse it’s not to be wondered at, though be me sowl I didn’t think there was a cratur in all Dublin, or Ireland either for that matter, that didn’t know it; why sure it’s the *levy* your honour, and they’re all gone this hour an’ more, barring Counsellor Haggarty. Your honour don’t know him?”

Thanking the woman for her information, which the one word *levee* at once conveyed upon its mention to my obtuse understanding, I sallied once more into the hall. A little elderly gentleman—exceedingly fat and dignified withal, muffled up in a long blue camlet cloak closely rolled about him, with a short slit at the back disclosing to view the bespattered bottoms of trousers, that scarcely

reached a very long pair of black leather gaiters, carrying in his hand a light green cotton umbrella with a wooden hook, and a brass ring as large as a child's hoop—was accosted as I passed near him by a very tall young man, with a great deal of very long black hair, generously oiled and richly perfumed, surmounting a pair of formidable black whiskers accurately curled on the edges, and continued to a point of meeting beneath the chin, so as to be visible above a black stock to which they served as a fringe, being unrelieved by the appearance of any shirt collar; a pale sallow countenance, and remarkably small black eyes, were completely over-

mask, "I want to speak to you particularly;" and the little man stopped and drew his cloak tight around him. It seemed to me, I know not why, as though the interview intended by the man of fashion was not altogether welcome to the man of camlet. Suspicions are always hateful, still I must own I did fancy that requests to speak particularly, had occasionally preluded requests of a very *particularly* delicate nature; repulsive beyond all others to the feelings of the thrifty self-denying economist, but rendered unavoidable to the expensive pauper by the disagreeable, not to say impertinent, solicitations of tailors, shoemakers, haberdashers, drapers, glovers, *et hoc genus omne*. "I was most anxious to see you, my dear O'Rorke, I have been looking out for you all the morning."

"Well, now that you have found me, pray be as quick as you can; for I am in a hurry home, to dress for the levee."

"That's exactly what I want to speak to you about, my dear O'Rorke. I thought you would very likely be glad to make a sixth with our party in a hackney-coach, and I would not offer the vacant seat to any one until I had spoken to you,

although I have been very much pressed by Flanagan, to make room for his brother the doctor."

"Thank you very much, Smith, but I agreed for a sedan a week ago."

"Well, just as you please; O'Rorke, only I did not like to let the opportunity slip without consulting you upon it, and I am very glad to hear you have had the foresight to engage your sedan (though, by the way, I think a coach far more genteel), for I can tell you there is not a covered car to be had for love or money, they are all up at the barracks, these officers you know are such dashing fellows; but my dear O'Rorke, I want

perhaps hoping to escape from his congratulations; but Mr. Smith was a man of experience in such matters, and not easy to be foiled, so slipping his hand as far as the tightness of the cloak would admit, under his friend's arm, he said, "You are quite right O'Rorke, there is a deuce of a draught here, how very stupid of me to have kept you standing in it; by-the-by it's high time we were off, and I may as well walk part of the way towards Leeson-street with you."

"That will take you out of your way, my dear Smith, and by Jove it's much later than I thought for."

"O! I shan't be a minute running back to my lodgings, and besides I have to go to the tailor's first," and here they both walked on. The sullen silence of O'Rorke betokening his horror of the last-mentioned name. They had not, however, gone far from me, when Mr. O'Rorke declared he had quite forgotten, but he had promised to write a line to a gentleman, and that he must go up to the library for that purpose. As he was going, the elongated arm of Smith slightly catching his camlet cloak, detained him.

"My dear O'Rorke, you have been so exceedingly kind and friendly that I am ashamed of boring you, and hard pressed as I am, I really would not apply to you, but that I am now certain of being able to pay you the whole in a very short time; you see, as you yourself say, that it is indispensable for me to go to this levee; in fact, I might lose all chance of the office if I did not go; and will you believe it, that scoundrel of a tailor has refused to hire me out the court dress again, unless I pay him for the last time, and I am positively quite run out; it's the most cursed unlucky thing in the world; but if you could let me have a

CHAPTER VIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform,
A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume
Waving, like sails new shivered in a storm,
Over a cocket-hat, in a crowded room ;
And brilliant breeches, bright as Cairn-gorm,
Of yellow Cassimere we may presume,
White stockings drawn, uncurdled as new milk,
O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk.
Don Juan.

THE whole tide of the legal population, as also, indeed, of the whole community of Dublin and its environs, which could lay claim (however faint) to an introduction to the royal presence, setting thus strongly towards the Castle in order to greet the representative of majesty ; I was myself, though not desirous of this distinction, hurried along like the others, if not to enrol myself in the honourable band of courtiers, at least to do honour to the occasion by forming one of the crowd assembled to behold those great personages, as they passed in

the slow and solemn pace the occasion called for, and the crowd at first required: meanwhile the military band blew boldly forth their martial airs at occasional intervals: soon the line became less continuous after the first great burst, and some few, late either by their own default, or the difficulty of procuring conveyances, now came rushing on in vulgar haste, thundering round the corner,—a head peeps forth to see if any were before them, not one is seen! oaths and imprecations upon the unfortunate driver's head, find vent in the violent flagellation of his horse: his tattered garments flying all about, as with extended arms, one shaking the reins

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"Confound the fellow!" repeat the chorus of his juniors.

"I told you we should be late," says one.

"'Tis a devilish unpleasant thing," says another.

"D—n this levee business!" says one, more sensible than his comrades. "I'll be shot if the people are not all laughing at us; and well they may, for such a rattletrap thing as this to visit the Viceroy I never heard of."

"That's all nonsense," retorts another, with whom economy always had weight.

"By Jove," says the first, "the fellow can't get on! I think we had better get out."

"What a dence of a bore that will be!" cries another.

In vain the band within send forth their most animating notes as it were to cheer them on. Those within the court, with anxious gaze look forward for the approaching arrival, not conscious what it is. At last two of the occupants descend, weary of their position, and irritated by the uncivil remarks of the exasperated driver, whose boiling passion getting the better of his customary adulation, exclaims through a hole on the top: "By

Japers I can't get on, can't ye sit up close from the end. Oh! holy Moses! the belly-band will break. Lord! lord! the mane dirty niggers! (in a whisper to himself), to go and put six in a covered car, and going to the Lord Liftinent's too; it's the likes of them indeed, that gives themselves airs with their fine talk. Gintlemen, I am very sorry, but 'pon my conscience I don't think the ould mare will take ye all up, so you must plase to get out some of yee's."

The muddy street presents a bitter alternative, however there is no choice. The lightened vehicle

now manfully mounts the hill and enters the gates.

“Ah! that’s not him at all Paddy, that’s only the Etchicamp. There he is now! look at him at the other side of the coach,” accompanying this instruction by a push at the back of his friend’s neck, and holding his head in a proper position to see the object in question.

“O! I sees him now—that’s him, is it? that’s the General! may I never stir, but he is taking a pinch of snuff quite at his ase like you or me; O, what a wonderful man he must be! O! but Mr. Rafferty, just look here if you plase; one, two, three, not one less. Did you ever see the likes of it! three footmen, and goold sticks in their hands;

Another person of a far superior rank to the above, and bearing in his appearance sufficient pretension and dignity of manner to be mistaken for a cheesemonger or a grocer well to do in the world, was there, evidently not so much to gratify himself, as his superior knowledge of all around proved the scene to be no novelty to him; but rather in attendance to shew the lions to a very pretty girl leaning on his arm, of rather a rustic appearance, and to whom he was endeavouring to make himself as agreeable as possible, though in a sufficiently patronising way not to compromise his own dignity.

“That, my dear young lady, is the Marquess of Mapletop, a very worthy person; the young man on his right, in the green uniform, is his second son Lord John Ferguson; his elder brother is on the Continent. The next carriage, close behind you observe, is that of Judge Chester: the other gentlemen are Master O’Shaugnessy and Mr. Serjeant Revell; and now this handsome equipage, this with the cocked hats, is Sheriff Winepress; I know him slightly,”—and here, whether seen by the worthy Sheriff I cannot attempt to say, but he

bowed profoundly to the carriage or its occupant, and replacing his hat, he was evidently pleased by the young lady saying, "Was it to you Mr. Tripe, that the gentleman in that fine carriage bowed?"

"Yes, my dear, in the fine carriage as you say; but I can't say that I feel particularly honoured, perhaps I am worth as much as he is; however, as they say, 'fine feathers make fine birds.'" A sedan chair now passing by, he called the young lady's attention to its occupant. "Just observe that old gentleman in the chair; that's Counsellor Bumble, a man of great attainments, a greatly undervalued man, he attends regularly here, and

Since we had parted in London no intercourse had occurred between us, though it was understood that on his arrival in Ireland we should meet; and I knew perfectly well that he had then contemplated arrangements for having himself called to the bar at the beginning of the ensuing term, being the time I have just alluded to. I was therefore naturally astonished at not having yet received an account of him. Time, however, wore rapidly away, and still no news. I nevertheless made fully sure that I should see him, even at the eleventh hour, and on proceeding to the courts that morning for inauguration in my new avocation, I anxiously

of overgrown wealth by inspecting the parks, the castles, the gardens, and the stables of the sons of Plutus, and are handed about from one servant to another as tributaries to these gorged menials; so in this, the performance is merely the doling out petty and inconsiderable fees to the various subordinate hangers-on that levy toll on this high road, together with a most volatile subscription to oaths the most sacred—wherein the levity of the manner surpasses the solemnity of the form. I was somewhat amused by the strong contrast and accurate line of demarcation between different ranks, that was brought under my view in one instance in

the personage to whose use it was allotted; the door was thrown open, and the penetralia of the inner temple exposed to the rude gaze of unhallowed eyes. Seated in a luxurious arm-chair before a blazing fire in the *nonchalant* abandonment of ease and idleness, we beheld the guardian genius of the spot—a little elderly man with a pale face and a remarkably black wig, his head supported by the cambric folds of a white neckcloth on a most extended scale, closely fastened round the neck and crossed before so as to form a stomacher of unspotted purity, held together in the centre by a large corking pin. He had a newspaper in his

Tarleton, I thought you would prefer going yourself."

Here the hitherto quiescent Mr. Simpson threw his paper away, and jumping nimbly from his chair, he actually rushed at me, and shaking me by both hands, exclaimed:—"Certainly certainly Browne, why did you not mention this before? My dear Mr. Tarleton, I am so delighted to have the honour of seeing you—pray command my services. How is that most excellent man your father? Sir Charles Tarleton is I hope quite well? I am really charmed to hear it. It would give me great pride, Mr. Tarleton, to assist at your entrance upon a profes-

business is in hand; its area, therefore, presents to the eye by no means the even and unbroken surface that might be imagined, for besides the ordinary obstructions of ink bottles, huge blue bags, and piles of briefs and parchments, there extends a long line of dusty folios along its centre. Upon this table then, those going to be called, clambering up as best they may, and taking their places wherever the impediments already mentioned permit and the crowd will enable them to stand, recite *viva-voce* after an officer of the court in rather unintelligible jargon a long oath, the taking of which completes the ceremony, and they are

CHAPTER X.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet.

DUBLIN at this period was in the very height of its gaiety, at least so far as since the Union it had been permitted to deserve the name of a capital of pleasure. Shorn of the resources which it possessed antecedent to that event, in the residence of its nobles and gentry, kept at home by the then existing legislative institutions, and resorting to this metropolis as their natural place of rendezvous, whether for pleasure, the discharge of public duty, or the furtherance of political intrigue; it at that time presented a scene of dissipation and fashionable amusement, that under the presiding genius and example of some of its vice-regal courts rendered its pretensions to a luxurious character

(as far as the gentry were concerned) scarcely inferior to Paris. This march of civilization, however, extended not beyond the mere range of the upper classes, affording a strange contrast in the advanced state of refinement which their habits presented, to the uncultivated and semi-savage notions of the ignorant and ill-informed *bourgeoisie* and peasantry. At the period, however, which immediately followed the Union, the middle classes succeeded in making a forced march upon their superiors, whilst the latter further lost ground under the adverse circumstances of the desertion of their leaders for England, the consequent diminution of their

their abhorrence of exertion, and above all their invincible indolence, made them come forward, and by sharing, add to the general gaiety of their city, albeit only as the second-hand imitators of over-sea fashions, and induced them to play second to the English officials by whom they were deluged; to whose insolent assumption (insolent, because unfounded) they tamely submitted, rather than by their own exertions and frugality achieve such fortunes as would enable Irish society to become the independent arbiter of its own *ton*. With bankrupt fortunes, they preferred to vie in silly extravagance with the spendthrift sons of the English *commerçant* (become gentlemen and men of pleasure in this generation), rather than rival the laudable industry, economy, and spirit of their predecessors in those arts alike deserving of honour from which their wealth sprung, whether commercial or professional: the result of such a struggle could of course only be to render them the laughing stock and the humble copyist of their wealthy neighbour. This completed the first cycle in Irish affairs. The next and modern era, dates its birth from the revolution in society, produced by the

Act of 1829. This was the author and father of a new state of things : a host of men hitherto proscribed and debarred advancement, in many instances of ancient, though by circumstances obscure families, now sprung forward, accompanied as was naturally the consequence, by immense shoals of adventurers, famished by the long starvation of utter exclusion, and now ravenous for prey. Sufficiently gifted to push themselves forward, and not prevented by that modest diffidence which self-doubted merit imparts, with grasping hands they sought to seize all that was attainable—impudence and effrontery too frequently eclipsing and leaving

realization in promise ; not very much inferior in the different relation of classes it produced, to the *boulversement* which took place in the society of that country after the subsidence of the fearful hurricane heralded by the event just alluded to. The throwing open the highway to all, the indiscriminate admission of every creed, was no doubt a desirable consummation. The discarding of sectarian distinctions would, if properly backed and fairly met, have been a formidable and a glorious blow, well worthy an age of increased enlightenment, against bigoted fanaticism and politico-religious warfare. Unfortunately it was not altogether so; many of the individuals (whose appearance in the higher characters which the drama of life summons on the stage, was altogether owing to this event), were no doubt free from censure and to be commended; unluckily, however, it was not so universally. Alas for human nature! equality is never left undisturbed. The same tide that bears to this shore, may with a prosperous gale waft to superiority, and temptation is not always to be resisted; a struggle however will be produced. This, kind reader, may seem to you a

useless digression; permit me, however, to hope you will accept my assurance of its being germane to the matter, and so far entitled to be honoured by your perusal, though perchance not desired by you in a work of fiction. Successive governments adopting a mistaken course, instead of striving to heal the animosities of jarring and discordant factions, endeavoured to minister comfort and consolation to those so long wronged, by the wretched expedient of assisting them in their efforts to retaliate those wrongs upon the other, thus perpetuating the curses of rancorous party strife, embittered as it has too often been by the hypo-

miserable shifts of selfish politicians sacrificed to the tactics of party and hopelessly dissipated. The talents and genius of many sufficiently great and enlarged to have civilized a continent, were prostituted in the unboly task of barbarising an island merely for the gratification of individual vanity: not assuredly for the paltry objects of personal advantage, as the loud clamours of opponents would with vapid ignorance assert. Man seeks to be foremost; the road he takes is shaped by circumstances, not by himself. Hundreds unfortunately, emulous of distinction though careless how achieved, were glad to follow the example: and though in one at least, whom at that time I little suspected of being of the number, the pure spirit of patriotism glowed unsullied and undefiled; yet in most, mere self-aggrandisement had sway, and worked with the active energy that bad intentions most frequently command.

Hitherto the strife had been carried on boldly, though secretly, and as yet without any well ascertained or at least admitted object, beyond a general reference to the accomplishment of a purpose, which though openly professed, was yet so

absurd, as by its avowal to produce no alarm. The repeal of the legislative union of the two countries, was a well chosen war-cry. Though rebellion in mask, it was so much of a burlesque as though constantly paraded before their eyes, it excited rather the ridicule and contempt, than the dismay or serious alarm of its opponents; yet craftily designed withal; for whilst it formed a *point d'appui* for conflicting factions, it was of a nature, by the independence it promised, to flatter the national vanity of those, who though differing on other points, would in pride of country gladly join in support of this. To the necessitous and broken down, it was to be like

ing to their pride, as giving weight to the paltry disputes that had before scarce exceeded an election squabble on the hustings.

To all in fact, it came with the flattering recommendation of conferring an increase both of national and individual importance ; except indeed to those, whose very existence as politicians was interwoven and entwined with the English connexion, and powerful only in their dependence on the vast party that with similar views existed in England, (a wholesome guarantee against popular invasion) ; to those indeed, the repeal of the Union necessarily brought a total extinction of power, and cast them, bound hand and foot, at the feet of a party whose mercy they were conscious of never having sought to deserve. I have said that hitherto the game was playing peaceably. Each fresh ministry outdid their predecessors in ultra liberality. All was going merrily on. At last an unexpected check and consequent defeat drove from office the party that had so long, and with a tenacity as unequalled as reprehensible, clung to power. Their opponents were unable to stand, and all eyes sought an Atlas capable of supporting the load. Leading men stood

so fettered to various sides, as to be completely hand-bound, and unable to move in advance of any general organization, and only heading their particular section. One man alone, the most gifted of the day, endowed with a versatility which gave to his almost supernatural genius a power that mere intellect could not alone command,—all his life the zealous advocate of liberty in every shape, holding office only to advance its course, disdaining the trammels of any party; he was rejected by all, and stood alone. Now all flocked to him. A wit, an orator, a statesman, a jurist of an enlarged order; not the mere chronicler of technicalities; a theologian,

proving of their conduct, quickly compelled the unwilling co-operation, or at least apparent support, of the less honest portion of the senate, fearful of incurring the opprobrium of a factious opposition. Nowhere was the change so completely felt as in Ireland. Long accustomed to the domination of the one party or the other; alternating between the open corruption of one,—and the grosser, because disavowed corruption of the other party, men began to look about with astonishment, and to regard with surprise a government, whose patronage was purchased by merit, whose proceedings were regulated by principle,

the prerogatives of the crown had been bartered for popular applause, the due enforcement of the laws tempered only by mercy exercised with discretion, could not fail to gratify, to assure, to comfort and to please the loyal and the well affected; and necessarily tended to give offence, to alarm, to excite, and to drive to extremities the vicious, the guilty, the turbulent, and the rebellious. This was the state of affairs on my arrival in Ireland, soon after which the highest legal office in that country was tendered to and accepted by Sir Charles Tarleton, an elevation well deserved by the ability and impartiality of his past judicial career, and particularly flattering to him as coming from hands, that only wished to fetter his political conduct by the rigid rule of his own conscience, and gratifying to the profession and country at large, as breaking through the rule, that had hitherto almost uniformly delegated some English practitioner, not of sufficient consequence in his own country to obtain the same elevation, yet professing to make a sacrifice which required a peerage as a makeweight, in his acceptance of the Irish seals. I have said that a considerable reinforcement had taken place in the

military in Dublin. This was also continued throughout the island. The advent of the new ministry had, in the universal detestation of their predecessors, given general satisfaction throughout England, and produced perfect quiet; on the other hand, Ireland having been so long the sole stay and support of each new phase of increasing Jacobinism, in which every fresh successive change of ministry had of late dressed itself more and more, necessarily contained a party numerous and strongly opposed to the new state of things—including in its numbers another, small but formidable in its character, from the desperate nature of their designs, and their

some, who with warm hearts and hot heads, mistook intemperance and impetuosity for spirit and patriotism. Fearless and daring, they did not even hesitate to justify a recurrence to force if necessary. Judge then of the pain and surprise with which, sitting tête-a-tête with my father, soon after his recent elevation, I received from him an explanation of the motives which had induced him to forbid my continuing my friendship with M'Cullagh; a course, the prudence of which he with a cold sneer invited my approbation of, by saying at the close of our conversation—

“Without divulging any public secret, I feel myself justified in informing you that the name of this very Mr. M'Cullagh, whom you thought fit to feel offended at my ordering you to forget, occurs in a list of suspected individuals, and he is openly one of the great orators at this new society; a very silly young man, and I think very likely to be hanged.”

“Good God, sir!” I exclaimed, “is this, can this be true?” and he looked sternly at me: “I mean to say, sir,” I continued, “that perhaps you are misinformed. I did not even know that he was

in Ireland." My father was standing close to me, and as I spoke the last word, his keen, piercing eye looked into my very soul.

"I believe you," he said: "I do not think that you were aware of his being in this country, of course however, you now know your duty." And he slowly walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XI.

My soul aches,
To know when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Coriolanus.

THIS intimation, harshly conveyed and abruptly forced upon me, came like the shock of an earthquake. I was surprised, I was terrified; and like a man stunned by a heavy blow, it completely paralysed for the moment all my faculties of reflection and decision. The first effort of returning mental energy, was a total and complete disbelief of what I had heard, an utter rejection of so preposterous a charge. It was a calumny—a false, a malicious, a most foul calumny—a gross and wicked misrepresentation, got up for some sinister purpose. Still, as I gradually weighed each particular, carefully examining all the circumstances within my knowledge; it was altogether impossible for me to

find any adequate motive for such a misrepresentation upon my father's part, did not even the stern and inflexible character for undeviating, uncompromising truth, which marked every action of his, fully belie any suspicion of so monstrous an invention; but then too, there forcibly presented itself to my mind the full conviction of the great improbability of one of his acute and subtle understanding, accustomed also to the unraveling of fraud of every species and habitually conversant as an antagonist with deceit in all its shapes, being by possibility induced to give credence to false accusations, far less to promulgate so grave an imputation if unfounded or insufficiently authenticated: the

permitted its transitory existence. But alas! my own knowledge of M'Cullagh's character, summoned as witnesses against him in this mental trial, even the noble traits of feeling and exalted sentiments that had before distinguished him in my regard. The elevation of his mind, and the independence of his spirit, which disdained being ruled by ordinary notions and received opinions, made him appear to be a man not unlikely to embark in a cause—because only to most it seemed inseparable from contumely. The strong and inextinguishable love of country marked him as one likely to be led away by false representations: his nobility of soul rendered him not the less a probable sympathiser in imaginary wrongs—because merely the oppressors were powerful; and above all, his bold and daring disposition rendered it but too likely, that the very dangers and difficulties which would make others quail and shrink, would with him only operate as an additional stimulus and inducement to their encounter. Unfortunately also, I but too well knew that there did not want designing and interested persons fearful of incurring hazard themselves, but artful enough to turn to

account the chivalrous enthusiasm of others less wily and less experienced,—to decoy, to deceive, to mislead and to ruin him. Then too, there was the strange, the unaccountable fact of his having been for some time in Ireland without his ever having apprised me of it, which it was impossible to account for, unless upon the hypothesis of there being something to make us unmeet companions; moreover, the total abandonment of a profession hitherto uninterruptedly contemplated, without any assigned motive for its relinquishment—all, all formed a continuous and unbroken chain of corroborative evidence, whose strength I well knew

fully assured myself, that it would require but little trouble upon my part to convince him of the mistaken course he was following, or by remonstrance and friendly admonition, check him in its continuance. How easily, how happily, does the mind at this season, nay, throughout our whole existence, and despite continued failure, persuade itself of its ability to realize its wishes! even in old age, after a long course of similar disappointment, you still behold the visionary dreamer smoothing down difficulties, reconciling contrarieties, and achieving impossibilities. In accordance with this resolution, I decided that the following day I should proceed in my search of M'Cullagh, notwithstanding the strict injunctions I had received to avoid him. To discover him was, I soon found, by no means the easy task I had imagined. There were within the reach of my inquiries, many persons fully cognizant and acquainted with the names of the different individuals generally supposed to be, whether covertly or more openly, connected with the public assemblies of this party—from all, however, to whom I addressed myself, I received assurances of there being no person of that name

associated in any prominent degree with the leading agitators. One gentleman, however, amongst the last of those I questioned on the subject, and to whom (after detailing the series of ineffectual efforts which had attended my fruitless search) I entered somewhat more at length into the cause and foundation of my anxiety for tracking M'Cullagh, which necessarily involved an account of our former intimacy and great friendship in London, appeared as in the course of this narrative I unavoidably touched upon some of the striking features of his character, to suddenly catch my meaning.

“M'Cullagh!” he replied—“true; I did hear that he had been educated under some fictitious name, and that he had been kept in entire ignorance of who he really was during the period of his remaining in England, whither he had been conveyed after his father's melancholy end, and educated wholly at the expense of Sir George Green. The poor baronet has, I'm told, always been a father to his nephew, although the narrow escape he himself had, has for ever prevented him making himself known to his relative, and exiled him from these dominions; nor do I believe that this young man was at all aware of the real name and fate of his family until he had arrived here, when the different rascally rebels in embryo, who are doing all they can to set the country in a blaze, were but too glad to enrol as their disciple his father's son, besides being himself a man of such talent and energy.”

During this account of my poor friend's family history, I found the hopes to which my past failure in discovering him had given rise, that my father had been mistaken, gradually ebbing, and one by one sinking from under me, until at last at its close

I felt a sickening certainty that it was indeed M'Cullagh. A cold shudder of horror and fearful dread convulsed my frame, and my tottering knees sank beneath me as I leaned for support against the wall. "Poor Gerald!" I gasped forth, as the big tears started involuntarily in my eyes. "Has it indeed come to this? But tell me, sir, I conjure you—I exclaimed—as you seem to know something of him, where shall I find my friend? M'Cullagh I mean; or stay, you call him by another name, his right one you allege, O'Donnell I think you said;" and at the word, the tragical history of the unfortunate but gallant man who bore that name,

“My dear Mr. Tarleton, compose yourself I beg of you, you seem greatly agitated,” said the gentleman I had addressed. “I was not aware of your being so intimate with this young man, and if I have said anything to give you pain, I sincerely regret it. With reference to your question as to where he may be found, it is not of course in my power to inform you; but I should apprehend there can be but little difficulty in ascertaining this point; though to be sure, in consequence of the recent decisive measures of the government, there has been, I am told, quite a panic amongst those persons, and that some of the noisiest brawlers are glad to creep out of the way. However, if you particularly desire to meet young O'Donnell, I think I could perhaps put you in the way of doing so; and I shall do it with pleasure, as I know the only object you have in view in seeking the interview, must be his welfare; and as I do not myself take any part in politics, I am not so violently prejudiced against him as to steel my heart in the iron severity of an exterminating loyalty, which would pride itself rather upon hurrying to destruction, by driving to extremity a man in his situation

—instead of extending the arm of compassion to one so young, so ardent, so free from selfish designs, so highly gifted, and alas ! so fatally imposed upon —yes, Mr. Tarleton,” exclaimed this excellent man, “in the course of my now long life, spent amid the storms of the political warfare that has agitated this unfortunate country, though I have ever advocated the sovereignty of the law, it has often grieved me to behold the nominal supporters of peace and order seeking to vindicate its supremacy, not alone by the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the innocent, but by a false policy and a mistaken design, goading by unnecessary persecution

indeed, from approximating even to the ultra notions of the *soi-disant* liberals, he was nevertheless perpetually confounded with them, and alike exposed, if not to the same rancorous persecution, at least to the same suspicions; thus, though in extensive professional practice, and with a justly earned reputation for ability, he had not as yet received even the subordinate advancement of a silk gown—being too liberal for the loyalists, and too much of a loyalist for the preceding liberals, so that it was only at the present that his prospects of advancement began to open. Thanking him for the assistance he was kind enough to promise, and which I the more valued from not being aware of any other mode of attaining my end, we parted, with an agreement that I should that night call at his house for further instructions. Accordingly, having waited anxiously for the appointed hour, I was about to start for Mr. Wakefield's residence, when I received the following communication:—"My dear Mr. Tarleton, since I saw you this morning, I have learned that the person in question is to be found in a very obscure part of the town, and that anything parti-

cular in appearance might attract attention, you must therefore be so good to put your character of gentleman as much in incognito as the aid of dress will admit, nothing of actual disguise however, but merely a large top coat and muffler. Excuse my troubling you with this detail, which may seem useless to you, but is in fact necessary. Also, instead of coming to my house, the bearer of this will conduct you to meet me. Ask him no questions, but simply confine yourself to an intimation of your being ready to attend him, and he will understand what you mean, having had his orders from me. As soon as you have read this,

CHAPTER XII.

What beauties doth Lisboa still unfold!

• • • • •

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace shew like filthily.

Childe Harold.

OBEYING the instructions I had received, I only addressed the stranger in order to inform him that my name was Tarleton, that I was the person for whom he had just brought a letter, and that I was now ready to accompany him. A slight nod of the head indicative of his fully understanding me was the sole reply: descending the steps he walked rapidly along; but as there were but few people at that hour passing through this part of town, (it being one of the retired squares, where the traffic of passengers is at all times inconsiderable) I had

no difficulty in keeping him in view, although he proceeded at a quick pace. Soon, however, we passed from this quiet quarter into a more bustling scene, the number of passers by gradually increasing as we neared the more frequented streets, where the augmented lightness contrasted forcibly with the sombre appearance of the part we had left—being, in common with the other parts of Dublin, but scantily supplied with lamps. The noisy, boisterous, and profligate scene before us, was shewn in strong relief by the brilliant blaze of the splendidly illuminated shops that occurred at intervals (surpassing, if not in solidity and wealth

There, all was in repose; here, the wild and desperate jollity of that carnival which vice enacts, when she robes her votaries in the assumed garments of a false and pretended gaiety, was in its spring-tide flow, receiving at each instant reinforcements, in the accession of new-comers disgorged from the hot and greasy tavern, from whence its late occupants, possessing not the resource and charm of a domestic circle, but isolate, in that condition whose beautiful and graphic description terminates with the emphatic declaration,

“ This is to be alone—this, this is solitude ! ”

rush forth, wearied with the heavy *ennui* which they have hopelessly sought to dissipate by having recourse to stimulants, that however only succeed in substituting for it, that more fatal tormentor embodied by aroused passions in a fiend, to exorcise which, they plunge headlong into a miserable debauchery that takes the wretched name of pleasure. Pleasure! Good God! with what an unmeaning jargon do we amuse ourselves—what a bitter satire do we write upon poor humanity, when we thus with a cruel mockery jocosely sport with our degradation and our misery! On reaching these

more crowded streets, my conductor discreetly slackened his pace, and ever and anon carefully looked back to ascertain if I still followed him. We then pushed more slowly on than before through this miserable scene, where, more than in most cities, the wretched destitution of famishing want comes directly in contact with profligate extravagance, and ordinary immorality increases in enormity, and takes a deeper die from the almost infantine years of many of its actors. Here may be seen the downy cheek of youth become incapable of the blush of virtue, and no longer shocked by the oaths and obscene language that load and

his seniors, half intoxicated, with a cigar in his mouth and a painted and bedizened creature leaning on his arm,—the scarce less boy, whom the University elevates to manhood; the sleek and dapper man of money, who slyly prowls about, conscious of the complete command his wealth ensures and forgetful of the plighted vows that should forbid him such a place; the noisy and boasting soldier; the hoary debauchee; the *roué* by affectation; and the naturally licentious—all mixed together, crowd the *pavé*, co-aspirants for a libertine fame. The loud chorus is swelled by the pretended pauper, for whom medicancy has more charms than industry, either by his importunate solicitations, or by chanting some senseless rhymes, round which the ragged wretches who, houseless and homeless, seek the precarious shelter of the street, throng, forgetful of their destitution. Here, too, the unhappy beings, whom the constitution of society has for perhaps one venial error consigned, in hopeless remorse, as living sacrifices to this Moloch—strive to nerve themselves for their revolting avocation, by maddening draughts of alcohol, which soon evaporate in impious impre-

cations, and leave the dejected and despairing child of infamy and sorrow to drag her weary limbs, tottering from disease, to the filthy abode that in some obscure corner forms her home—to slumber over, in an insensibility which charity would fain covert into the deep sleep of the grave, those happy hours when cheerful innocence gaily gambols in the breezy sunshine—and was she not once too, innocent and happy!—until again the congenial night summons her, like a bird of prey, to hover round and pluck her deluded victims. Escaping from the tumultuous riot and excess I have described, we again plunged into the com-

is to be seen, except here and there some of its slatternly inhabitants, gossiping from door to door, with occasionally a solitary man of business straying from the beaten track, in order in his hurry (having neglected to the last moment whatever he has in hand) to take advantage of the short cut he is by this means able to effect. Thus in a filthy lane, embowered over head by clothes hung out to dry, which projecting from either side like a salient arch almost touch in the centre, forming an awning neither graceful nor agreeable, you not uncommonly encounter beneath this unsavoury canopy some one, whose wealth and rank would lead you to doubt his identity from the locality in which you find him, and of the very existence of which he would, if met elsewhere, almost blush to own his knowledge. As it is, he hurriedly passes you by, little desirous of a recognition, and a stranger would be apt to impute his being there to some pursuit little creditable to his moral character. My conductor passed swiftly through innumerable similar conduits, taking his turns not with the hesitation of a man doubtful of his course, but with a decision and promptitude that proved

houses of the very meanest description. By
grees, however, I could perceive a considerable
improvement in the character of the dwellings
point of size and architectural design.—Here
however, the same squalid poverty pervaded
though the houses were of large dimensions,
of board or slate, bundles of straw or old rags
fragments of old hats, were substituted for panes
of glass in the numerous windows, in almost all
which lights were to be seen, though in some
was only the unsteady reflection of the flickering
fitful blaze, clearly proving that, however they
might have in their origin formed the residence
of one proprietor, they were now occupied by a num-
ber of different families, each renting their apart-
tenement. Occasionally a peep at the interior
of the lower apartments disclosed to view a glimpse
of its inhabitants. In more than one, I beheld

bending forward over the expiring embers of burnt green wood that supplied the place of fire, and to which from dearth of better fuel they were obliged to have recourse; their long straggling hair and unshaven beards giving to the haggard and vacant countenance, an appearance of ferocity, whilst their broken garments betokened a carelessness to decent external appearance that the commendable pride of honest industry always, even in the poorest, cautiously eschews. The poor care-worn wife, huddling in her arms the youngest of the group of half-naked children that stood shivering around, seemed fully to share the bitter anguish of their father, whilst the rude and scantily furnished chamber, with its bare walls and straw pallet, was in full keeping with the abject misery of all within. These men were, I afterwards found, silk-weavers, who still continuing to occupy that part of the town known by the name of the "Liberties," where formerly the silk trade had flourished, now formed the only vestige of the once thriving population that had inhabited this quarter, to which they still continued to cling, themselves and families decaying in their fortunes, proportionally with

the mouldering ruins into which time and neglect had gradually converted the splendid edifices that were to be found throughout this extraordinary district; relics of former grandeur and opulence, and in their size and general appearance painfully contrasting with their present impoverished condition. Suddenly, emerging from a narrow passage that turned to the left out of the main street, I was surprised to find myself in the midst of a large square, or place, of considerable extent and surrounded with houses, which, as far as the increasing light of a young moon now risen enabled me to judge, were of large dimensions, though at present

them. In one of these, there appeared to be a great many persons assembled, and the loud laugh and coarse joke of the revellers, smote on the ear amid the general stillness around, with something of a startling wildness. Our passage seemed to have attracted the attention of one who was loitering without the door, possibly as a sort of watch, for he cried out, "Holos ! who are you there ? Why don't you come out of the dark and shew yourselves, if you are not afraid of being looked at ?" and presently two men from within joined him, and advanced rapidly towards us. I fancied that I saw some appearance of a weapon in the hands of one ; at least, as he passed the window, the light from within was for an instant reflected by something bright which he carried in his right hand,—my first impulse upon seeing this move, was I own, to retreat ; my companion, seeing what was my intention, lightly caught me by the arm, and now for the first time broke the silence, by saying to me in a voice, whose tones were familiar to my ear, "Don't stir Mr. Tarleton, there is not the least danger—you know me : Wakefield you know," he added, though unnecessarily, for I had already

recognised him. "I did not like to send you on this errand with a stranger, lest you should be alarmed."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of the three men, who without actually in any manner menacing us, asked somewhat peremptorily why we were loitering about there at that time of night. To one of them, who appeared to be rather the superior of the party, Wakefield replied, "That he was a friend, and came from Mr. S——, from whom he had a letter to the committee."

"If that be so," replied the man, "be good enough to accompany us to the light;" and we all turned

passed on by him to the other. When the latter completed its perusal, they exchanged a few words, and desired the men who had brought us in, to retire; the elder of the two courteously requesting us to be seated, addressing Wakefield, said, "Mr. S——'s note intimates a wish upon your part to see Mr. O'Donnell; of course we make no doubt that your intentions are honourable; nor indeed, is there anything to require concealment; but positively, the late extraordinary proceedings of government, trenching as they have most unjustly done, on public liberty, make it impossible to say what they will not do, and consequently Mr. O'Donnell, though conscious of no charge that could fairly be substantiated against him, has been obliged out of common prudence, by the advice of his friends, to retire for the moment. It is really hard, sir, that an innocent man should be thus obliged to wear the appearance of guilt."

"That, sir," replied Wakefield, "would be indeed a severe necessity: our object is, as you yourself suppose, in no degree attended with any danger to Mr. O'Donnell. This young gentleman is an old acquaintance of his, and is desirous of an interview with him."

"What name shall I say?" returned the first speaker. Tarleton, was on my lips, when a sharp squeeze from Wakefield's arm, recalled to me the impolicy of presenting myself to these men as the son of one of their sternest opponents.

"The name is altogether unnecessary," replied Wakefield, "you have only to tell Mr. O'Donnell that an intimate friend of Gerald M'Cullagh's wishes to see him." Apprising us that he would not be long absent, the person who had hitherto spoken to us now left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought !
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye?—no !

Childe Harold.

His return was, as he promised, not delayed, and requesting us to follow him, we advanced, lighted by a small tallow candle, whose blaze flaring as it was taken by the eddying wind in the passage, streamed out a smoky flame that formed but an insufficient flambeau, and hardly served any other purpose than that of enabling us to perceive the position and progress of our guide, who proceeded to ascend a particularly large and noble staircase that, now fallen into disrepair, creaked with its broken boards beneath his heavy tread. Having reached the third landing, he opened a small door on the right, that, placed in an angle, would have

escaped ordinary observation. Having passed this, it was again carefully shut after us, and instead of leading to an apartment as I had expected, it only opened to a very narrow passage, and one that from the time it took to traverse it, was obviously of great length; in fact, it was a sort of covered way forming a communication with a distinct dwelling-house, into which at the furthest extremity another door formed the entrance. This last was I observed of great strength, and moreover furnished with large iron bars of unusual size and thickness; these now, however, hung idly and unemployed by the side, the door itself being open. Descending

sized portmanteau, open and unlocked, with its cover beside it, occupied another corner. On the wall immediately fronting the fire-place, I could observe clearly defined, the gigantic form of a man, as he leaned with both hands on the chimney-piece, his head resting upon them. This was the reflected figure of M'Cullagh, thrown out in the enlarged proportions which such illusions always present. Entering without ceremony, he suddenly started from his reverie, as our conductor addressing him said, "These are the gentlemen, Mr. O'Donnell, who wish to see you. Is it your desire that I should remain?"

Without replying to this, he advanced towards me, and removing the hat which had hitherto been slouched over my face, exclaimed, "I knew it—I thought so—it is indeed Tarleton!" and he shook me most warmly by the hand. "My dear Tarleton, thank you for your kindness in coming to me; but who have we here?"

"A friend, Gerald; a sincere and worthy man, in whom you may have full confidence; your well-wisher too, Gerald."

"Enough, Tarleton, enough; your word is a

I would give a round sum if the old vulture w
himself here ;” and he looked bitterly at me.

M’Cullagh, I saw, was ashamed of this exhibiti
“ Tush man, tush ! shame on such sentiments,
war not with men, but principles. Tarleton,
cuse my worthy friend’s zeal ; he sometimes lets
tongue run too fast, but my word for it, he me
you no disrepect.”

“ None, sir, none whatever,” cried Desmo
turning to me, “ you are yet too young to h
learned much of their cruel doctrines ; I should
sorry if you thought I meant you an unprovo
insult. Your father though, I tell you openly
my enemy ; for you, whom I never before s
the friendship of O’Donnell were ample protec
did I even make my feud hereditary.”

Then turning to go, M’Cullagh followed him
the door and I heard him say. that it would h

drawn round the fire, and I introduced Wakefield to M'Cullagh; or, let me henceforth drop that assumed name, to O'Donnell.

“Mr. Wakefield,” said the latter, “your name is one familiar to my ear since I have been in Ireland, and one that commands my sincerest respect; though differing much from me, am I too sanguine in indulging the hope that your visit may be the forerunner of a greater approximation in our notions? that you too begin to weary of that forbearance and moderation which are now become criminal?”

“No, no, my dear young fellow, it is not so: I am come with this, your bosom friend, to implore you to forego the desperate career in which you are now embarked, if not already committed to. Pause O'Donnell, pause I beseech you! you are young, you are inexperienced, do not feel offended if I add, mistaken and deluded. Your associates are making a tool of you,” he cried with vehemence; “yes, why should I hesitate! your father, your poor father, was, as you will be, made use of, deserted and betrayed. The brave and gallant Green, your respected uncle, the almost only stanch friend that

stood by him, is an exile and a wanderer, a man proscribed and with a price set upon his head, all through the artful intrigues of the cowards that put them and others forward to serve their own private ends. I am old enough, O'Donnell, to have understood these events at their occurrence; I was then, as you are now, young and enthusiastic. I loved my country, I felt her wrongs, I saw her trampled on and oppressed, smarting from injuries, and goaded by insults, that added a keener pang to the ignominious contumely with which we were contemptuously treated—I felt, I saw, I knew all this; but then, I also well knew that they who talked the loudest,

of those in whom you now, blindfolded as you are, place implicit reliance; but why Gerald, why have you hesitated to apprise me that you were here? Chance alone discovered to me the fact of your being in Ireland, and it is only through the kind assistance of Mr. Wakefield that I have been able to find you out—and oh, in what a condition do I behold you! Hid, concealed, disguised like a guilty man, surrounded by a cordon of low and brutalized followers, who have actually outraged your presence by an uncalled-for insult to me your friend. Embarked in some desperate enterprise, whose wickedness is only to be equalled by its madness, whose designs are as chimerical as they are impracticable,—how changed, how altered is your present state!”

“Tarleton; my good, kind, and excellent friend,” he said, taking my hand and warmly pressing it, “I feel, deeply feel the sincere kindness that has brought you to me; I knew that you would not enter into my notions; that you would reproach me, if I had as I am at present, made myself known to you again; nay even, I thought it not impossible, that if you were aware of all, I should

perhaps have forfeited a friendship, that, in the bitterest reverse of fortune, would afford me the consolation of knowing that I possessed your sympathy; a friendship, that under the obscurity of persecution and doubtful success could contribute but little to your happiness and advantage; perhaps too, less to your reputation; but one which, in the proud position of an humble but zealous contributor to my country's enfranchisement, I should have impatiently flown to renew—feeling that in that character, my acquaintance, however little creditable it may now seem to be, would, when my objects were achieved, have been no dis-

Gerald O'Donnell, the son of the murdered and martyred man, should put reliance, place confidence, repose trust, or feel respect for the nameless and contemptible crew that you suppose me to be leagued with? No! it is not from them, nor yet from such as them, that Ireland or her friends can expect effectual aid in her regeneration. They may for the moment prey and batten upon her vitals, and earn a loathsome existence from the abject occupation of demoralising and disorganising their country, until, by habituating her peasantry to murder and to bloodshed, they shall, in the paltry pursuit of their own personal advantage, have made

and shall I, plunged in that baptismal font, tamely, coldly, and like a recreant, shrink from the holy cause that a dying father bequeathed—a so-called traitor's sole bequest? No! it is not from the men you suppose that I seek assistance. They have indeed falsely so entwined themselves with freedom's cause in the people's mind—albeit but as a bastard graft upon the tree—that to consort with them, at least for the first, is necessary; but then, all through the length and breadth of the land, are men of birth, of rank, of fortune and of ancient lineage, panting for the championship of the true cause, and only waiting the unfurling of her banner to range themselves beneath her standard; but it is not in this country alone, it is not to any religious party solely, that I look—even in England are hundreds of like men, who, free born themselves, hold it unjust to retain in slavery those with whom they have professed to unite themselves on terms of equality. They will aid us in our struggle, which is not to be a league with continental Europe against Britain; but only by shewing Britain that we are resolved to be free men, to become worthy of wielding in her company and on

terms of equality, the sword that shall make absolutism and despotism—of whatever creed, of whatever country, of whatever clime—to quail and quake beneath our giant arm. And are these idle dreams? I tell you no! Would Napoleon have crossed the Alps, if obstacles deterred him? and are not some such efforts necessary? Look, Tarleton, look; you are young, and not yet by habit hardened, or rendered insensible to the spectacle that everywhere meets your eye: it is not alone here, in this dilapidated quarter, where the want of employment and the impossibility of obtaining it, produce the idleness with which its inhabitants, in common with all

converted into insolvent hotels, public board rooms and *entrepôts* for traders too poor to buy, and only vending on commission. Is this as it ought? Are these things as they should be? Is it not Venice groaning beneath the Austrian yoke? Have we not here too, what may be called a foreign soldiery, insufferable from their insolence? Is not the whole country held by an army of occupation? Have you not an armed gendarmerie meeting you at every turn, in every petty hamlet and village? Here, here where we stand, in the heart of a great city, unrivalled in the beauty of its situation, which is equally adapted for the purposes of commerce; in the very centre of a country rich by nature, and not wanting in cultivation, you find the anomaly of an almost starving population, and an universally pauperised community. Go, Tarleton, and as you gaze on the ragged wretches that meet you at every turn, whose crouching humility disgusts, compare them with the extravagance, the insolence, and the presumption of the English officials that grind them to the dust, and reflect that you too are an Irishman."

O'Donnell, as he spoke, became exceedingly

excited: the expression of his countenance had greatly altered since I last saw him—he had become thinner and paler, a newly acquired dignity in his manner and a solemnity and seriousness, marked his whole deportment, as that of a man engaged in a pursuit that engrossed all his energies. It was in vain that Mr. Wakefield and myself urged all we could think of to dissuade him from his rash enterprise. The utmost I was able to achieve, was the means of freely communicating with him through an unsuspecting channel, and I returned home almost broken-hearted.

CHAPTER XIV.

And being of the Council called the "Privy,"
Lord Henry walked into his Cabinet
To furnish matter for some future Livy,
To tell how he reduced the nation's debt;
And if their full contents I do not give ye,
It is because I do not know them yet,
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine epie and its index.

• • • • •

But of all nature's discrepancies, none
Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town,
Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who have few resources of their own,
And only think, or act, or feel with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

Don Juan.

I have said, that though utterly unsuccessful in the attempt I had made to turn O'Donnell from the extraordinary and infatuated career upon which he seemed irrevocably determined, nevertheless a means of continuing to hold intercourse with him

had been provided, which at once secured a facility of communication free from any suspicion on the part of those with whom he was linked, although closely watched by them, naturally fearful as they were, of losing the ostensible leader they had succeeded in securing to themselves, and also (from the mutual distrust universally prevailing among them) not a little apprehensive of any defection or betrayal upon his part, but which at the same time left no sort of clue to the discovery by my father, of my thus continuing this acquaintance in direct contravention of his orders. Here our meetings were very frequent, and with regret I daily perceived O'Donnell's determination increase and acquire fresh force, as he conceived his hopes

becoming gradually brighter, a

humble

principally to the (in the end) fruitless endeavour of counselling him to keep clear of these meshes of intrigue and faction. His constant reply always amounted to assurances of his well knowing what he was about.

“It is,” he said, “unfortunate that I should, by having at once spoken out boldly and clearly, be obliged to now conceal myself; for I cannot but think that I might be able to do much towards stirring up the public mind to a truer view of these matters. How many of those who come to me in private, and assure me that they share my views in public, wear a different face. Still some of these very men have, to my knowledge, made vast sacrifices of private interest for the advancement of liberty. But, Tarleton, how is it that a man of your father’s enlarged and capacious mind, and hitherto above all party considerations, should thus lend himself to tyranny? They all cry out mostly against him, as the formidable abettor of the government, and he was never before a partaker in the vile extravagances of these men. Surely Sir Charles Tarleton ought to see that these things cannot continue much longer; and how much more

honoured would such a man be, by devoting his great powers to his country's service?"

In this sort of way he often ran on at random, never however entering at all into particulars, as I always studiously avoided anything of the kind; but from all that was forced upon me, I became too plainly convinced that he was regularly ensnared into the dangerous and unprofitable part of nominally leading a supposed conspiracy, which, however, had in reality, no other existence as an extensively founded plot, than an imaginary one in the minds of those, who, careless as to anything but their own advantage, found it convenient to

zealous partisanship; a lawyer beheld the bench only attainable over the narrow bridge of political assistance; private individuals found no hope of obtaining a share of the good things to be distributed, except through the channel of party support. It was idle in a man to look for advancement of any kind, if he relied only on his own merits; even in the humbler walks of life, in that unfortunate country, the same accursed and destructive spirit of partisanship prevailed. In their ordinary dealings, regard was had altogether to the political bias of those they were engaged with; and even to such a pitch had it attained, that a physician, common as one would suppose to all alike, in more than

and by the greater increase which was given to the weaker, had the effect only of producing a fiercer and more severe rivalry, as existing between parties no longer in a recognised position of superior and inferior; but now, co-ordinate and co-equal, occupying the same rank, enjoying the same privileges, with a similar field of advancement open to each, they nevertheless did not by any means fall into one body, or form a collective and united community; but, as completely distinct and apart as ever, they had nothing in common. Inhabitants of the same country, they stood in as direct an opposition to each other as though they had been of different nations, one or other of which

opponents. The main cause of this melancholy exhibition of partisan Viceroyalty may be found, if not altogether existing in, yet in a very great degree traceable to, the complete ignorance of the new-comer as to the real and practical state of affairs in the country he is about to govern. Well versed possibly in a theoretical and abstract knowledge of its political institutions, perhaps too, not a stranger to its sectarian differences and the general prejudices of its inhabitants, he comes over resolved upon administering its affairs fairly and impartially for the public good; but however so far well qualified, he labours under a disadvantage of which he dreams not, and against which he therefore takes no precaution, in his profound, complete and utter unacquaintance with the personal characters of all the different individuals whom he finds provided to his hand as the necessary implements of government in the great tool-chest of the Irish executive; which goodly assortment, collected together by the master workman in London, and chosen, not so much from any particular merit in each, as from the pressing urgency of their claims as general supporters, the Irish journeyman finds

thrust upon him, with orders to execute his job with them, and them alone. Greatly blown with his own individual importance, and deeply impressed with the fullest conviction that he has at a glance detected the great error into which all who have gone before have fallen, he becomes at once persuaded, that to the era of his arrival in this country has been reserved the discovery of the great secret, which is to rectify all past mistakes, redeem all past errors, and obliterate all their consequences. Surrounded by those only who agree in his views, his ear is for ever flooded by a stream of adulation and nauseous flattery; that, confirming these his own private impressions, perpetuates his

gratifying the interests and passions of the faction they represent—in insuring to it, and to it alone, the whole countenance and patronage of the government. The present representative of majesty in that country was one selected by Lord Mowbray, not so much from his high rank, great wealth, or commanding talents, as from his freedom from any participation in the extreme notions of any class of politicians. Recommended moreover by the possession of plain good sense and cool judgment, Earl Wigton had all his life been rather the advocate of free and enlarged opinions, than the steady supporter of ultra royalism, though he was far removed from the slightest tinge of democratic tendency. His arrival in Ireland immediately after the wild and erratic course of the pseudo-liberal Viceroy that had preceded him, and whose injudicious pursuit of mob popularity had mainly contributed to the downfall of the administration for whom he performed the part of king, was, without any intention upon his part, from the force of the contrast which the moderation of Earl Wigton presented, converted by the violence of the party who were before in exile, into a peculiar triumph

of their own ; and before he was well aware of it, he found himself vociferously claimed as their patron by the high Orange faction, whose loud and insolent boasts of his peculiar and separate countenance of themselves was as little agreeable, and dangerous to the one, as the openly avowed predilection of his predecessor for their opponents, had proved to the latter. Endeavouring to back out of the shoals by which he found himself surrounded, Lord Wigton, in his efforts to free himself from the shackles thus imposed upon him, disgusted and offended those who had been before so ready to praise him, and in the vain pursuit of a neutral and respectable *juste-milieu*, which does

resolute and determined government, endeavouring to quell the seditious opponents of all government, and the almost equally objectionable supporters of intolerance and ascendancy, by the sole and strong arm of the law, beneath whose standard having taken up his position, he calmly waited the result of this great experiment.

A leading feature in the policy obviously advantageous to pursue under these circumstances, was the gradual and continued drawing over to the side of the government from both parties as many and as influential persons as could either be seduced by promises of personal advantage, purchased by direct bribes, or from their moderation and natural tendency to this coalition, be detached from the exaggerated and impracticable ideas of their particular party, by a respectful consideration and deference; of these latter, a vast number had already deserted the ranks of opposing faction, and clearly intimated their preference for the steady and wholesome authority of the law, fairly and impartially administered, over the wild struggle of partisanship they had so long been accustomed to; whilst of the two former, some of the most un-

compromising supporters of Protestant ascendancy began, from the great discouragement their opinions met with, to see and be convinced that the continuance of their entertainment had very properly been made an insuperable bar to professional advancement or official honours. But beyond all others, was the hollowness, falsehood, and utter insincerity of their political belief, disgustingly manifested by the loud clamourers for the reputation of disinterested patriotism; and it was during these interviews of mine with O'Donnell, that I obtained an insight into the flagitious and unprincipled proceedings of those noisy assertors of

pursuit of personal advantage, supported by the exigences of present want, has choked the sincere desire of some—because the sordid thirst of insatiate gain has drawn away others—or because the foul leprosy of innate vileness and dishonour has led others to disgrace, by their assumption of its badges, the proud and lofty name of patriot; I am not, with the weakness of a froward boy, petulantly to cast away the game at the first check; nor with timid irresolution, blench from the prosecution of an object I have deliberately undertaken, merely because a temporary difficulty has been added, in the deceit and treachery of a few. Here,

tion; lost thus in the shoals and shallows of everyday existence, they from long habit have become incapable of lifting their minds from the low and abject range of customary thought, and in the mud and mire of filthy selfishness their own littleness fills the full scope of their most enlarged conceptions, whilst the grand and simple beauties of a pure, benevolent, and universal philanthropy, that can afford to forego its own private profit for the good of all, seems to them an ideal folly; and the ambition that can prefer the loud acclaim of all that is virtuous and honourable in succeeding generations, is viewed by them as nothing, to the momentary dignity of the subordinate offices they can crawl into: but in the country, in the honest simplicity of a rural population, humbler and less regarded perhaps by man, dwells the healthy vigour of unsophisticated and well-toned minds, and hearts unpolluted by an all-worldliness of aspiration; there it is, that the true spirit of freedom grows in luxuriant strength and enduring constancy, and there alone it is that I had ever hoped for the means of effectually advancing the great march of my country's liberties; thither Tarleton,

will I go—and when you shall have heard of a revolutionary movement unstained by blood, marked by moderation, regulated by equity, undisturbed by factious rivalry or angry disputation, free from religious bigotry or political fanaticism, unrecommended by false theories of merely popular advantage, supporting order and maintaining the existing distinctions that graduate society, verging neither upon aristocratic exclusion nor democratic license, but consecrated to liberty, and devoted to freedom—when you shall have heard the stains and insults now affixed to the name of your country, for ever purged and wiped away—when the name of Ireland

CHAPTER XV.

What various scenes, and oh what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
The fevered patient from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and gaol,
The lover starts from his tormenting dream,
The wakeful mother by its glimmering pale
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes its feeble wail.

Sir Walter Scott.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the golden sun !
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker prancing to his love.

Henry VI., Part iii.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope—

Measure for Measure.

THAT power of admeasurement of calamity and of ascertaining with exactitude, by the application of the unerring guage planted in us by nature, the precise amount of mental suffering we can bear, is not without its use and benefit, though its existence

would, as nature never does anything in vain, seem to imply a necessary and pre-ordained exposure to and encountering of the evils its formation and incorporation with our essence are intended to neutralize and combat. On the present occasion, I powerfully experienced the advantages and benefit of this shield of Providence held ever before us by our guardian angel, like the protecting *Ægis* of Minerva, which in common with the elastic rebound that, caoutchouc-like, rescues the soul from the heaviest and most down-bearing pressure of misfortune, buoys up the little frail bark that bears us, adventurers upon the wide

their prey of that frame of dust we so oft confound in a mistaken nomenclature for what we are; and which, coeval with our being, live ever in us—our bane, or blessing, as we will to make them; and thus inseparable from us, eternal as the infinite spell of existence we are formed for, and fated to, shall, improved, renewed, refined, enlarged, accompany us in our exaltation to a communion, spiritual and abstract, with the glorious intelligences of another state, or else shall swell the torments of hereafter. Yes, despite its noble and immortal nature, the soul would in its pilgrimage below, borne down by the load of accumulated misery, often faint and sink, were it not for this elasticity, under the heaviest calamity. So I said it was now with me, and in truth it was in my case brought into play and called into action by the proverbial sociability with which misfortunes now thronged upon me.

My friend, if not an outlawed traitor, at least filled with such mad notions as likely soon to become so—forbidden all intercourse with him—the justice of which prohibition candour obliged me to admit—it was no insignificant addition to the pain my

sorrow and anxiety upon his account caused me to feel, that the very steps I still continued, in the vain hope of recalling him, were fraught with danger to myself. I well knew that were my intercourse with him, even indirect as it was, to be only guessed at, or surmised by Sir Charles Tarleton, I should, from his unforgiving nature, run considerable risk of a total breach with him. This was pretty well in itself, and a fair enough supply of unhappiness; but it was slight and inconsiderable, compared with the fears I entertained, and not erroneously either, as to the consequences of any discovery of the intimacy that existed

is not to be tested by the puny and trifling emotions that occur in its progress, as exhibited even in the strong case of a first love; these indeed were the impress of passion, and its love-sick misery may with most be mistaken for a deep and rooted affection; whilst in reality, they partake more of the overweening vanity, the ineradicable selfishness of man, than of any purer sentiment, unalloyed by such dross as this. No, it is not here, it is not in the futile and unimportant accidents of so puerile an attachment, that the enduring constancy of the human heart is to be found. The smooth and even surface which the sea when calm and tranquil presents, tells but slightly of the horrors which its mighty and tremendous powers when excited by the agitations of the storm can enact. It is in the deep, concentrated emotions of aroused feeling—in the keen and poignant anguish of dark despair—in the deep and gloomy chaos which the consciousness of affections not altogether well bestowed, yet utterly committed—of devotion honourable in itself, yet not to be avowed, perhaps scarce justified, creates. In the wild and maddening ecstasies of a passion, whose very misery gives it a charm, and

whose sweetness is increased by present misfortune and a more hopeless future—both alike embittered by a past, whose errors are not now to be remedied, and whose recollections are not to be obliterated, though sought to be temporarily forgotten. Yes, pity him indeed! who bears the galling fetters of a chain, heavy in itself, yet increased in its essential weight by the contempt which the world would accord it, and which even from this very supposed inferiority of the object, binds its slave with an augmented tenacity. Oh, talk of a hopeless passion! But where is agony like that of him who loves, yet feels and knows that love not rightly

which I every moment expected some discovery, notwithstanding the care and caution with which they were managed—wearing the appearance of careless levity, and yet borne down by anxiety,—I had retired late one night, when I was, towards four o'clock, disturbed by the entrance of my servant into my bed-room, to inform me that a person wished to see me directly.

“Who is it, Mason?”

“A woman, Sir, who says that a friend of yours, a gentleman, is taken dangerously ill, and wishes you to go to him.”

“A gentleman ill!” replied I, echoing his words, and not quite restored from the confusion of a first awakening from sleep.

“Yes, Sir, and I told her she must be wrong, and that you were not a doctor.”

“Stay,” I said, as my senses began to rally, “stay, I shall go down and see who it is, and what the woman wants; it must be some mistake, evidently Mason, a mistake. Still it will be more satisfactory to see what it all means; here, give me my dressing gown. What is the hour?”

“Nearly four, sir.”

"God bless me! very strange indeed. Four o'clock, and a person coming to call me."

Huddling on a few things, I hastily descended to the hall, where, to my surprise, I found Mary Elston's housemaid.

"What is the matter, Jane?" I cried.

"Oh, sir! I am afraid it is nearly all over with my poor mistress. She was taken very bad about eleven o'clock, and has continued getting worse. I have been down for Doctor O'Mara, and he is at the house now, and the nurse said I had better come to fetch you."

I have, I believe, omitted to notice the fact of

unconcealed coldness and complete want of affection that accompanied it. The state of ill-health that I have already noticed her having fallen into, had continued to increase in spite of all the thousand remedies suggested by different practitioners, to almost all the most leading of whom she had in turn had recourse, for they cannot minister to the mind diseased. She had been gradually getting worse, and although I had the consolation of knowing that nothing was wanting that remedial measures could command, or affectionate attention effect, to soothe the bed of suffering, yet necessarily my anxiety upon her account added greatly to my other causes of solicitude. She had latterly been as I hoped, gradually mending, though greatly debilitated, and having passed the preceding evening in attendance upon her, I had left, fancying her rather better, when with one of those sudden alternations of disease, sufficiently familiar either to those who have themselves suffered, or attended the couch of a beloved object, she had been thus, unexpectedly, brought into a state to cause this alarming account from her servant. It was a beautiful morning in June, the sun not yet risen, and still beneath the

horizon, cast a strong and luminous lustre over the eastern portion of the heavens, the reflection of which rapidly chased the lingering mists of receding darkness. Though here no woods or fields invited the early carol of the feathered tribe to pay their joyous salutation and note of nature's holy praise for the returning light of day, there was even in the city scene around, a purity in this early hour, as though of a day sent fresh from the Eternal's mint, a gift to man, new made, unsullied and yet undefiled by its misuse—there was a hallowed softness in its subdued brightness, like the dawning innocence of infancy, ere yet the fiery glow and mid-day heat of passion's blighting blast, have set

streets, sole occupants of the deserted space ; whilst the shrill clarion of the dunghill champion sounds the loud *reveillée*. Making a hurried toilet, I rushed out in haste—the Cain-imprinted curse of care and sorrow, the entail which no human laws can bar, which man hands down to man, vividly imprinted upon my brow. I walked or rather ran, in the fond haste with which we push on to a full knowledge of misfortune, as though it came not fast enough to meet us, and in the agitating whirl of my brain and thoughts, wildly contrasted with the peaceful calm that reigned around. No long period sufficed to bring me to the house occupied by Mary Elston, in an outlet of the town, recommended for the salubrity of its situation, and to which it was the usual custom of physicians to send out to die those of their patients whose means or inclination forbid a more distant journey in search of health,—a sort of purgatorial pilgrimage, in which the poor sufferer, not allowed to depart in quiet, is dragged from the comforts of home and the endearing associations of the churchyard of his native pariah, to mingle his bones with strangers, and lie down like a wanderer in a foreign land, his

last moments distracted by new faces and the hurry and bustle of continued movement.

At the door stood a glass coach, whose driver sat composedly smoking his pipe, in no degree apparently disturbed by the, to most, unusual hour of being abroad; but accustomed to come and go at all hours and all seasons at the order of others, composedly making himself at ease, utterly careless whether the individual to whom he brought medical assistance lived or died, in fact not bestowing even a momentary thought upon the subject. On entering, the house appeared in confusion. The front parlour door wide open, a man's hat hastily flung upon the table, the curtains drawn back, but the

With one hand holding the wrist of the attenuated form that lay upon the bed, the other drawing back the curtain so as to admit the full fall of the light upon the sufferer's countenance, he did not further notice my entrance than by just raising his eyes, and quickly resuming his attention to his patient, who lay in complete insensibility, between intervening attacks of hysterical paroxysms. Upon the table and chimney-piece, were bottles of all sorts and sizes, and pill-boxes, and all the hundred forms in which chemists disguise their accompaniments of illness; the nurse, a person hired for the occasion and used to such scenes, calmly stood with a cup of water in one hand and a bottle of smelling salts in the other. It seemed to me on first entrance that the last moment had arrived, and with a forced calmness I contemplated what was passing around; with a minuteness and exactitude that seemed to ridicule the intensity of my emotions, I observed each individual particular before me. I was however wrong. Gradually, nature reasserted her mastery, and strength so far returned as to bring back consciousness, and my ears were blessed with an almost inaudible reply to my anxious inquiries

of passionate grief. My friend Doctor O'Mara, a warm hearted, excellent man, repressing any expression of regret for his being disturbed, and assuring me that though there was obviously great weakness, there was not any immediate fears to be entertained, and that he would call again in the afternoon, took his departure.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardsman ;
And General Fireface, famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
There was the waggish Welsh judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
In his grave office so completely skill'd,
That when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

Don Juan.

TEARING myself away from this painful scene, in which my presence could now be of no further use, everything having been done that skill could devise, the resources of art supply, or human means afford, to lighten and assuage the sufferings of the invalid ; I hastily returned home, in no small apprehension lest my protracted absence at this very early hour might possibly lead to some surprise and consequent suspicion. I was not altogether mistaken, as the result proved. Although no immediate

notice was taken, and things went on pretty much as usual, I could not help observing a marked alteration in the manner of Sir Charles Tarleton upon my meeting him for the first time that day at dinner; a large party however being assembled, as was his usual custom twice a week, it was not possible for me to obtain with positive certainty any direct confirmation as to whether the fears I entertained were well founded, or the reverse. An ordinary drawing room is, in reality, a masquerade more perfect than the most accurately planned and elaborately executed *bal costumé* that can be prepared. It is in this as in every thing, that which is intended for a particular purpose

mask adopted as at any carnival. In this, it was eminently so. Scarcely ever had I seen such an enchanting and pleasing smile upon my father's face; his usual company-courtesy seemed to have acquired an increased *agrément*; with the open and frank demeanour of the gratified host, deriving additional pleasure from the society of his guests, and as if the power of entertaining them suitably was one of the greatest advantages his wealth and station afforded, he was affable and pleasing to all, and wore the bland smile of cordial welcome. To me, however, who knew how to read his countenance, there was in the curl of his lip and the glance of the eye, as he desired me to "order dinner," the bitterness of gall.

The course of a formal and official dinner party, at which the guests are not in the remotest degree personal friends, in many instances the acquaintance only of the hour, is one of the most tiresome of the so-called pleasures with which the lovers of society affect to be delighted; calling that charming, which they in reality, and did they speak truth, consider a very serious nuisance and a vast bore. Here, all that the best regulated and most

complete household, the nicest rule of severe correctness, the most unbounded profusion—faultless appointments, costly plate, and good taste—the most exquisite skill of the cook and confectioner, the resources of hot-houses and forcing-beds, a cellar, stocked not with temporary supplies for particular occasions, but rich in its venerable contents—an apartment commodious and not crowded, in which magnificence and splendour were made tributary to luxury and comfort—all that these effect, was to be found. Here was none of the makeshift business of borrowing plate, china, table-linen, or glass; no filling the table with country cousins, no pressing into the service the assistance of

wine upon her sleeve than in her glass, now mar-
ring the festive mirth of some gold-laced warrior,
as the upset soup trickles over his embroidered
breast, and in its greasy career, leaping over the
opposing frogs of gold like a mountain rivulet,
gradually settles into a tranquil stream as it pours
upon the even valley of his unmentionables, de-
voting both to ruin and conjuring up to fright him
from the board, like Banquo's ghost, the appalling
spectre of an unpaid tailor's bill ; here were none
of these *contre-temps*—for in all these points it was
part of the pride of character of Sir Charles Tarle-
ton to surpass, and in the arrangement of all of
which he was, maugre his own ascetic habits
and his other multitudinous avocations, a finished
master. If any, or all of these, together with
an apparently most cordial welcome, could make
agreeable a stiff dinner party, then had this been
particularly so—but the company, the company is
the thing. Here—nor was it his fault so much as
the force of circumstances, was the failure. Dinner
parties are, in Ireland, more resorted to than in
England : not more so indeed in the upper circles ;
but they are done, and well done too, by individuals

and classes in Dublin whose corresponding order across the channel would not attempt them. Barristers, parsons, and doctors of standing, do not crowd their tables with merely their fellow labourers. The sprinkling of, by position fashionables, which the existence of an Irish court affords to Dublin, being for the most part strangers (in Ireland a passport to favour), being moreover in many instances connexions of great English families, are universally courted and sought for with avidity. They are among the chief guests; and although an acquaintance of a purely casual nature, are nevertheless fêted as personages of a more elevated order

in themselves insufficient, to any one of them supply a moderate party, if intended to be of the best description, it follows that a blending of them becomes necessary: hence a very heterogeneous collection arises, and a somewhat discordant and ill-assorted amalgamation is the result.

On the present occasion, next to the commander of the forces, the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Foley, K.C.B., as he invariably designated himself—a self-opinionated, conceited old man, stiff as a ramrod, unbending as a bayonet, and inflated with his own consequence—sat an agreeable and fascinating little woman, the wife of a young churchman, whose title of Honorable not only gave his lady the *pas*, over the *de facto* and *de jure* ladies of baronets and knights-bachelors, knights-grand-crosses military and civil, and knights-commanders of various orders, (whose rapidly manufactured *ladyship*, the hostile rival of corresponding baronial epithet, swells the list of patronesses of balls and charities in Dublin newspapers), but also exposed her to the envious jealousy of an elderly would-be young matron, the wife of a commoner bishop. On the other side of this agreeable and

lively person, and but a poor refuge from the pipe-clay patronage of the General, came the said bishop himself, forming the male interval between a baronet's lady, of reputed light manners, and who, all-engrossed in the conversation of a young Vice-regal aid-de-camp, left the Mitre to exchange glances with his indignant spouse across the table. The opposite side was scarce better off in the adaptation of its occupants to each other. A sage and severe-looking judge, with a stern and morose master in Chancery, hemmed in a pretty girl of nineteen; who was looking at her sister, on the the other side, as though imploring pity for her wretched situation. The senior general, sur-

bottom, were some junior barristers, of family, treating with contempt the assumed importance of commanding officers, to the wonder and astonishment of their military subordinates. In the midst of this, Sir Charles Tarleton was discharging the duties of an attentive host; now paying respectful deference to the commandant, now complimenting his beautiful neighbour; inquiring after tithes from the bishop, discussing the law of libel with the judge, sipping a few drops in answer to the bumper drained by the bishop's lady, flattering the self-satisfied vanity of the fop major-general, talking politics with the M. P., and playing the agreeable to all.

"I hope, my Lord," cried Mrs. Trefusis, the bishop's lady, addressing Sir Charles Tarleton, "there is no truth in the dreadful accounts the newspapers give us, of those horrible people they call Repealers. I really am so alarmed that I have told the bishop I shall not go to the country."

Mrs. Trefusis liked shopping and visiting, and chaperoning and talking scandal, and hawking her daughters about, better than making soup for the poor, giving coals and blankets to her indigent

neighbours, physicking the parish, or attending infant schools.

"Nay, that is tempting the Lord Chancellor over much," said the punctilious Sir Frederick Foley; "you really, my dear madam, want to make his lordship violate his oath of privy-councillor;" a mark of distinction, by the way, always concurrent with the office of the speaker, who nevertheless delighted not a little in the ore rotundo pronunciation of his title of Right Honorable.

"Well, I believe, Sir Frederick, I may so far venture to answer Mrs. Trefusis, without breach

aversion to hotel bills, milliners' bills, dressmakers' bills, jewellers' bills, and the other little trifles that appertain more peculiarly to the favours ladies secure their lords, in the course of a season in town.

"That," exclaimed the baronet's lady, "is just what I was saying to Mrs. Trefusis before dinner, and I gladly find, on such excellent authority, there does not exist those obstacles to the free current of her kindly nature. I only wish that you would further, my Lord, shut up your odious court of Chancery and set Sir George free."

Her ladyship was not much fonder of the country than Mrs. Trefusis.

"Is it not delightful, Captain Saunter, to walk out early of a morning (of course after the dew is off), and to listen to the dear little birds singing sweetly in the grounds, and to look at the grass, and the violets, and all that sort of thing?"

"Enchanting, my dear Lady Blissful, positively charming!" returned Captain Saunter, who, however, did not even try to appear to catch the infection of the air of girlish romance her Ladyship, though at the blind side of thirty-five, languishingly

affected. The Captain, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, pretended to cough, in order to get over the awkward pause his coolness produced.—The Captain was not a very new acquaintance.

“By the by, how was it Captain Saunter, that you were not at the Rotunda last night?” said a lady, from the opposite side, the mother of three amiable young ladies, all out. “His Excellency was most enthusiastically received, I thought you would have been on duty.”

“Ay, how was it Captain Saunter you were not there last night?” reiterated his neighbour. “Sir George made me leave early, as he was taken ill, so I supposed you probably had been there later.”

awkward and feeling uncomfortable at being in company with the Lord Lieutenant. Ensign Brady led off with the amiable and accomplished daughter of Mr. High Sheriff Branahan, whilst the Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General gave his hand to the charming niece of the Under Secretary of the Association for heaven knows what — altogether such a mixture I have rarely seen.”

The private signal for retreat being now given, the gentlemen’s conversation became more general.

“Fitzeustace,” cried Captain Saunter, “how did you get home last night? did you ever hear of any thing half so cool as old Ball giving a dinner at his friend’s house—what is the man’s name?”

“I really dont know,” replied Fitzeustace, a very young officer—“but I believe this is nothing to what Ball does with his friend, who by the by, seems a very good sort of old fellow; they say Ball lives there altogether,—eats, drinks, sleeps occasionally,—uses his horses, gives dinners, and actually has a room at this same old gentleman’s office in Dublin, where he turns in now and then if he is late o’ nights. I certainly do know he is scarcely ever at the barracks.”

"A capital billet indeed," replied Saunter. "I felt a little strange at going merely on Ball's invitation: however I was most kindly received; it is almost taking too great a turn out of him."

"Not at all," cried Colonel Pellet, an old officer just returned in command of a regiment from India. "I always think these hospitable people take greater delight in obliging their friends, than even the friends do in being obliged: I always indulge them. Pray Captain Saunter, how is the Lord Lieutenant? I always feel anxious about him; his kindness and attention to myself and all the officers of my corps, make it a duty, no less than a pleasure, to inquire

there you know, everything is done magnificently. I recollect a splendid entertainment given by the Governor General——thank you, wont you help yourself? very superior claret, I assure you.”

He filled his glass, and was going to inflict on me one of those long-winded histories about India, in which he often indulged; but from which I was saved by a move into the drawing-room. Here, all the starched stiffness that had marked our assemblage before dinner, but which gradually thawed and melted during the course of that ceremony, was again resumed. The courtly Saunter, and some one or two others, whether endowed with more native courage than the rest, or inspired by a confidence grounded on their own good opinion of themselves, ventured to break into the charmed circle in which, from the stiffness of English society—unless in the few instances where nature has given a well-bred ease—the female portion of it entrench themselves. The majority of the gentlemen formed a kind of standing guard in detached groups, from which some one of the number, either from the conversation taking a turn that did not suit him, or from some other cause, was occasionally shut

old enina on a side-table, or turning over
of a book of engravings, not one of which
ever looks at, and in this pleasant position
the gratification of reflecting that he is
the delight of a party, and being in society
that. This is what some people call
Colonel Pellet and myself had the mis-
fortune to be placed in this predicament; I, from
being a humble personage to deserve attention
being too tiresome. However, we both of
us, to the other, the asylum secretly desired

“ Pray Mr. Tarleton, may I ask you
what stir about Repealers is? His Lordship
Frederick have been talking about some
man who is going to head them, and we
have an order to march into the south the
to-morrow. It really quite makes me
leave Dublin, the Castle is such a resource

“Indeed!” I said, “was this an unexpected order? did Sir Frederick or my father say who this person was?”

“Altogether unexpected: I could not understand Sir Frederick, he spoke so much about the caution and circumspection with which it behoved the government to act; but as I was saying, your hospitality in Dublin almost reminds me of our Indian entertainments. I recollect the Marquis of Rupee, when governor-general, receiving a Rajah at a grand banquet, when the number of covers amounted to four hundred, everything of the best you know—though now I recollect, the soup was so confoundedly hot,—you know they are fond of high seasoning in India.”

“Certainly, certainly—they did not mention the name of the young man, did they?”

“The Rajah’s son you mean?”

“No, I mean the person Sir Frederick Foley was speaking about.”

“O! dear no!—no, some low scoundrel, no doubt; but as I was saying, on the occasion of the reception of the Rajah.”

“How very grand,” I exclaimed; “but the day

march into the Mysore territory—a
Mr. Tarleton is the thing; elephants,
men, palanquins, and if you are at a
delightful sangaree, cool as ice, and
luxuries; but see, Sir Frederick is n

A young man his aid-de-camp, passing
his way to fetch his cocked hat, Pell

“Is the General going, Lovelace?
know whether he dines at the Castle

“I don’t know I am sure, Colonel
if you wish, I will ask Sir Frederick.”

“Not at all, Captain Lovelace;”
de-camp passed on.

The whole party now broke up
among the last, as he lighted a cigar
getting into his hackney coach, exclaimed
Mr. Tarleton this is a very fine day

CHAPTER XVII.

Ah ! what is man ? what perils still environ
The happiest mortals, even after dinner.

• • • • •

But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and worldless ire,
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

Don Juan.

SCARCE had the last carriage left the door and the ordinary quiet routine of the household been restored, when upon my return to the drawing room as I mounted the stairs, I became sensible by the altered tones of my father's voice, as he ordered one of the footmen to extinguish the superfluous lights, that with the departure of the company had also vanished the assumed good-humour, with which throughout the evening he had by a powerful effort of long accustomed self-command concealed the angry emotions that stirred within. As one

... seem to glide from t
a velocity strongly contrasted by th
slow manner in which those ver
are perhaps turned over by others—
we the tools and fools of circumsta
this task was completed, and with a r
the paid and liveried attendant left t
How low was I fallen in my own esti
I envied the independence of this
door being closed, we were now alo
found silence had been maintained—for
a coward had conscience made me, th
even ventured upon the customary co
to the *éclat* with which the party h
He had hitherto been standing before t
which I too stood. He now took a
room, in the course of which. he —

which neither meant yes nor no. "Pray where were you?" I was silent. "I insist upon knowing," he replied. I again stammered out something about a friend of mine, mentioning the name of a gentleman with whom he knew I was acquainted. Stopping suddenly short, and with a cool sneering tone, he briefly retorted:—"That is a lie." Then suddenly warming, he proceeded:—"Yes, it is a lie; and you know it to be such, and I know it too.—Answer me directly, where, and with whom you were?"

This ebullition of anger on his part, had upon me the effect of—by exciting my passion, removing the fear and dismay with which I had hitherto quailed before him, and with an eye as unmoved, and with a voice as firm as his own, I replied, "It is a lie; and what else can you expect, if you push your inquiries in matters that only concern myself? I was with a lady, sir."

"Ay," he said, "so I thought, the same you were acquainted with in England."

"Well, what if it be, sir?"

"Get out of my sight you rascal; do you dare to appear before me? Hark ye! of your follies in

London I was aware ; and though your profligacy disgusted me, I was willing to find an excuse for it ; but now, that you should continue such a connexion, and that doing so, you should have the audacity to pollute my house with your presence—get out of my sight this instant, sir ! leave my house, I command you ! and know further, that I am also aware of your having, contrary to my direct orders, held intercourse with that despicable young man ; and for these two things, I tell you plainly and distinctly, that you need expect nothing from me beyond a mere pittance,—and now you had better go. Here,” he cried, as he rushed at the bell and pulled it violently until the servant

an hour before, and the result was so much beyond even the enlarged expectation I had formed of the probable consequences of a discovery, that I was, I own, taken somewhat aback—in fact, quite thunderstruck. Recollecting myself, however, I took advantage of the entrance of a servant whom I met as I descended the steps, to request of him to fetch me a portfolio that lay in my chamber, and in which, by good luck, I happened to have a larger sum of money than I could usually command. My first impulse was to repair to the residence of Mary Elston—a moment's consideration, however, pointed out the imprudence of so inconsiderate a step in her present state, when my unexpectedly presenting myself with such a tale as I had to recount, might have produced the most fatal consequences, and any concealment of the real cause of my appearance would have been in vain,—as with the quick perception of women, and which supplies with them the place of the more commanding wisdom of men, she would have instantly hit upon, if not the entire truth, at least sufficient to have, by alarming, greatly excited, and consequently injured her. Reserving then this expla-

nation to a more seasonable time, I became the inhabitant of an hotel; the place of greatest welcome to those with no friend but one,—where, in the morning, I had a very early visit from Mr. Browne, to whom the news of my loss of favour and subsequent expulsion from home, had as a matter of course been communicated in a confidential interview that night, and with the result of which he was delegated to wait upon me, coming also in the capacity of a friend of mine, to which character he most undoubtedly had a well founded claim.

“What is all this, my dear friend? your father is greatly displeased with you—it is a most unfortu-

“Then I suppose he means to let me starve.”

“No, not that exactly ; but he desired me, if I should chance to see you, to say, that provided you gave up this affair, he would—(now I hope you will not take offence, it is not my wish to say anything to hurt your feelings, and I had rather not meddle in the business at all, but then it is better you should know exactly how things really are), well then, he gave me a written paper, here it is.—‘To go to New South Wales, and one hundred a year.’—This you must not notice, as it is talking wild, and the man is so irritated that he dont know what he says.”

“I see,” replied I, “he wishes to encourage emigration ; a very liberal proceeding, and like all the rest, indicating a great affection for me.”

“What I advise you to do,” replied Browne, “is to go down to some friend in the country, and if you know of any fellow that will put you up for a few weeks, things may come round again ; at all events you will not, I hope, feel offended at anything I have said, I only wish to serve you ; the keeping up any intercourse with this Mr. O’Donnell is the only thing I cannot get over. For God’s

sake see no more of him at all events; he is I think quite a madman, and there is no knowing what will become of him."

Our conversation continued for some time longer in very much the same strain, the result being a strong impression on my mind, of the necessity of yielding so far to circumstances as to go into exile in the country for the moment. Dependent altogether upon my father's caprice, for any provision either present or future, I in vain summoned to my aid all the bright visions of independence with which industry and application had invested the attainment of my profession; to realize them now, I found more difficult. I talked to

tion to the fact, that of those who had already manifested a wish to send me business, one and all were actuated solely by a desire of paying through me a compliment to Sir Charles Tarleton, and no sooner should it be generally known that their so doing was only fostering rebellion against him, than I should find myself rapidly deserted. I therefore informed Browne, for the purpose of his again communicating it to Sir Charles Tarleton, that my intention was to leave Dublin for the present, on a visit to a distant relative in a remote part of the south of Ireland, leaving it to be inferred, that by this removal it was also my intention to break off the intimacies that had brought me into this unpleasant situation. My resolution accordingly being taken, it only remained for me gradually to inform Mary Elston of the discovery that had taken place, and the necessity there was for my temporary withdrawal. This accordingly done, I with a heavy heart made preparations for my departure, borne up only by the consciousness of my firm resolution to, under no circumstances, however adverse, belie my past constancy, by basely deserting one I had sworn to protect, and

whose helpless condition now more than ever called for my sympathy and support; rendering a positive moral duty that which, under different circumstances, could not be altogether justified, and by the knowledge, that in my absence the friendly attention of Doctor O'Mara would provide her a sufficient defence from injury or insult.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Now great events were on the gale,
And rumour came each day with varying tale.

IN my selection of the friend's house to which I was now about to proceed, I was guided as well by the certainty of a kind and unaffectedly hospitable reception, as by an invincible anxiety to see what might be the result of O'Donnell's headlong career. The unexpected move of troops to the south, as first mentioned to me by Colonel Pellet, was in a day or two fully confirmed by the public press, accompanied with long and loud announcements of the dangers of the crisis, into which all now seemed unanimously to conceive the long slumbering discontent was about to burst. As usual, professing the greatest disinclination to cause unnecessary alarm, by giving any accounts

not well founded, with perhaps the exception of some one or two of the more respectable papers, their columns were universally filled with the most exaggerated details, and references to all the horrors and excesses that form the long catalogue of enormities committed by both parties during preceding rebellions. That crimes so hideous, and cruelties so revolting as those that marked their course, should ever have had existence, would almost stagger human belief, and make one look upon the harrowing details of the veracious historian, as merely the monstrous inventions of a brain fertile in horrible conceptions; were it not for the irrefragible evidence to the boundless wickedness of man

bounteous hand of Providence has in vain rained its most plenteous gifts. Placed within the genial influence of the balmy air of peaceful liberty, her sons alone seem unfitted for its respiration, bending their willing necks to the yoke either of superstitious bigotry or persecuting intolerance; the serfs of priestcraft, or the tools of tyranny: mutual hatred their inheritance, and sprung from the same mother, fratricides by fate, they seem marshalled against each other, for the perpetual subjugation of their land to foreign domination.

At present, however, the assumed terrors of trading politicians were wholly imaginary; and, although it was not improbable that some few of the more daring malcontents might possibly have the temerity to rashly have recourse to force, it was evident to all reflecting people, that the struggle (if so slight a resistance might be so called) could only be temporary and local: nevertheless, it was unfortunately too true, that vast mischief might occur, and had indeed already arisen, from the general interruption to business of all sorts, through the apprehension largely existing amongst the indifferently informed, that all the

horrors of former times were about to be renewed. The government, however, in no degree shared this anxiety. At ease and repose, in the full consciousness of complete power to crush the inconsiderable faction, that, unsupported by any general public sympathy, became more contemptible from the universal desire for order, they contented themselves with such a demonstration of force, as, by overawing, was sure to prevent the accession to the rebel ranks of the lukewarm discontented; whilst, free from the pressure of danger, and unaffected by either irritation or alarm, they were not hurried into measures of unnecessary severity;

greatly interested, as well by the knowledge of the distinction that existed in his case, from the merely mercenary agitators of the day, in the honourable, though erroneous, nature of his intentions; as also by a considerate recollection that did Lord Mowbray credit, of the feelings that might, from his father's melancholy fate, be supposed to have swayed O'Donnell. These unfortunately Gerald, from a mistaken sense of honour, refused to accept; conceiving himself bound to the others, whilst in danger, although wholly disapproving their measures, he had in consequence been obliged to retreat from Dublin, and was now somewhere in the south, though I had for the present lost sight of him.

Perched upon the top of the — mail, proceeding to my intended destination, after a somewhat fatiguing night, I was in the morning amused by the incidents of the road. Our coachman, a truly provincial whip, in a remarkably long frock coat, touching his heels, with a pipe in his mouth, whose fiery glow was eclipsed by a nose worthy of ancient Pistol, kept working away at his ill-assorted team, with his whip handled rather

à la Walton; whilst ever and anon he divided his attention amongst his passengers, who were, in addition to myself, an elderly gentleman and a young dissipated-looking hobbledihoy. The former, he in a whisper informed me, was Sullivan Mac-Shanter, Esq. of Castle Shanter, and to him he paid the most servile adulation.

“O, Captain, sure it’s not true that you are going to give up the sessions?” The gentleman had been a captain of yeomanry.

“Indeed, Flynn, I think it’s almost time for me to retire from public life.”

“Time to retire! God forbid that, anyhow. O

cold. You must put on your top-coat; do now, if you please Captain dear,—or stop a minute, would you just get inside; here, Finnerty, Finnerty I say, get down immediately, and put the Captain in.”

Finnerty was not slow in obeying; and he, too, had all along, I observed, been endeavouring to pay court to the great man. Whenever the Captain chanced to turn his head, looking back at any object we had passed, I remarked the zealous Finnerty touch his hat most respectfully, and exclaim, “God bless your honour, Captain! success Mr. M'Shanter!” although the Captain never addressed him.

The Captain thus disposed of, my remaining companion, who had joined our Jehu, and I believe stood paymaster in his occasional and indeed numerous potations on the road, now engrossed the whole of Mr. Flynn's attention; until at the end of another stage, we found a pair of horses and a groom waiting for the youngster, with a light cart to convey his luggage. This attendance, the coachman afterwards told me, had for a period of nearly a month, each day successively, met the

coach, expecting the young squire, who was enjoying the gaieties of the county town; and his premature profligacy seemed to have acquired for him in the eyes of our driver, an even more elevated position than was enjoyed by the sexagenarian dispenser of sessions law who was inside.

"They may talk as they like sir," said coachee, when we had again got under weigh, "but I don't see any such young gentlemen anywhere as Master Thomas O'Hagarty, of Hagarty's Island. God bless him, but he's a fine young gentleman! it's the likes of him I am fond of travelling with, and be-dad I am proud to drive him. May I never

men are turning out now-a-days, with their fine English talk; Divil take it! I've known Master Tommy O'Hagarty since he was nine years old, and the Lord knows I love him."

Such were the high conceptions of gentility I found existing in these quarters, and fully participated in, by the loud note of acquiescence with which Scarlet from behind announced his approval of this delightful picture, when appealed to by Flynn, as not unoften occurred.

"Isn't that true Finnerty?"

"True!" quoth Finnerty, "by all the books that were ever opened or shut, I'll sware to it."

The afternoon of that day brought me to my friend's house, where I was kindly received with all that *empressement*, which cordial and sincere, though too common and too easily accorded to be very valuable, distinguishes for the most part Irish hospitality. Here I found very clear marks of a disordered society in the precautions which the disturbed state of the country made common, if not actually necessary. The lower windows all shut, and strongly barred, made too, as it was called, ball-proof; the door loaded with more iron than the gates

of the Old Bailey ; these indeed were in ordinary times no uncommon accessories to country residences in Ireland ; at present, however, one or two military caps, hung up in the entrance-hall with the swords underneath, gave it more the air of a garrison than a private gentleman's house. Partly from the fears of the proprietor, a stanch royalist, partly from the impossibility of finding in the wretched village adjoining Morton Castle, sufficient or proper quarters for the small detachment Sir Morton Merville had been able to secure for his protection ; and partly too from the good judgment of the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, who all unanimously agreed, that the

to each other in the correspondence that existed between the two families. Of large fortune, Sir Morton Merville had married, from love alone, an English lady of an old catholic family; which, not possessing very large means, and not encouraged by the difference of their faith to push forth much into the world, lived happily, retired and unknown. A visit to Scarboro', for the benefit of their daughter's health, brought them in contact with the wealthy and well-connected Sir Morton Merville, then a young man; who, captivated with the charms of Emily Clifford, in the exuberance of love and the charity of youth, forgot for a moment the narrow ideas of bigoted intolerance in which he had been brought up, and so far went astray as to believe he could love a pretty girl, though a catholic. Her parents, unfortunately led away by the promises of worldly grandeur and advancement thus opened to their daughter, forgot the prudence that should have forbid the promotion of an union to which the wishes of their child evidently did not point, and almost forced her into it.

The first months passed over; a removal to Morton Castle soon fatally convinced the youthful,

the beautiful, the accomplished, the gentle, lovely, and amiable Lady Merville, that all these recommendations were as nothing in her protection from the vulgar sneers of provincial sectarians: her husband's old ideas recurring, soon banished the only resource his sympathy afforded; and after giving birth to the charming Emily Merville, she left a world where she now knew no happiness, to see if heaven inquired so nicely into creeds, or took as its test, a charity men cannot understand, far less practice. To Emily I was now re-introduced, having, as I said, known each other as children. I know not how it is, but some people prepossess on a first meeting, others the reverse: to the first

heart simple and innocent, that spoke in her every action; here was no recourse to an affected and studied ease, that however acquired by long practice, occasionally breaks into awkwardness; but the ease of nature, the innate and inbred fashion, that the assumed hauteur of conventional ton cannot bestow, unless its patent be stamped by nature's autograph. Not more than nineteen, and though not much in society, still having lived all her life in the position of mistress of her father's house, she had acquired a dignity and self-possession usually only to be obtained by an extended intercourse with the world. Though home-bred, she partook not of its usual faults; for her father's pride had taken care that although situated in a remote province, she should have the benefit of every accessory to female accomplishment, that common enough in the capital, are still transplantable into the country only at vast expense; and in this, however in most other things distinguished for avarice, he exhibited an honourable exception, at once the result of pride, and unbounded, nay, doating affection. Of an ardent temperament, and from her comparatively solitary life prone to reflection, deeper than usually

engages the attention of girls, she for ever dwelt fondly upon the memory of a mother whom she had never known ;—though Irish by birth, she still rather looked upon herself as a stranger ; and her thoughts and feelings for ever wandered from the neighbourhood of Morton Castle, where, in solitary grandeur, Sir Morton Moville lived, envied for his wealth and old family, and hated for his retiring and distant habits and rather penurious mode of life,

And all in high baronial pride,
A life both dull and dignified.

The passing public events of the day engrossed

a tolerably regular correspondence was maintained by Emily Merville, and her friend's letters usually concluded with some good-natured remark about their handsome inmate, accompanied with sundry hints as to the mysterious nature of his parentage, doubtless not diminished by the usual love of romance in women. These letters had of late, and since Gerald's arrival in Ireland, been engrossed almost wholly by his name, and since his recent remarkable public position, the attention of Emily Merville had been fixed upon him in a way he little dreamed of. My sincere and well-tried friendship for him, made me therefore no unwelcome visitor to at least one of the inmates of Morton Castle. It was not alone that her attention turned to the fame and fortunes of Gerald O'Donnell, stranger as he was; but the state of sectarian differences and religious rancour she saw existing in all around her, had made her bestow great attention and feel much interest in these matters. With the ardour of youth and the chivalrous feeling of her sex, she espoused the weaker side. Though educated a Protestant, and sincerely entertaining pure and unadulterated the tenets of that faith, her total want

of acquiescence in the contemptuous and intolerant persecution of those of an opposite faith, that distinguished almost all she came in contact with, in the household and immediate acquaintance of her father, made it commonly said by the neighbours, "that Miss Moville had more than enough of her mother's blood in her." On the first meeting, she came forward to greet me with that smile—that bewitching and irresistible smile, which women can at all ages command; but which is alone natural, and therefore most charming, in the unaffected openness and candour of youth—guileless, innocent, happy youth.

CHAPTER XIX.

When round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 O, sweet 's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us!

• • • • •
 As trav'lers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing.
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

Moore's Melodies.

WITH what a charm are the recollections of our early years invested! With what a melancholy fondness do we recall that period, and dwell with pleasure on its remembrance! In this, our memory—whether impaired by long use, or encumbered by

the variety and importance of subsequent occurrences, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other, seems to retrieve its pristine and youthful vigour, and, with an unimpeachable fidelity, re-enacts all the minutiae of those early transactions; thus distinguishing this exercise of its powers from the ordinarily confused picture in which its utmost efforts repaint the apparently more remarkable events of a later stage; but which, nevertheless, are not to be recalled in the same vivid and striking resemblance that their less pretending predecessors, when summoned, re-appear. Is it that its faculties are, then, as yet

stood once more upon the banks of the same sparkling stream, that now, as then, runs bright and gurgling in its accustomed bed, all heedless of the change in him? re-peopled, too, the scene with those we loved;—the old man leaning on his silver-headed cane, talks to him as he did then, of life's dangers and disappointments;—the group of his early playmates stand around, careless and sceptical of all, save pleasure; the venerable matron, the pious and united household, the tolerated beggar come to seek his accustomed alms, the respectful dependents,—the sports, the games, the joyful gambols of that day—the friendly brother, the beloved sister, the cherished friend,—where? O God! where are they now? dead! all dead! No, not so; but worse: we live, we meet—nay, speak, and yet are strangers! But why dwell thus upon that fatal fruitfulness, with which, as we gradually ripen for the harvest, increasing in knowledge and in wisdom, we become less capable of happiness? advancing, as it were, with a retrograde motion. On, on, we must; the sand runs alike, whether we move or not. Yet do we love to pause here awhile, and whilst existence is

speeding from beneath us with fearful velocity—whilst the shifting scenes are each approximating to the finale of the drama, we cannot resist this recurrence to the past. I have stood by the bedside of the dying,—I have marked the waxing paleness of death, the fluttering pulse, the glazing eye, the faltering tongue; but on what did its last accents dwell? Those very scenes of youth were now more palpable than the intervening space—from then to then, was but as a moment; so brief, so fleeting is that career; its commencement and termination seem both alone clearly visible, and all between is a hurried and confused

arising from the relationship, though distant, that existed between us, and the similarity of our ideas upon many subjects, increased also by the kind manner in which her sympathy, in my disgrace with my father, was expressed—and still more on her side augmented, by the favourable opinion she had previously formed of me from the sincere and friendly part I had acted towards one whom she so much admired. I was myself labouring under misfortune.—This was a reason sufficient with Emily to be my friend. My situation was caused in some degree by my unshaken constancy to a man, whose noble and disinterested character had long been the subject of her admiration, and who, now that danger, difficulty, and disgrace were his lot, was, though a stranger, by these very circumstances, almost endeared to her, romantic as she was—more particularly as this peril of his resulted from the daring boldness with which he espoused the cause of those whom she had taught herself to believe were so grievously oppressed—and on whose behalf she had inherited from her mother the disposition to feel deeply, notwithstanding the cautious care with which different

sentiments had been instilled into her breast. This in itself would have recommended me to the good graces of my cousin. From all this resulted such a friendly interchange of thought, that our conversation was more like the communication of a brother and sister than persons less nearly akin. The house, as I have already said, was almost in a state of siege, so that the dinner and breakfast, rendered stiff by the presence of strangers, afforded little of the opportunity for the familiar chitchat that those meals generally do, and are in consequence so often looked forward to with eagerness by those who, inmates of the same house, but

side, in rude sports, mid-day excess, gambling or profligacy; this is indeed the redeeming influence that virtuous women exercise upon us, to save us from ourselves. With what contempt did I then return the sneer with which some or other of our military visitants informed his comrade, when asked if I had been sporting, or fishing, or drinking, or gambling, or smoking with him; that no, Mr. Tarleton had been out walking with Miss Moville. Then the insolent swagger of self-satisfied vanity with which they confidently sought her attention! O! what merriment, what laughter, have we not had at their silly coxcombry, when we met in private. One old veteran, of the three quartered in the Castle, was however exempt from this, though amusing in a different way. Captain Gautois, in our service, though of French extraction, was the senior of the party, and as little liked by his young subs as was ever any martinet lieutenant-colonel, but for a totally different cause,—it was his avarice. In his case, prudence amounted almost to a miserly niggardliness, and the animation and delight with which he used to enlarge upon the liberality and generosity of his

host, when contrasted with his own penurious habits, could scarcely fail to amuse. "Sair Morton," he used to say, "is the very best fellow I ever met with; there is myself, my servant, my horse, and nothing to pay! no, not even the servants, Sair Morton takes care of that. A good lunch, and such dinners! Claret *every* day—laying the stress of at least a circumflex accent upon the first letter of 'every;'—then your cup of coffee, a glass of liqueur, and then, be Gar, bottles of brandy in your room; and the servants capitally drilled,—and nothing, be Gar, nothing to pay!" In this way he used often to run on to me;

“les quatre mendiants.” All these little peculiarities of the old gentleman, though laughable enough, were still redeemed by a courtesy and pleasing and agreeable manners, that made him quite a favourite with Sir Morton—no slight admirer of economy himself, whilst the good-nature of Emily forbade her looking upon his habit of spunging, as any thing beyond a harmless eccentricity. She too, was no small favourite of poor old Gautois. “So amiable, so lively, and so unaffected, though so very beautiful—and then she makes such tea! I like a cup of good strong tea; but then the expense is enormous!” Our other defenders were, a Lieutenant Gorget, a mere personification of the Magnus-Apollo of a garrison town; and a young Ensign Epaulette, a gentleman-like boy of good family, but scarcely tolerable, from an affectation, adopted I believe, principally to reinforce his somewhat equivocal claims to manhood. Occasionally our circle was—I was going to say enlivened—but no, it was enlarged by the company of a neighbouring gentleman, who all intent on the performance of his public duties as a magistrate, and solely occupied in riding from sessions to sessions in order to

preside at these various tribunals, had in the pursuit of such patriotic objects, wholly neglected his own affairs; until at last, an inheritance of some hundreds had gradually worn down to an almost imperceptible quantity. Blest with a numerous progeny, to whose education he paid as little attention as he bestowed thought upon what their future provision might be, he handed over the difficult management of small means with large claims, to his poor wife; an intelligent, amiable, thrifty woman, who was content to sit at home and attend to her family; whilst her lord ranged abroad, himself proud of the discharge of his high official func-

he was always sure of a good reception from Sir Morton, himself from long habit a tolerably constant frequenter of the justice-room. The importance which Langley used to attach to the magisterial capacity, as he amplified upon its duties, frequently amused me beyond measure.

“Sir Morton,” he began one day, “I am told they already talk of removing these gallant gentlemen from us; now though I do think two or three such public-spirited men as you and I are, might in ordinary times, by a wholesome application of vigour, maintain tranquillity, and although as you know, I was one of the very last to seek for any increase to our general powers by the presence of a military force; yet I do say, their intended removal at such a juncture, is one of the maddest things I ever heard of; and were it not that I conceive it to be my bounden duty as a resident country gentleman of old standing, to give my assistance to the government by the retention of the high trust which the commission of the peace involves, I unhesitatingly assert, that the bare mention of such an intention, unsupported by any general declaration of the assembled magistracy of

this part of the county, has so much disgusted me, that I vow to heaven I should almost forego the dignity of my station, and throw it up in pure disgust."

"Thank God, Langley," replied Sir Morton, "there is now little danger of so serious a loss to us as your resignation—no, I myself heard of this; but I made immediate representation to the Castle on the subject; and there is still in that quarter sufficient consideration, in spite of all that has occurred, for the opinion of us, its unpaid and most useful functionaries, as to have produced an immediate assurance of such an intention being given

is where a magistrate shines to most advantage—publicly seated on the bench of justice, in open court dispensing equitable decisions, unswayed by favour and not influenced by partizanship ; still there are cases, where, like this, a private consultation and a strictly closed-door inquiry may be more beneficial. I am delighted you mentioned this to me, we must see to it at once.”

CHAPTER XX.

Now justices of the peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a license for the same,
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches,
Are puzzles to the most precautionous benches.

Don Juan.

occupy the chair for two hours before the court sits. But as you are a legal man, and may perhaps feel a wish to see our mode of dispensing justice, I particularly came to ask you to accompany me."

Knowing that acquiescing in his hobby was the best means of getting rid of my troublesome visitant, I promised to be ready in half an hour, when we accordingly set out for the little neighbouring village or hamlet, consisting of some score or two of wretched mud cabins, all thatched with straw, and which, situated upon either side of the road, formed a kind of street; flanked upon the edges, in the interval between the highway and the houses, by ranges of muck heaps, corresponding in number and regularity of position with the humble residences in their rear, upon most of which was to be seen, reclining in luxurious ease, a pig, the principal care and support of the family, and usually looked upon as the means of realizing their miserable rent; and therefore in many instances familiarly known by the somewhat grandiloquent appellation of "the landlord." At the extreme end of the village upon the left-hand side, was placed at a considerable distance back from the road, a

superior style of dwelling, though also thatched, in common with its unpretending neighbours; however, its well white-washed walls and fairly sized windows, together with a general appearance of neatness, increased by a trim and well-kept little grassplot in front, gave it at once a claim to superiority, and indicated to the passers by, that it was the abode of some one not only in station above the adjacent villagers, but even of one, in a sphere beyond the common run of what are, in Ireland, called farmers; it was, I afterwards learned, the residence of the parish priest. Immediately opposite, and on the other side of the way, stood a small

immediately falling into line, upon the loud order of their constable—who desired them to let him *hear silence* there—most respectfully saluted us as we passed, and I could easily perceive the gratification, though scarce manifested, of Langley at this demonstration of the importance of his public character. Proceeding immediately to take the chair, and having ascertained, by a glance, that the legitimate period for commencing business had arrived, he, in an authoritative tone, called for the clerk, and ordering him to select any cases of a nature to admit of their disposal by a single justice, plunged at once *in medias res*, testifying by the self-complacent air with which he leaned back, the satisfaction he derived from the authority and consequence he enjoyed; and, as leaning one hand on the arm of the chair, whilst the other, resting upon the desk in front, held, half-open, a huge volume of Parliamentary Reports, it was amusing to see the air of affected gravity and assumed wisdom with which he gave a profound attention to the proceedings. In a few minutes our number on the bench was increased by the entrance of the before-mentioned Mr. Smithson,

who rushed hastily into the court; but, upon satisfying himself that he was too late to assume the post in chief, he slowly and sulkily walked up, and, with an air of pique and vexation, which he endeavoured to veil by a good humour, evidently assumed and not real, exclaimed, "Well, Langley, I see you are as usual, an example to us all. I hope you have not been long alone?"

"No, Smithson, not very; I suppose you dont wish for the chair to-day: a very heavy list, I assure you; great insubordination in the country. Here, Captain Rooney," turning to the sub-inspector of police of the district, "I request that you will

silence, and screamed to Captain Rooney to make his men keep order in the court. Captain Rooney himself, a short squat red-faced man, with a very bald head, being dressed in his green uniform, had of course a sword to his side, almost as long as himself, and possibly somewhat brighter, which he now waved, and brandished on high over his head, shouting to his men, making signs to those who could not hear, and venting curses upon those who could; and, being perched upon a high wooden bench at the back of the magistrates' seat, he was of course very conspicuous. For a considerable time all efforts were vain; at last, by degrees, returning quiet was observable in the increasing distinctness with which the sonorous notes of Langley's voice rose loud above the din. Captain Rooney, sitting down, exchanged his war-like weapon for a pocket-handkerchief, which he vigorously plied in the apparently hopeless effort of staying the tide of perspiration that rolled incessantly over his rubicund visage. Langley now looked around with the indignant glance of offended pride upon the crowd that thronged the further extremity of his judgment-hall, and observing

some one or two who dared to return his gaze, instead of, as became the hob-nailed or barefooted part of the community, quailing before him, in a peremptory tone, commanded their ejection by his rural guards—an order instantly executed by *manu forti*. By this time a vast numerical, if not intellectual, reinforcement of the worshipful bench had occurred, in the accession of four or five additional justices—amongst whom was my host, Sir Morton Merville—together with some of their friends, present as amateurs; and I soon saw that, however great had been the interruption caused by the misconduct of the uneducated part of the

who, as a matter of course, differed on all subjects, as regularly as their great Parliamentary prototypes. The consequence, as may be easily conceived, was a continued and almost uninterrupted argument amongst the members of the court themselves. Some having a tenant to defend, others having a pique against a poor man for refusing them some unreasonable accommodation in the enclosing of a field, or the draining of a bog. Hence, assaults of a nature so deadly as to cause surprise at the existence of the unfortunate plaintiff, and perpetrated in a manner so cowardly and brutal as to put the defendant beyond the pale of the most forgiving mercy, and moreover, executed in a manner to set at naught all measures of civilized society for the maintenance of the public peace, were here regarded, not with reference to the injury inflicted, the insufficiency of provocation, or the tendency to disorganise society, but altogether taken into consideration in regard to the relative position of the parties as to their degree of influence with the judges; so that the chairmanship of Mr. Langley—however impartial his intentions—appeared to me to be any thing but

a sinecure or a bed of roses—being continually occupied in collecting the votes of his colleagues: as his usual custom was at once to take the sense of the court by calling for a division. Sir Morton always voted with him, looking upon him as the highest legal authority within that division of the county, as did also another gentleman of the name of Gray, who, being a good-humoured sort of man, and not caring one doit how the thing went, so that he kept on good terms with Sir Morton, only stipulated that, in the event of any case coming on about which he was anxious, they should take his view of it. The other, or opposition

which uniformly brought down upon him an angry reproof for making a coffee-room of the court; when, not unfrequently, a sharp altercation used to arise, invariably terminated by Langley's loud calls of "divide," "divide"—he by the way entertaining a most unmitigated contempt for the want of zeal of his newsreading colleague.

In Ireland the habit of giving the commission of the peace to persons rather insufficiently qualified in point of property or intelligence, extending to a degree scarcely credible in England, it follows that such an imaginary description as the above, though not in any degree of universal applicability, is yet too frequently not very much exaggerated. Towards the termination of the day's proceedings the majority of the magistrates retired, being generally contented with presenting themselves at the court-house, and their love of official authority sufficiently satisfied by shewing to the vulgar, that they were possessed of the power and robed with the dignity of that station. Mr. Langley and Sir Morton alone remained behind in close consultation with Captain Rooney; whilst I, not wishing to leave without them, rather impatiently awaited

their departure. Their conversation, though not actually open to the various people still lingering about, being nevertheless upon public topics and in no degree concealed from me, I naturally as I lounged about, heard more or less of it; nor did I at first take the trouble of attending to its purport, being principally composed of the noisy panegyrics customarily passed upon himself as an active magistrate and an intelligent man by Mr. Langley, echoed as they were by the less loud, though equally pompous declarations of Sir Morton's zeal and anxiety for the public weal—gradually however, I became more attracted, from the

know how to denominate your particular branch of the public service. It does not exactly enter into the generally received idea of a profession, like the army, you know; but like all other modern alterations, or rather reforms, as they are pleased to call them, it partakes of no distinguishing characteristic; what in my memory were simple police, being now metamorphosed into half-soldiers. However, my dear sir, that has not much to do with the matter. All that I am at liberty to remark to you, is, that the government are most anxious to lay hands upon these persons; one of whom, as I have told you, there is positive information of being concealed somewhere hereabouts; and from the great stress the Lord-Lieutenant, in the communication made to me through his private secretary, lays upon seizing these ringleaders, I do not think I exceed bounds in saying it will afford a capital opportunity for your advancing yourself; and, I am sure, a more meritorious person cannot be found."

Captain Rooney bowed, blushed, and brushed his cap with his coat sleeve, at this very condescending speech of the great man.

"Yes, Captain Rooney, I too feel great satis-

faction," said Langley, "in bearing the same testimony; a testimony too, though of so humble an individual as myself, yet possibly of some consequence, as coming from a member, and not perhaps a wholly useless member either, of so important a body as the magistracy of this county. Rooney," he continued, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the latter, "I always thought highly of you; now is the trial, now the test."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Langley," said Rooney, who though a simple sort of quiet humble man, was still sufficiently alive to his own dignity and importance, to laugh at the affected patronage

CHAPTER XXI.

There were also two wits by acclamation,
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
Both lawyers, and both men of education;
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed:
Longbow was rich in an imagination,
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potatoe,—
While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.
Don Juan.

AT this period party-feeling ran high, and the defeated adherents of the former ministry still hung manfully together, with more fidelity to their common cause than usually marks the career of a party expelled from power, whether still clinging to the hope of once more clambering up through the means of court intrigue, or the impossibility of any successors so administering affairs as to give public satisfaction, in consequence of the complete and deplorable confusion into which they had succeeded in plunging all the important

interests of the country, previous to their fall. After a lengthened tenure of office, prolonged as it had been in their case, by more than one return to its possession, from a temporary intervening absence of short duration, they had still found themselves in the predicament of decreasing strength, notwithstanding an exercise of patronage unexampled in its extent, as having been largely manufactured by themselves for their own particular use, in addition to the ordinary legitimate windfalls of the day; dispensed, too, as it had been, with a profuse liberality, amounting to positively needless prodigality; and regulated in

they found perpetually dwindling from under them. A trading in state patronage and court favouritism, before unheard of, naturally weakened the support derived from the constitutionally liberal. A disordered state of public finance alarmed the vast community of a country essentially commercial; foreign regulations, regulated only by a cringing and self-termed crafty policy, involving perpetual insult and injury, necessarily rendered their victims but ill-disposed towards a government, either so weak or so unwilling to use its strength as to throw all the advantages of former years, purchased by much blood and treasure, into the hands of strangers. An ill-regulated and somewhat uncertain policy in the management of home affairs, had thrown into anarchy and disorder, districts, undisturbed by want of money, employment, or education, and therefore estranged the substantial and moneyed interests; whilst a weak and luke-warm support of the established church—not, indeed, professed, but rather disavowed in word, though, in fact, clearly admitted—giving a license and encouragement to the hundred different sects of philosophical religion, by experience proved to be strangely

concomitant of public disorders, threw into consternation and alarm the quiet and unobtrusive, though important portion of the community, known under the name of the middle classes: whilst the country at large, including, as well their supporters as their opponents, cried out, with shame and disgust, against a ministry, who intent only on their own preservation, did not hesitate in their hope of ensuring this object, to prostitute the royal confidence in their integrity into a systematic subversion of the constitution, by effecting covertly and by degrees, the swamping of the Lords—a measure not even had recourse to for carrying

course to a despotic remedy in their projected disfranchisement of large and important portions of the empire, and their attempted abrogations of constitutions guaranteed by every tie that liberty and honesty can consecrate. Notwithstanding all this, they had even in the trying hour of a reverse of fortune, sufficient constancy of purpose—whether engendered by necessity, or the hopelessness to the bulk of them of deriving any advantage from a change of sides, it is useless to inquire—to hold together as a party, and form in the legislature, a body formidable by its numbers, not to be despised in talent; but certainly very deficient in public confidence, lost to them not so much by a positive inferiority to their opponents in public probity, as by a failure in the fulfilment of promises of perfect purity, made ceaselessly for them on the hustings by their adherents; but of course incapable of accomplishment. Like all pretenders therefore to superiority in virtue, their backslidings, had they been even marked by moderation, would have entailed upon them a more than fair proportion of odium. As it was, however, this very party but some few years before, borne aloft upon the tide of

popular favour and public enthusiasm, which had glided into power with the good wishes and hearty support of the great majority of the nation, who looked upon them as the patriotic defenders of a public liberty of which they had, when in opposition, been the loud assertors; and who, wearied with the abuses engrafted by the course of time upon the healthy tree of the constitution, gladly welcomed to office those men, whom they had so long been accustomed to hear point out the evils and propound their remedies, in the place of those who had resolutely and definitively refused the adoption of any alteration whatsoever. The public at large groaning under the weight of heavy taxation, and

cular influence as a party, bringing to their humble dupes no sort of advantage, and conferring on the country at large no lasting or substantial benefits. Their promises of financial reformation were even more directly belied, by a corruption more crying in amount than that of the most unthrifty and prodigal of their predecessors, whilst it was indeed sufficiently confined in point of the extent of its operations, reaching as it did no further than their own immediate connexions and supporters, who, fortunate enough to come within the sphere of their liberality, basked in the sunshine of an unparsimonious expenditure, and battered on the public purse; whilst in every department wherein mere utility or the benefit of the public service was in question,—a severe, and a most exact economy in trifling and petty details was enforced; ruinous in the highest degree to their efficiency, crippling by an ill judged reduction the important arms of defence, and impairing by a temporary saving necessarily productive of future increase, the giant energies of a country fortunately provided with resources inexhaustible either by blunders or false policy—a reduction, falling with cruel

severity upon the humbler classes of inferior public servants, whilst the higher appointments were permitted to remain almost wholly unaffected, or in default of their sufficiency, fresh ones equally worthy the acceptance of their friends, magically called into a new existence.

To complete their disgrace, it only remained for them to for ever hold themselves up to the contempt and execration of posterity, by a baser betrayal of promises and professions than has commonly marked the altered course of parties, when in or out of power, in their undisguised assaults upon a public liberty that had for so many years

strike a suicidal blow at their former fame, by an effort to subvert the "trial by jury." No wonder then, that the hour of their departure was one of general rejoicing, though of deep and humiliating grief to many who had so long zealously supported them, and who with pain beheld for ever cast away, opportunities for accomplishing more public good, than had at almost any former period been within reach of political victors; and a fame that might have been imperishably engraven on the recording tablets of history by peaceful improvement, madly sacrificed for party intrigues. Their opponents, no longer the rampant and determined conservators of old abuses, and as before utterly refusing all inquiry and all amendment; but rather schooled by the experience of a long exclusion into the necessity of a greater moderation (having already twice essayed the direction of affairs, and as often been compelled to relinquish the attempt, from the determined opposition which the remembrance of their former illiberality conjured up to affright men from placing confidence in them), purged greatly of the ultra views they had in other times entertained, and considerably altered also in spirit, as

well as increased in numbers, by the incorporation with their body of some influential members of the opposite side disgusted with the course its leaders had taken, were now ready to give the powerful aid of their support to any cabinet formed upon fair principles. Unable to command power themselves, too proud to join in any ill-cemented coalition, they nevertheless were content to retain an independent position, from which they were able to afford assistance and support to measures they approved, instead of, by indulging in a purely factious opposition, injuring the country at large by embarrassing, for the mere sake of so doing, the

found co-operation, not as the acknowledged right of a political leader, accorded by a party accustomed and taught to follow his behests as the strictest and most proper discharge of their senatorial functions. The inconvenience of this course, of turning the independent representatives of important constituencies into mere puppets and automatons, as the subservient followers of great politicians, had been sorely felt in the result it produced of filling Parliament with two rival factions, whose members were thus prevented from following the impulse of their individual convictions, and obliged to give up the right of forming and acting upon their own conscientious opinions, in order to yield to the military discipline of parliamentary campaigning. This custom had originated in the olden distinctions of ministerial and opposition; but had latterly, as extending to, and compelling into their ranks the whole representative body, reached such a height as to become a grievous evil, in the total extinction it involved of independent men, unshackled by the fetters of particular parties, and open to the adoption of any course that was approved by themselves alone. To remedy this,

which had been found one of the chief causes that rendered it impossible for either of the recognised great parties to carry on the government, Lord Mowbray came forward almost alone, and for the moment stood indeed quite alone. The object of ridicule to all, it was asked upon whom was he to depend? Not upon this party or that, was his silent reply; but upon the country at large. He was right. Tired out with the prolonged absurdity of the spectacle which Parliament had presented, of a mere warfare of parties instead of a combination of all for the public good, the voice of the country, in a tone not to be misunderstood, soon

bined public movement. Though to a great extent successful in his efforts, he yet found himself opposed by one section, powerful in its numbers and their cohesion, as all depending on the same groundwork, and still more powerful in the formidable character of the able leader, under whom they acted. The sole creation of his will, he feared no desertion from their ranks, and had long wielded them, the absolute dictator of succeeding ministries, the unquestioned arbiter of conflicting factions; like another Warwick, he made and unmade as he pleased.

In this distinguished man, Lord Mowbray found an antagonist with whom it was no dishonour to cross a spear in the political tourney, one in talent and notoriety fairly pitted against him as a fitting champion. These two men, the advocates of different and discordant policies, now stood opposed to each other in a remarkable contrast. Both of obscure though gentle extraction, of nearly similar age, alike well known, and equally in the mouths of men, the distinction possessed by each was in both wholly self-acquired. A fame, founded on forensic reputation, had been in both cases achieved

by an eloquence sufficiently rare to give to both the name of orators, and by the possession and employment of which, each had principally raised himself to eminence. Not dissimilar in its general character, their oratory took a different style; both the practical movers of masses of men, the sharp and biting satire of the first, exceeded not much, if any, in effect, the rugged and bold severity of the latter. The extensive literary attainments of the former were not the result of a more profound study, than the accurate knowledge of the human heart possessed by the latter. The charities and endearments of private life, had in

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titudes, it was perhaps doubtful if either counted many personal friends. In the animated debates of this period, though from position not coming in direct contact, the great powers of both appeared in a manner worthy the admitted high reputation of each; and in the opposition offered to his government by Mr. Demosthenes, Lord Mowbray experienced the only difficulty his abilities could not completely surmount. The result, however, of the open and undisguised defence, volunteered even within the walls of Westminster for the misguided men now in arms in Ireland, was the necessity it engendered of an increase of severity in the orders transmitted by the English cabinet, with a view, rapidly and at once, to extinguish a flame, that if permitted to longer burn, might excite a dangerous sympathy in its behalf; and it was in accordance with the spirit of these instructions, that Sir Morton Mowbray's communications from the Castle of Dublin contained the expressed intention and desire of the Lord Lieutenant to capture, if possible, the ringleaders supposed to be harbouring in the vicinity of Morton Castle.

CHAPTER XXII.

Come—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail paced beggary
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.

King Richard III.

O villain, villain ' smiling, damned villain '
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain

Hamlet.

already yielded, after a prolonged struggle for superiority, its pretensions in favour of the quick bright blaze cast by a turf fire in the grate, which roaring up the huge old-fashioned chimney, cast out a powerful glare, against which might be seen clearly defined, the forms of three persons seated round a small table, the centre of which was covered with drinking utensils; whilst a fourth standing near the casement, upon the sill or ledge of which he leaned both hands, seemed lost in contemplation of the scene without, as it were endeavouring to profit by the last faint light, left as its successor, and to save itself from the pollution of an actual contact with the shades of night, by the brilliant luminary that had some short time before sunk amid its departing glories behind the long range of barren hills forming the extreme boundary of the western horizon. Directly in front, the stiff formal little slated building already mentioned, stood bold upright in the twilight; whilst its thatched neighbours congregating around like a flock of sheep collected in a pen, occupied the scene in the immediate vicinity. At a distance, rather to the right, was a house surrounded by and

rising above extensive plantations, that spreading far away on either side presented a long dark outline, which in the middle gradually rising up the sides of a gentle hill, formed a black skirting or fringe around a white-looking building, that crowning the whole, occupied the crest of the eminence. This was Morton Castle,—in the upper windows of which might be seen various lights, occasionally moving about, and now again stationary; whilst the sombre sameness in appearance of the bottom of the house, exhibited a kind of dark or dusky body, that was again in its turn rendered light by the contrast of the dark foliage, which on all sides seemed to clamber so

natural darkness of this sort of scenery acquires an additional gloom from the diminished light of receding day, and imparts a sensation of chilling impatience to the traveller, who, pursuing its bleak road, bends his eye with anxious gaze in search of some cheering light, that may perchance hospitably glimmer in the distance.

One of those around the fire—a tall large muscular man, about sixty years of age, dressed in a manner, the carelessness and somewhat coarseness of which would, to the casual observer, almost deny his claims to the condition of a gentleman, although a very slight attention to the ease of his gestures, and the style of his address and conversation, at once marked him for such; whilst the contracted brow, and the fiery expression of his eye, as he now spoke, gave him an appearance of fierceness not perhaps natural to his character, and only caused by the excitement produced by the topics of which he treated. “I’ll tell you what it is, gentlemen, whoever continues to talk of keeping quiet, and stopping to see what will turn up, is either a fool or a traitor; have we not already waited, and postponed, and kept quiet, and looked

out for what was to come, and how has it all ended? Why, we are losing our advantages every day. First of all, this old ass has got a pack of soldiers—then, every village around is gradually being provided in the same way; our own followers, beginning to cool, (the first spirit having been suffered to pass by unprofited), now talk of prudence and count difficulties. Had you, as I wished and pressed upon you over and over again, acted vigorously a month ago, we had already been at the head of a force strong enough to have carried Limerick, and in the possession of this key to the south and west, our numbers daily

terms. And now, how are we situated? our names are as fully known as if we were actually in the field—ourselves as completely committed as though taken with arms in our hands, and obliged to creep about as we now do, and to hide ourselves, even here, in the midst of a peasantry friendly to us to a man. It was badly advised, it was more foolishly acted upon.”

“Yes, Tyrawley, you were right, and we were drones and fools, to follow the silly ideas of that youngster yonder, in opposition to the matured wisdom of so tried a veteran as old George Tyrawley.”——“But it is not yet too late,” was the reply of a fat, sleek-looking man, who sat opposite; and who, putting down the glass he had just drained, seized the brawny hand of the first speaker, and squeezed it with the warmth of the utmost sincerity: whilst the twinkle of his small grey eye, as it fell before the fixed and steady glance of Tyrawley, bespoke a something not quite so loyal.

“Tyrawley,” said the third person, who had hitherto sat silent; and whose long jack-boots and black short breeches, together with the sable hue

of the rest of his attire, proclaimed him to be the clerical proprietor of the house ; “ you and Foster are, I think, always too violent. True, we have been all harshly treated ; and the unfortunate people, first ground down by exacting landlords they never hear of, then trampled upon as aliens, and debarred the fair exercise of their judgments as freemen, have cause to complain ; and no doubt it is almost too much for human patience that they should quietly submit to the insolence with which their religion, and all they hold the most sacred, has been treated ;—their clergy, ignominiously held up as the willing tools of a selfish

your counsels, by which I expose myself, without any advantage, to great danger, disgrace, and loss, was only that the advice of an old man like myself, known to you as honest and sincere, might tend to check and prevent excesses in the career upon which you have entered, I fear me much, unfortunately, though, in my heart I believe, conscientiously. Were you now consulting upon the policy of at all commencing such an undertaking, then, indeed, my advice would be far different; as it was, however, before I became privy to your designs, you were already too far committed to recede; but now, that I have in some degree learned your plans, all that I can join or assist you in, is, not the levying war against the constituted authorities, by unfurling the standard of revolt for the sole view of carrying objects of aggrandizement, but in the right and holy cause of shielding your country, by making a stand against oppression, from the cruel slavery that must doubtless be inflicted upon us by the men who have now come into power—even against their own inclination—through the means of that intemperate faction, which, existing on their side is as revolting as were

the narrow-minded bigots, whose blood-thirstiness in former days disgraced ours: like as when the army of a civilized nation is forced to depend on the alliance of savage Indians, they must tolerate, if they do not approve, the atrocities of their supporters."

The person who had been before standing near the window, and who though taking, up to this time, no direct part in the conversation, still by his restlessness, evidently seemed to feel a deep interest in what had passed, now turning suddenly round, said with energy—"You are right Mr. Phelan, I honour your sentiments; they are worthy your

you not—he it is, who by the violent measures he has persuaded you to adopt, has alone rendered fruitless and worse than useless, the course of moderation and prudence whereof I was fortunate enough at first to secure your adoption, and it is to him alone we may refer the great danger we are placed in at this moment. Do not interrupt me, Foster. Tyrawley, you say, that holding the south of the island, it would have been open to us to have communicated with France;—can it then be? is it indeed possible, that we have so completely misunderstood each other? I tell you now, as I have always told you, it is to England, the honest and independent men in England; not your noisy broiling seditionists; but to the moral, and were it necessary, the physical support of the orderly, respectable middling classes of that country, that we ought to look for support in our just cause, as long as it continues so to be a just cause; they will not yield themselves parties to oppression of any kind, therefore we claim their assistance against tyranny most grievous. For it is not the government we complain of; nay, I am confident the government itself will rejoice to find that our manly

opposition to a course, forced upon them by their ultra partisans in this country, shall have raised up such a feeling there, as will enable them to shake off and trample under foot those who, all paramount here, compel them into measures less liberal than they desire. These, I tell you Tyrawley, are the allies upon whom it is alone honourable or profitable for us to depend, or connect ourselves with, and it is on them and their support I have all along myself relied, and have striven to teach you to look -with what grace then, can we talk of falling back on the help of French bayonets? You surely, if an Irishman, are not so little of a Briton as to wish to lay England at the feet of any foreign

tainment of such ideas, and I am satisfied are of an understanding too enlarged."

"Hark ye, young man," cried Tyrawley, "it is not for you to judge of the feelings or motives of honourable men like Foster, if perchance they fall something short in humanity and mercy: recollect I pray you, the stern lessons which the severe cruelties of their oppressors, when before successful and in power, have taught them by a bitter experience. You too, young man, should not be the first to find fault with the honest indignation, even if slightly overstretched, of my worthy friend Foster. It little becomes the son of your father, to hold back the bared and outstretched arm of a holy vengeance, because it come not in a way quite suited to the qualmy delicacy of boyish moderation. If the foul butcheries of former days revive a spirit of revenge that hushes pity to sleep for the moment, are you to quarel with the proffered aid of a virtuous, if a relentless hostility? No, Gerald O'Donnell, you have foully belied my friend Foster this night, and if I mistake not, there is treachery in the camp."

"Treachery! and my name coupled with it!" cried O'Donnell.

"Ay! young man," cried Foster, "start not, and do not seem astonished. You have been surveying yonder Castle with careful observation; think you that we know not your steps have been watched with more than equal solicitude by one, and that not the least considerable, of its inmates; but by the Lord, if I hang for it, you shall not have to complain of want of light to gaze at it again! Come, Tyrawley, come along man; I must speak with you in private. You are not one of those who flag and hang back for the paltry consideration of a womanish pity; for as you rightly say, bold deeds and quick actions must now be our motto."

“no hard words or threatening. I believe Foster has been misinformed, and I am sorry that I, contrary to my intention, hinted at his suspicions, which were, I am now confident, most unfounded. The fact is, some of our agents have reported that a person known to be in the confidence of Sir Morton Merville’s daughter, has been inquiring about you, and whether it were true that you were in this neighbourhood; which, coupled with the fact of our having learned that the police officer Rooney has been closeted with Sir Morton this day, and is at this moment dining there, led Foster to fall into an error, arising from his imperfect knowledge of your character, in suspecting all was not right; but I am sure he is now ready to make any reparation that the most ample apology can afford. You know also, my dear O’Donnell, that though my heart is sound, I have not the wisest head in the world, and acting on a first impulse, am but too apt to see things in a wrong light, however much more mature reflection may convince me of my error, as in this case.”

“Yes, Mr. O’Donnell,” said Foster, “I must own I am very much to blame. I have only had

the pleasure of knowing you, as you are aware, since our meeting in this part of the country, and therefore was not so much assured of your high honour and truth as your older friends; your youth too led me to place less reliance on you; but now I hasten to disown as groundless and false, my doubts of you, and as publicly as I had the misfortune to give the offence, I now recall and regret it. I trust then that we are again friends, Mr. O'Donnell," and Foster stretched forth his hand.

O'Donnell walked up to Tyrawley, shook him cordially by the hand, and said,—“I felt hurt Tyrawley, that you should have spoken so; but I believe you yourself never seriously thought it;

nued to traverse with hasty and unequal strides, whilst the old priest followed him as he passed and repassed, with a benevolent and fatherly look of deep though painful interest. At last, breaking silence, he said in a tone of friendly sympathy, "My dear Gerald, you must not excite yourself in this way, pray be composed—no one, except of as little brains as poor Tyrawley, would have listened to the malignant insinuations of that Foster, who is actuated by an envious jealousy of the superior weight and consideration you possess, and who, I believe, hates you most bitterly. Treachery indeed with you! he would be a much more likely person himself."

O'Donnell, who was passing him in one of his turns, now suddenly stopped short, and looking him attentively in the face for a second or two, said, "You are right Mr. Phelan, I do not like the man. Have you observed how the great influence he possesses over Tyrawley is always used to urge the latter on to something more daring, more decided? instead of persuading him to examine matters calmly, he is for ever goading him on to some hasty and reckless course, as though this

were necessary; and you must have perceived, that whenever the natural kindliness of heart of poor old George revolts from any plan of his that seems to savour of the cruelty he is always advocating, Foster begins invariably to excite him by references to the past. I have great doubts Mr. Phelan of this man: he has, ever since I first met him here, seemed to be more anxious, by hurrying matters blindly on, to get us unnecessarily to commit ourselves prematurely, than to wish to forward essentially, by prudence and circumspection, the great objects of our cause; beside, I have reason to suspect he holds more communications than we

CHAPTER XXIII.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

King Richard III.

OF a cold bleak evening, when the departure of daylight makes the relinquishment of out-door exercise necessary; poets and boarding-school misses may indeed walk abroad, and secure the luxuries of a rheum and catarrh, in order to hear the tinkling of village bells [rising from retired hamlets, and watch the ascending smoke, curling above woods and groves, climb the skies; but give me the music sweetest at that hour, the loud sharp note of the second dinner-bell, ringing out its joyous notes of invitation, and calling with a voice that strikes familiarly on the ear, when like the tones of some kind friend, which, pleasing and grateful, are

heard with sincere welcome—it summons together the inmates of some well-appointed country house, preliminary to that most agreeable occupation, despite the sneers of would-be philosophers, which consists in the enjoyment of a good dinner. Not altogether the eating and drinking, gentle reader, though these in their way, with moderation, are not to be objected to; but the pleasant, lively feeling of enjoyment, which a man in good spirits, with all his affairs *couleur de rose*, and nothing seriously to annoy him, experiences when he finds an even moderately pleasant good-humoured and well-bred party assembled in the drawing-room, ready to

been sending in a few bills, or a favourite horse been lamed, or the land-steward caught out in some robbery, the innocent persons who have the misfortune to be present, find a damp thus thrown upon their harmless enjoyment. Indeed it is with some a standing rule, and a very wise one too, if any threatened calamity be expected, never to allow dinner to be delayed; but to permit the bad news to come afterwards. On the present occasion the cook's loud larum was obeyed with great alacrity by all the family at Morton Castle, and I had only just time to have an affectionate shake hands with my dear friend Emily, who seemed not in her usual spirits, and to whisper to her how much rather I should have had a walk with her than have accompanied Sir Morton and his friend Langley, before the aforesaid two gentlemen came in, accompanied by Captain Gautois, who was never late for anything, and followed not far behind by Lieutenant Gorget, who though always late on parade, was never so for dinner; whilst their younger comrade lagged behind, being rather more of that age when the elaborate and prolonged performance of the duties of the toilet affords a grati-

fication and delight surpassing almost every other enjoyment, and upon the mysteries of which, the mind at that period dwells with an attention and assiduity, not inferior in the intense application of its faculties to that which, at a later moment it bestows on the pursuits of manhood, which in a great majority of cases, if very accurately analysed, might possibly be found scarce less bubbles than the boyish follies and fopperies of dress.

The "vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" of the preacher, finds alas but too strong corroboration in almost all our occupations; for ever chasing the phantom of happiness, that escapes us at each turn,

entirety that ensures contentment and enchains desire—when approached and seen in the vicinity of the present, a tawdry toy, a castle perhaps—but of air only ! to be carried off by the first passing breeze, and if possible, more insufficient than even transitory in its nature. Like the lady who sighed for the possession of a retired cottage in the country, as the very *ne plus ultra* of her desires ; but who, upon being visited by the generous purveyor to this want, still bitterly complained that one thing there was which rendered her the most miserable of women, for that, notwithstanding every effort she had been able to make, every remonstrance that conscious suffering would dictate, or a feeling heart defer to—notwithstanding all these appeals, backed as they were by every exertion the laws of her country would afford ; still, that with a pertinacity as provoking as it was unexampled—would he believe it ? for it was almost incredible—her neighbour's peacock continued to sit upon her garden wall !

Such is, within the experience of us all, a too common occurrence ; and few there are who have not a peacock to annoy them by sitting on their

garden wall. But a truce with such reflections—turn we from the vain indulgence of speculations upon the instability, weakness, and infirmity of our nature, so general and so deep rooted as to arise from, and originate alone in, a purposed and intended defect in our constitution; no doubt as mercifully as wisely designed, to lead us on by the insufficiency of all here, to wish for, and pursue perfect happiness elsewhere. For the moment, however, the party assembled at Morton Castle seemed as happy and as merry as most people can be,—the adjuncts necessary to comfort and convenience in sufficient supply; the company for the most part in good spirits: Sir Morton and Lady

entirety that ensures contentment and enchains desire—when approached and seen in the vicinity of the present, a tawdry toy, a castle perhaps—but of air only ! to be carried off by the first passing breeze, and if possible, more insufficient than even transitory in its nature. Like the lady who sighed for the possession of a retired cottage in the country, as the very *ne plus ultra* of her desires ; but who, upon being visited by the generous purveyor to this want, still bitterly complained that one thing there was which rendered her the most miserable of women, for that, notwithstanding every effort she had been able to make, every remonstrance that conscious suffering would dictate, or a feeling heart defer to—notwithstanding all these appeals, backed as they were by every exertion the laws of her country would afford ; still, that with a pertinacity as provoking as it was unexampled—would he believe it ? for it was almost incredible—her neighbour's peacock continued to sit upon her garden wall !

Such is, within the experience of us all, a too common occurrence ; and few there are who have not a peacock to annoy them by sitting on their

superb, and nothing makes him so happy as to see his friends drinking it freely. I assure you we have it every day." Fortunately Sir Morton's attention was at the moment otherwise engaged, or the sight of the bumper old Gautois drained at a draught, might possibly have produced upon his countenance an expression not altogether so hospitable as had been represented.

"Yes," replied Langley, "I know of old the liberal mind of our worthy and excellent host, and it is only from my preference of this same whiskey you seem to think so little of, that I take it. It is, I assure you, my dear Merville," as the latter's eye

“My dear Mr. Langley, Ireland is the very finest country in the whole world; I don’t mean your bogs and mountains—that is bad, very bad, and so are the horrible wild *sauvages* the *paysans*, no doubt; but then the gentlemen, ah! there is no such gentry anywhere else; so hospitable, so kind, so generous, so fond of seeing company, and so very polite and attentive to us poor soldiers. It was only the other day, on our march down here, where we halted on the Saturday night at a miserable little town,—bad hotel, horrible! and dear, monstrously dear! dinner two shillings a-head, and a very bad one too. Well, Sair, a gentleman, who lived near, sent a most polite invitation to the officers of the two companies, and made us all dine and sleep at his house, and stay the next day also. Let me see, what was his name—it is very stupid, but I really cannot recollect—but it would be a shame not to mention it. Pray, Gorget, what was that gentleman’s name who was so kind to make us all stop with him at his house on our march?”

“Do you mean, Gautois, the old fellow at the Castle with the odd name?”

"Yes, Gorget, the very same. I believe he was rather an elderly gentleman; but I recollect very well, that you and Epaulette had the use of his gig and horse for the Monday's march."

"Yes, you are quite right, I perfectly recollect now the person you mean; but I really do not at all remember his name; possibly Epaulette may."

"Do you know what it was, Epaulette?"

"I am sure I can't say who or what he was," drawled out the ensign, "except that the springs of his gig were as rough as a wagon."

Gautois, who was not himself at all open to the charge of an ungrateful obliviousness of kindnesses

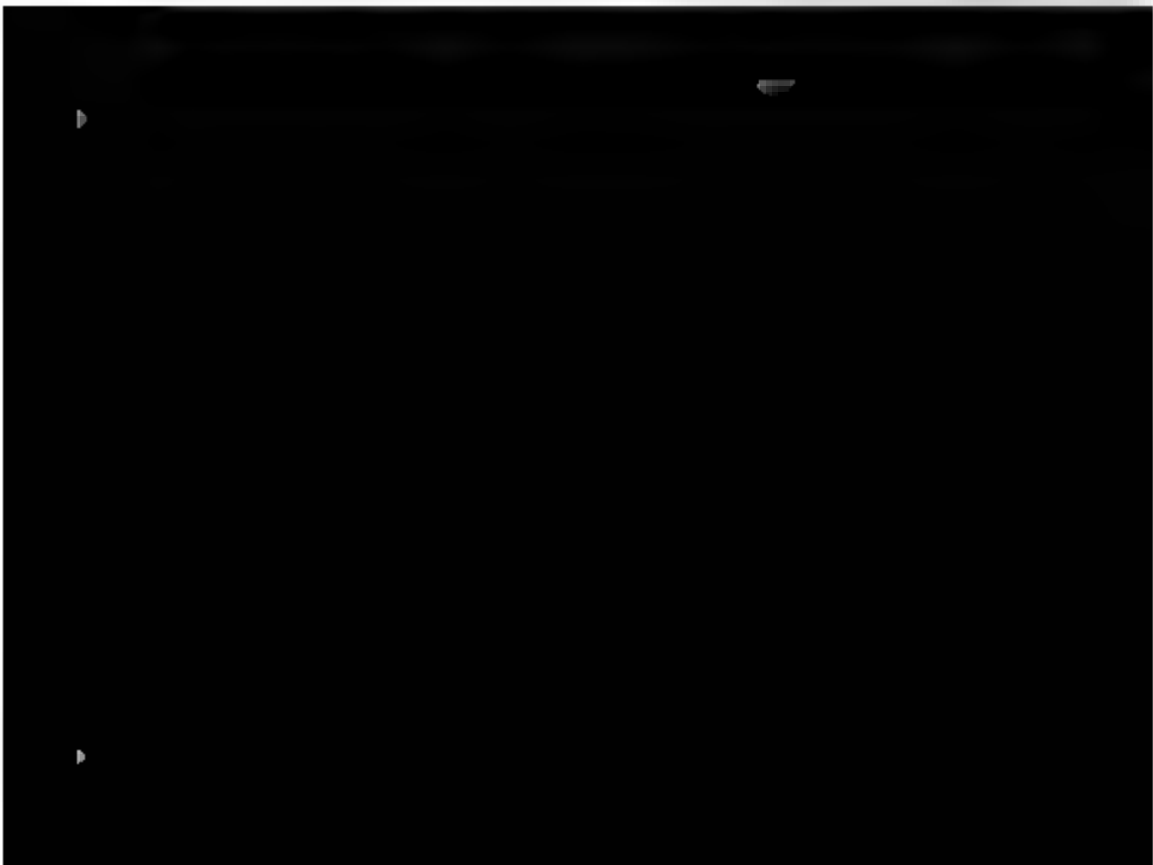
The bottle went cheerfully round—old Captain Gautois, really (bating his parsimony) a very agreeable man—full of anecdote, and having seen much of the world, added greatly to the general conviviality. Langley drank his whiskey punch tumbler after tumbler, praising himself, complimenting Sir Morton, and patronising Captain Rooney; who alone did not seem inclined to join deeply in the potations that most of the others partook of so freely.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Let's take the instant by the forward top.

All's Well that Ends Well.

UPON the retirement of Foster and Tyrawley from Father Phelan's parlour, they quitted the



careful. Well, have you seen any of these police fellows loitering about? any danger in our way?"

"Not a sowl, Mr. Foster. I have been here ever since dusk; and, with the exception of his reverence's sarvint boy, that was coorting his sweetheart, I have not seen a living creature. They went up the lane; and so, sir, we must take the field road; here are your pistols, Mr. Foster."

"Ay, M'Ginty, I may as well have them about me for fear of a surprise. Tyrawley, you had better take his gun in your hand, that fellow will defend himself and us better with that huge club of his than a gun, if it were necessary."

Begging your honor's pardon, Mr. Foster, and saving Mr. Tyrawley's presence, I know the use of fire-arms as well as ever a soldier up at the Castle; though, for the matter of that, his honor is welcome to the gun if he likes it."

"Thank you, M'Ginty, keep it yourself. I do not apprehend any necessity for weapons of any kind; and, if I did, I could as well have one of your pistols, Foster, and, by the way, I think I may as well take one."

Foster seemed to hesitate; but instantly chang-

ing his delay into a pressing anxiety to comply; at once handed the brace to Tyrawley to choose one, which the latter did—carelessly, as it were, throwing open the pan to see if the priming were right. M'Ginty preceding them, Foster and Tyrawley following at a short distance, entered into conversation as they proceeded towards the retired house where they for the present had their place of abode; and which, distant about six miles from the village of Monaghveedy, was situated in a remote and little-frequented dell, or hollow, at the foot of a considerable hill, or, as they call them in that country, mountain, which, covered at the top

from both, emptied themselves; whilst, at the back of the house, and for some distance up the rise of the mountain, extended a wet marshy soil, covered with long rushes and a sort of greenish mossy grass. The view from this house was dreary in the extreme, and very circumscribed in extent, on all sides. The bend of the falling ground below the cottage, turning abruptly some few hundred yards on, in conformity with the winding of the stream, completely shut the opening that would otherwise have been visible along the course of the little torrent, as flowing into the vale beneath it disembogued itself into the small river which traversed the adjacent country, and wound through the grounds of Morton Castle, on its way to discharge itself—a humble tributary—into the vast waters of that monarch of British rivers, the mighty Shannon.

In this obscure habitation, they found an asylum for the present abundantly safe, though from the increasing activity in the search for suspected persons carrying on by the police and military, consequent upon the positive orders of the government to that effect, which were grounded upon

of some final course, that they had
occasion gone to consult with O
himself in concealment in an opp
had appointed the interview at the l
Phelan; with whose moderation h
quainted, and upon whose influen
much for the control of the precipita
ley, and the savage councils of the
Foster. The accomplishment of tl
tended by the interview had been i
foiled by the absence of certain info
sary for their guidance in determin
course, and which, as has been see
subsequent meeting upon the morrow
necessary. Tyrawley, always disinc
and eager for action, was in no d
at this further meet

end, by Foster: of the exact motives that swayed the latter, it was not easy to judge with certainty—as it was, however, he also had been much dissatisfied with this further procrastination. All his life suspected of disaffection, and spoken of as an enemy to the government, it was the wonder of all,—that one so proverbially guilty, had continued to pursue unmolested, a course of uncealed intrigue and open agitation, whilst persons far less notoriously the fomenters and favourers of disorder had been apprehended and had undergone various examinations. This sort of invulnerability and of safety in the midst of dangers to others, had drawn upon Foster from more than one quarter considerable doubts of his sincerity, and serious misgivings as to his good faith; which, however, his present retirement and concealment, in some degree refuted, as going to prove the fact of his being for the moment in actual apprehension of an arrest. By nature cruel and unrelenting, he had from infancy imbibed a bigoted hatred of every thing English and Protestant, which during the after-part of his life he continued to cherish; but cunning and artful, he had learned to turn

to his own account, the disorders around him. Looked up to, as a sincere sympathiser in their real and imaginary grievances, he had acquired vast sway amongst the demoralized classes of the peasantry ; and though little regarded by the well-disposed members of the Catholic priesthood, he had the assistance and support of a considerable portion of the more modern and less respectable of the same body. Anxious for the furtherance of anything likely to destroy the connexion with England, he had zealously entered into the plots and conspiracies of the day, and implicated as a recognised leader in these cabals, had in consequence come across O'Donnell ; against whom, from the commencement, he conceived a bitter hatred, as in the first place entertaining a faith which he fanatically abhorred,—and secondly, as advocating a moderation and measure in their plans, likely if adopted to upset his own system.

minded and generous son of their former unfortunate and much lamented chief, likely more than anything, to undermine his own power and influence. Hence he had all along ridiculed O'Donnell, as an absurd visionary, a weak and timid boy; and had, by dint of continued misrepresentations, to a certain extent alienated and estranged the sincere countenance and effectual support of some of the principal conspirators, amongst whom the name of old George Tyrawley stood foremost.

His latest and most desperate lunge against O'Donnell, as recently seen, consisted in the imputation of a treachery which he had in reality himself long contemplated; but which, whilst meditating for his own advancement, he found convenient to impute to O'Donnell, by skilfully falsifying and adding to, some private intelligence he had been able to procure through the instrumentality of a female domestic of Morton Castle, who was in the habit of attending upon Miss Merville, to whom the latter had on more than one occasion made mention of O'Donnell's name, coupled with some expression of curiosity and wonder as to whether that individual were really

in their vicinage, as she had heard was suspected, which caught at by the artful Abigail, who also occupied the honourable post of spy to Foster, was by her conveyed to him; coupled with various surmises of her own as to the degree of interest in O'Donnell's fate entertained by Miss Merville, and by her unconsciously betrayed, by many little indirect expressions, unsuspectingly dropped in the security of guileless innocence. This furnished matter more than sufficient for the active and designing brain of Foster, to fasten upon another the charge of that treason he himself was about to commit, as being now the course apparently the

cated, and so crush the whole. Next to this, his rank hatred to O'Donnell, made it a matter of desire to Foster to cut off, if possible, the only chance that there might be for his escape and safety, through the unexpected channel that Miss Menville's interest in his behalf, and the possible espousal of her wish by Sir Morton himself, opened thus to the unfriended and lonely Gerald O'Donnell. With this view he now addressed Tyrawley as they walked homewards.

“ Well, George, what think you of what I said to you about that young fellow having separate plans? my information was very precise, and I told you the quarter whence derived : to be sure, all that indignant innocence of his was well acted ; but with us old foxes, that sort of thing does not pass muster so easily.”

“ I don't know what to make of it Foster, he seems a noble fellow at least ; however, I wish something could be done decidedly, to put an end to this skulking about and hiding ourselves, and then we should at once see what metal he is really made of.”

“ Ay, Tyrawley ! nothing like ringing the metal.

there ! a stir of that kind would put our fe
spirits, and a bold move would carry it be
doubt; these soldier-fellows, I know for
don't dream of any disturbance."

"Why Foster, if you thought so, it
certainly be a grand thing to put our fri
spirits—still this attacking a private house d
in with my notions at all. No Foster, it wo

"Tush man, what a simpleton you ma
Do you think I would have an attack on a
house made by our fellows like a pack of co
housebreakers? No no, George Tyrawley
of that ; but would a well-devised, boldly-ex
surprise of a company of well-disciplined reg
by a handful of badly armed peasantry, head
stout hearts like ours, be an every-day burglar

"True Foster, true, there is a vast differ
but then, how as

“Trust Harry Foster for that : come George, I see you are coming to your senses again, and after having listened so long to the childish follies of that boy O'Donnell, you begin to think once more with me, that we must not stand too nicely on forms; and with God's blessing, or the devil's, as it may be, we'll give that young fellow light enough to-night to see Morton Castle without spectacles. Here M'Ginty, ho !” and their conductor slackening his pace, allowed them to overtake and come abreast of him. “M'Ginty, how many boys do you think there will be to-night at the forge behind the hill?”

“To-night, Mr. Foster? let me see.—Friday, ay, this is a night of meeting. Why so, sir?”

“Never mind man about that, how many do you think?”

“There'll be all the Cregan boys, and the Balinahassett lads too; that's two townlands — say twenty a-piece. Then there'll be some of Heffernan's tenants that's lately ejected. Well, sir, I suppose there'll not be very far short of seventy, in or about; though to tell you for sartin, I could not.”

order for what spirits I wanted for
widdy, I don't know but that that
anything I told them your honour was

"Ay ay, M'Ginty; but this is no
we want them armed, and they are
fellowa."

"O! perhaps your honours are
spree at last. O sure if it's for sheer
raal fun your on, divil's cure to me, but
I couldn't collect as many more in
hours, and proper boys too, by only for
as far as the ould pinsioner's house; and
them the word from your two honours
never rest this blessed night if we don't
as many as you want, and with a tri
hands too, if you really want them."

M'Ginty, order whatever you think necessary, and I shall pay for any refreshment for our friends you may require."

The miscreant with a sort of fiendish chuckle was already a few yards on his way, when the deep loud tones of Tyrawley recalled him.

"Mind, fellow! if these men must have whiskey before they have the soul to act, let there be no drunkenness, we want men orderly and sober; and hark-ye, moreover, wash off that black daubing from your face; I'll head no such pack of mummers; let them be men, and as such not ashamed to shew their faces; if they want to be blackamoors, let it be with gunpowder encrusted in their oppressors' blood."

"Stop, Tyrawley, don't be too stiff; these fellows are so accustomed to blarney, that they get caught by it themselves. Yes, M'Ginty, attend to what Mr. Tyrawley says, merry and wise be your motto; and when the job is over, it will be their own faults if they don't empty the cellars—a word to the wise M'Ginty, and you are no fool I know; so now lose as little time as you can. Mr.

as sharp as I take you to be."

END OF VOL. I.

IRISH LIFE.

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IRISH LIFE:

IN

THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE
COUNTRY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Good Company's a Chess-board—There are Kings,
Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, Pawns,—The World's a Game ;
Save that the Puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.

Don Juan.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
HOW AND PARSONS, 132, FLEET-STREET.

1840.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HARRING AND SONS,
IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

IRISH LIFE:

IN

THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

How many? ha! it cannot sure be day!
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire! away, away!

Corsair.

THE festive and joyous scene after dinner at Morton Castle that day had been prolonged until at last it partook almost of the character of a debauch. The claret jug was succeeded by the grill, and that again replaced by stronger liquors and cigars. Gautois, to be sure, who mixed temperance in his excesses sufficiently to prevent his losing any of the good things fortune had so lavishly scattered across his path, had indeed called for his coffee at an earlier hour, and though continuing to sit in the room, contented himself with indulging in the

enjoyment of some of Sir Morton's real Havannahs ; but some of the others, Langley in particular, had, by repeated potations and by talking loud and often, reached the summit of their earthly bliss, so that (whilst Sir Morton, like a seasoned vessel remained cool and unperturbed) the flush of incipient intoxication already mantled on the features of the less hardened Lieutenant Gorget, and the eyes of the young Ensign were beginning to see the lights in motion. Rooney alone, perfectly unexcited, was in deep consultation with Sir Morton—the others were amusing themselves in laughing at Langley. I had just parted from Emily, with

might I should certainly have one more interview with O'Donnell, in order to try and dissuade him from continuing in hostile opposition to the laws—a course which the account she gave me of the character of some of the persons with whom he was supposed to be consorting, led me more than ever anxiously to wish for,—and it was upon leaving her to retire for the night, on re-entering the dining parlour, that I found things as I have described. The carouse went merrily on, and though midnight was past and the early hours of morning already entered upon, no one moved—a sort of tacit disinclination to mar, by mooting the question of time, one of the few hours in which, even if by bad means, men succeed in forgetting their miseries,—in such cases actuate all. Everything, as far as outward appearance went, was mirth and joviality. Gautois, in high glee, was singing the song of “Le Troubadour,” and was just chanting the concluding lines—

Chacune dame, à la chapelle,
S'écrie en les voyant,
Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.

when the hoarse quick voice of a sentry, stationed

outside, was heard to give the challenge. A dead silence followed—a deep pause—Gautois, laying his cigar upon the table, stood up, whilst Rooney placed his hand upon the shoulder of Sir Morton Merville, with that familiarity which danger and circumstances of exigency commonly beget. The challenge was repeated—no answer. A shorter pause—it again followed. The click of the lock, as the piece was cocked—the rustling of the man's accoutrements as he raised it to his shoulder—the scraping of the gravel-walk as he threw forward his foot to fire, were all in the ensuing half second, plainly audible within. The report of his shot

of old Gautois, as he somewhat hurriedly buttoned up his coat, before left open for comfort. "Sair Morton, I am sorry to be obliged to break up your party so abruptly. Gentlemen," addressing his young subs, who were sobered in an instant, "be so good as to muster the men not on duty, in the great hall. Lieutenant Gorget, double the guard on the entrance from the yard, and make good that passage against all comers. Ensign Epaulette, do you, with Serjeant Smith and the eighteen men ordered to be in readiness for a surprise, occupy the drawing-room windows, and shoot down any persons you see in front, without hesitation. We are so authorized by the magistrates—eh, Mr. Langley?" said he, as the other officers left to fulfil his orders. But Langley, who was in the last stage of drunkenness, made no reply; but had from the first discharge, continued to roar out: "Fire! shoot them all, down with the damned papistly rebels; police, clear the court!" and in an equally incoherent strain, he continued to hiccup out his orders; until at last, making an effort to brandish the poker which he had seized, he fell insensible to the floor.

"I think, Captain Gautois," said Rooney, "Sir Morton may possibly give you the powers; though being attacked, it is of course only out of form that you ask for them. Mr. Langley is far too active a magistrate to act at all at present."

"Yes," said Sir Morton, in great trepidation; for, though not by nature a coward, and accustomed, on cool reflection, to despise the idea of any attack, yet, in the sudden and fearful manner in which it had now come upon him, he was naturally in great alarm for his family and his property. "Yes, Captain Gautois, do whatever you think is right; though it be quite unnecessary,

reconnaissance from some of the upper windows ; and though you have changed the colour of your coat, I should be glad of the opinion and assistance of an old brother soldier."

The result proved that the attacking force, whose numbers, or character, it was impossible accurately to ascertain, had divided themselves into two bodies: the first, sheltered by the extensive plantations on the sides and front of the house, kept up an uninterrupted discharge of fire-arms and huge stones at every window within reach; whilst a small party of them had already made two desperate rushes at the door of the great entrance-hall, which they endeavoured to force. In this effort they persisted with such obstinate perseverance that but for the very massive nature of its defences they would probably have succeeded in the first attempt. As it was, however, the severe loss inflicted on them in their second assault, from the well-directed fire kept up by the party of soldiers in the drawing-room,—not without suffering to the latter, the Ensign in command having received a shot through his right arm,—drove them rapidly back, leaving four men dead upon and close to

the steps of the hall-door. This seemed to check any further essay of theirs in that direction, as, although keeping up a continued, if somewhat loose fire, they did not again advance from the cover they were under. The other body of insurgents, sheltering themselves more securely in the stables and various outbuildings, rendered perilous (by a desultory and unconnected fire, and only used as any one presented himself for a mark) the position of the strong military and police force, stationed within the door leading from the yard into the offices, in which direction an actual conflict was most anticipated, from the greater facility afforded by the want of sufficient

and continually visited by old Gautois, who also divided his attention with the smaller force in the entrance-hall, left under the charge of a serjeant. At first, the confusion and disorder was inconceivable, from the difficulties thrown in the way of the armed men taking up their respective positions, in consequence of the running to and fro of the household, male and female. The latter, in full retreat, as a sacred corps around Miss Merville, to the upper part of the house; whilst Sir Morton himself, headed a party of his domestics, all well armed, though not very handy in the use of their weapons, who occasionally, by their exclamations, provoked mirth even at such a moment, when by mal-adroitness of one behind, or the sudden stoppage of him in front, the point of the bayonet affixed to the carbine they were each supplied with, tickling rather unpleasantly the posteriors of the latter, made him roar out in no very sweet tone, "Jim, Jim, you divil! bad cess to you, but you are sticking your baggonet into me."

These not very steady troops, though *de facto* and *de jure* the household brigade, were, however, useful; as, from their knowledge of the passages of

the house, any attack upon a point where it was not expected would be at once perceived. Langley and myself were perhaps the only men not actually under arms in the whole house. Not very well knowing where, or how I could be of use, I occasionally visited every point, and more than once anxiously sought out Emily, to re-assure her drooping spirits; though with wonder I beheld the timid fearful girl of the day, when danger was only talked of, now cool and composed, amid the horrible expectations of a possible occurrence of the utmost barbarity that the devilish nature of man might dictate in such an hour, endeavouring to tranquillize


keep the besiegers, if so they might be called, ignorant of their exact position. As I was talking to Emily, her prayer now over, a sudden blaze of light, bursting through the window, illuminated the apartment. At once fearing that the house was on fire, and yet afraid to allow the women around to think so, she feigned an imaginary cause to explain this increase of light, by observing that they must have fired the stack-yard. She then begged me to go and ascertain with certainty the cause; and made me vow that I would bring her exact intelligence. Descending for this purpose, with surprise I found the whole police force that had before co-operated with the military party at the back entrance, now stationed in the hall, near a glass door strongly shuttered and barred, which led into a conservatory; they having been summoned to take post here, in consequence of one of Sir Morton's little troop having, in passing, imagined he had heard persons endeavouring to secretly cut through this door. This man, as the event proved, was right.

CHAPTER II.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Henry VI.

THE sudden blaze of light seen by me in the apartments of Miss Merville, and by her attributed



similar attempt to force their entrance through the postern so frequently referred to : in opposition to this, however, was the knowledge they had by some means procured of there being a strong force ready at that point to at once take advantage of the disorderly and ill-supported manner in which they should at best be able to present themselves, even after they had succeeded in demolishing the door. Accordingly a different course was resolved upon—a successful report having been made by a small party of intelligent men, who had been specially sent to make an observation, and hit upon a place better adapted for their purpose ; one of whom being acquainted intimately with all the local peculiarities of the house and of the nature of the defences, had recommended that this party should examine the door already referred to, near the conservatory ; and they had in consequence, wholly unperceived amid the noise and confusion of the struggle going on elsewhere, made this attempt, and were able to effect the opening of the door at the extremity of the conservatory furthest from the house ; having then remained a considerable time listening carefully at the door communi-

cating from the opposite end directly with the house into the back hall, they became convinced that no force was posted within for its defence, and that therefore, provided this door could be in any way noiselessly opened, or else forced in with great rapidity and expedition, the introduction of any number of men might be easily accomplished, before perhaps any alarm should be given, and certainly before any effectual steady force could be collected and brought to bear upon them in a body. In conformity with this plan, the manœuvre adopted for carrying it into effect, and which was in accordance with their intentions in other re-

in through this passage, where they fully expected to find no immediate opposition awaiting them; two more separate and distinct attacks should also be made at the same time upon the front door, and that of the back, so as to operate as a diversion, and thus draw off the attention from the real point of danger. This plan of attack, not badly devised, and as boldly executed, would probably have succeeded; and in the frightful results of this infuriated body of ruffians obtaining entrance, in numbers sufficient to surround the military and police, and thus possibly bear them down by mere dint of numerical strength in the strait and narrow defiles of the passages of a house, it was difficult to foresee or predicate with certainty on which side victory might rest, and it all events presented to view a scene of slaughter and carnage sufficiently appalling to contemplate. The casual discovery of this menaced attack by a member of Sir Morton's immediate band, though not precise enough to induce either Gautois or Rooney to attach to it all the importance it deserved, nevertheless met with so much attention, as that whilst they were unwilling to so far weaken their defence at the

postern door as to diminish the military station there, it was yet determined to at once detach Rooney and the police for the protection of this conservatory entrance,—with an understanding, that if the man's suspicions proved erroneous, and that no attempt were made there, the police should again return; but in the opposite event of a serious assault being made on this point, that then either Lieutenant Gorget should be despatched with a party in support of Captain Rooney, or else Gautois himself undertake this duty. Things were in this position upon my descending to know the cause of the fire; when, leaving Rooney in the

the close report of guns, broke suddenly upon our ears; it was in a second explained by the hurried arrival of a policeman sent by Rooney, to say that the conservatory door was forced—that an immense body of rebels were fighting their way in—that the police, though assisted by Sir Morton and servants, were unable to resist—and further, that he was ordered to crave instant relief.

“Lieutenant Gorget, keep ten men here: the rest follow me,” was Gautois’ only answer.

Though very urgent, they moved with military precision, and therefore somewhat slowly, so that I easily passed them; rushing on in anxious haste, now that there was an opportunity for my being useful, as I was particularly desirous to collect a few men upon whom I could depend, in order to occupy the staircase, so as to make good any passage upwards against the insurgents, should they succeed in getting in. The scene on my arrival was terrific in the extreme. A lamp suspended in the hall, cast a tolerably strong light on all within; whilst through the broken and torn opening in the conservatory, it threw a weaker and more uncertain light, though sufficiently power-

ful to exhibit the fierce and hideous countenances of an immense and dense crowd of men, more like savages than human beings; yelling and shouting horribly as they struggled to get in; those in front and clearly to be seen, being armed for the most part with long pikes, were driving back the ill-disciplined, though brave policemen that opposed their passage with their bayonets; their comrades behind, keeping up a smart, though irregular discharge of fire-arms, every shot of which must necessarily have told upon the compact mass of rebels in front. Rooney doing all in his power, still found his men giving way—and Sir Morton,

few of the rebels pushing on more boldly than the rest, succeeded in entering, and at once surrounded became the aim for every blow,—some of them grappling with their assailants, still strove with the energy of despair, to crush their antagonists, even in the struggle of death. One old man in particular, his grey and grizzled locks uncovered, armed with a sword, was spreading consternation in all around, it was Tyrawley! Turning to his followers without, he called upon them to come on, and with a shout, they rushed to his support; but in the instant, a shot struck him to the earth—with a more fiendish yell of revenge, they now rushed on, and poor old Sir Morton, surrounded and separated from his servants, was felled by a tremendous blow upon the head, which he in vain strove to parry with the barrel of the long horse-pistol he bore; the victor, leaning over him, brandishing a formidable knife, reeking and yet warm with the fresh blood of former victims, was about to give him the last blow, when a tall man wearing a mask, and with a hat slouched over his face, rushed forward, bearing down every obstacle as he broke through the rebel ranks from without,

and snatching with the rapidity of lightning his sword from the hands of the head constable of police, he with one blow clove the ruffian's skull, then bending down, he lifted the body of Sir Morton, and rushed on with it into the hall, himself receiving many wounds; one of which on the shoulder, bleeding freely, covered Sir Morton and his preserver. At this instant, Gautois and his soldiers coming up in regular order, the police quickly retired behind them, when the word being given, a close, steady, and most murderous discharge, cowed for a moment those still pressing on; which was immediately taken advantage of,

and disciplined, over irregular, courage; the individual who had rescued Sir Morton, was earnestly implored by the latter,—stunned and wounded as he was, and unconscious of the probability of the tide of battle being changed by the arrival of the soldiers, to bear him, for God's sake, any where out of reach of the frightful tragedy then enacting in their rear.

“ My daughter, my Emily !” he cried—“ if you are indeed a man bear me to her, find her I entreat you; and if you are guilty I will save you, if you are poor I will make you rich—save my daughter, save my life—and you shall have all that I am worth !”

Complying then with a request so piteously urged, and which indeed the slightest regard for the safety of the man he had at his own imminent peril rescued from death made necessary—the stranger half carried, half supported the wounded Baronet up the staircase, no longer occupied as it had been by myself and party—for, on the fall of Sir Morton, actuated by an impulse which made us completely forget that the maintaining the staircase was our object, we left our post and pushed forward, with a view to save him if possible ; but borne away by

one of those eddying currents that in a struggling crowd make the attainment of an object as difficult as is the entry of a river against the ebbing tide, we were immediately carried away in an opposite direction, and thus were for the moment wholly ignorant of Sir Morton's fate.

Upon reaching the second landing, Sir Morton and his preserver were accidentally encountered by Emily, who, uneasy at my delay and anxious to know the worst, had approached thus near the scene of action. Upon beholding her father wounded, and as she naturally with a common presentiment conceived mortally, Emily in an agony of grief besought the protection of this person.

ciently to become sensible of what was passing around. Taking then his daughter's hand, and pointing to the stranger, he said, "Emily, it is for you to thank my deliverer."

"Yes," she said, "that has already been too long delayed. Whoever you may be, the deepest gratitude of my father and of me, his daughter, are indeed due to you, who have so generously neglected your own safety for his. Good God!" she shrieked, "I did not before perceive that you too are wounded, perhaps dangerously."

The stranger did not speak; but nodding his head significantly, by gesture gave her to understand that it was of no serious nature.

"Captain Rooney, do you know who this gentleman is?" said Clautois apart to Rooney.

"I have not the least idea," was the reply. "He dashed in from amongst those rebel fellows, and now I think of it, who knows but he may be one of them in disguise."

"Just so, my dear Rooney; and as you know there is a considerable reward for taking these gentlemen, you must just step down and order up a few of our people to be outside the door, in

case of accident. Do you know precisely what is the amount of the reward?"

"I am not quite certain, Captain Gautois; but I rather think five hundred pounds has been named for any of the chiefs."

The loud shrill blast of a trumpet, accompanied by the trampling of horses' feet, now drew all eyes to the window, when to the general surprise, a troop of dragoons was seen moving rapidly up the terrace in front of the house, accompanied by two gentlemen in plain clothes, who were immediately recognised as neighbouring magistrates. The entrance of Rooney into the room, followed by six of his party with fixed bayonets, completed

“Captain Gautois,” said one, “I see you have made clean work of it—a good job too, save the county the expense of keeping them in prison, trying them, and hanging them; no prisoners I see, except the wounded man below, and he is not likely to trouble us long, and so much the better for him, poor fool! for Tyrawley would rather die of his wounds than be hanged.”

“Tyrawley!” exclaimed the stranger, for the first time breaking silence, “can it be that he was a sharer in this disgraceful business? I thought it had been Foster’s doings.”

“Ah, ah! who have we got yonder,” resumed the magistrate, “I did not see him before. Come, my friend, you may as well let us see your face, if you are one the set, it’s no use hiding any longer; your friend Foster has sold you all, and he it was who sent us here.”

“Villain! villain! base villain!” exclaimed the stranger, with an accent of indescribable bitterness, and in a voice that thrilled through my very vitals. “Ay, it was indeed Gerald O’Donnell; I suppose then,” he continued, “I may as well remove this mask.”

"As I thought," said Rooney, "Mr. O'Donnell."

"Is he one of the chiefs?" whispered Gautois; "you know, my dear friend Rooney, that it was I who first directed your attention to him."

Rooney made no reply; but continuing to address O'Donnell said, "I am sorry for you, sir," and he spoke with feeling. I turned to Emily. She was saved further pain, for she was insensible.

CHAPTER III.

After him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodier horse,
He asked the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury ?
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

Second Part of Henry IV.

THE heavy mists of the night rolling away from the immediate precincts of the old-fashioned large house, known as Morton Castle, under the genial influence of the sun, which, though sometime risen and already mounting the arched staircase of heaven, treading with giant feet its glorious steps in his bright ascent, still scarce visible, and all unfelt through the cold dank vapours of the night, yet cast a weak and sickly lustre on the gilded

vane that wheeled from its perch on high with the light airs which variably swayed it with rapid change, in turn alternating to all the different points of the compass; whilst, further off, the thick and lazy damps hung heavily brooding over the lofty tops of the distant woods, enveloping in a robe of cloud, like the thick folds of a mantle, all remoter objects, and shewing uncertain and indistinct the little village of Monaghveedy, lying in the vale beneath; from some of whose humble dwellings, rendered almost picturesque by the distance—the obscurity of the dense fog concealing all the repulsive features of its squalid poverty and disgusting filth, might be surmised the realising

the river before referred to, running through the grounds of Morton Castle,—was now to be seen proceeding at a smart trot, the *cortège*, formed by the mounted escort, around the carriage conveying to the county prison O'Donnell and the wounded Tyrawley.

The glistening of the feeble but increasing sunbeams upon the bright helmets of the soldiers and the polished scabbards of their swords, as the uneven motion of the horses occasionally cast them athwart its rays, together with the scarlet colour of their uniforms, gave to the little cavalcade, as it moved quickly on, a gladsome and joyous appearance, more like the triumphal passage of a royal progress, than the melancholy and painful transfer of prisoners to the gloomy precincts of a dungeon, with the bitter prospect before them of an almost certain exchange of this abode for the stern horrors of the scaffold. The same sun that thus gilded the ignominious journey of his late confederates, shed its light and heat upon the hurried and eager approach of Foster to the metropolis, where he was now about to receive the reward of his base treachery; and having, as a

double traitor—to the laws and to his friends, earned the wages of guilt, he was about to retreat to the Continent, for the enjoyment of the independence thus honourably achieved. Having, as has been seen, succeeded in goading on Tyrawley, by practising upon his wavering and unsteady mind, to the desperate enterprise that had terminated in its complete discomfiture, he took care, early in the onslaught, unperceived and unmissed amidst the pervading tumult and disorder, to effect his flight, leaving his deluded associates to prosecute an assault which he had resolved should rebound upon their own heads. Though his flight was a preconcerted move, resolved on beforehand

Moville's interest in his favour might secure to him, directed as this violence so pointedly had been against her father's house, and utterly unredeemed as it would naturally appear in the eyes of Sir Morton Moville and herself, by any necessity or peculiar advantage to whatsoever might have been the supposed objects of O'Donnell in selecting their residence beyond that of any other of the leading gentry, for the perpetration of so monstrous an attempt. A proceeding that Foster moreover well knew would, from the infamy attaching of necessity to an unprovoked assault upon a private dwelling, rob O'Donnell of that sort of sympathy which would probably have been pretty generally accorded to the conspirators, had they undertaken some bold engagement in the field, where the chivalrous daring of the man might, to weak and unreflecting minds, offer some atonement for the disloyalty of the rebel. In addition to these kind and charitable motives, Foster had besides prepared for himself that richest treat to the vindictive coward, namely, the pleasure of enjoying a dastardly revenge against Sir Morton Moville; himself an object of great personal ani-

mosity to Foster, in the severe chastisement which the projected burning of his house would secure, even should the garrison prove successful in the conflict and beat off the assailants. Accordingly, it was no part of his wish to give too early intelligence of this overt act of rebellion, of which he had at last, after very sedulous industry, succeeded in promoting the perpetration; but when a space of time sufficient, in his opinion, to secure the realization of his demoniac hopes had elapsed, he sent secret intelligence to the magistrates, with whom he had lately been in active communication as agents for the government, advising them of the attack on Morton Castle, and recommending them

wholly ignorant of the entire of these events, and consequently innocent of any participation in their commission, far less guilty of preconcerting their adoption, however remotely liable he might, strictly speaking, have been considered to the imputation of being a sharer in their criminality, by having consorted with characters so desperate, and by having permitted to himself the entertainment of notions opposed to the established laws of his country, to Gerald O'Donnell was secured by the fiendish policy of a coward-traitor, all the infamy and degradation of a low incendiary, and almost a common burglar, in addition to the actual danger of his, in other respects, sufficiently perilous position. In consequence of the very agitated state of mind in which O'Donnell appeared subsequent to the interview with Tyrawley and Foster at Father Phelan's, the latter prevailed upon him to remain where he then was, and pass the night at his house, instead of running any risk of discovery in being accidentally encountered on his way home by any of the numerous patrols then out in all directions. Possibly, too, the dark traits in the character of Foster, perfectly well known to the old priest,

induced him to regard as not quite sincere, the professions of reconciliation he had expressed, and his regret for the false charge he had preferred; whether, in consequence of this, any apprehensions of foul play may have crossed the mind of Father Phelan is uncertain; but, at all events, the good old man pressed upon O'Donnell, with no ordinary solicitation, the acceptance of his hospitality. Having retired to rest rather late, it was not strange that "nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep," was in vain courted by a man whose mind was in the state of perturbation in which O'Donnell was then plunged. Accordingly, unable to sleep, he lay tossing feverishly on the homely bed of his kind-

be the mere work of fancy, and only a continuation of the scenes imagination had been busily weaving, with that fidelity and industry with which she shifts the varied scenes of those wild conceits we are conscious of, even in the hours of repose, started from his disordered dreams, and rushed to the window for a confirmation of his doubts. His eye drawn by the bright blaze of the burning stables, he, for an instant, still doubted whether the conflagration he gazed upon was not a prolongation of the frightful phantasms of sleep. A moment, however, sufficed to convince him that the continued firing which came upon the wind to his ears, was a solution more faithful and correct, of the blazing beacon he beheld. The same instant the priest rushed, all undressed, in breathless haste into his apartment. "Good God," he exclaimed, "Morton Castle is attacked!"

"Can it be so, indeed?" said O'Donnell.

"Beyond all doubt, that fire is up at the Castle; great God, see how the flames burst forth, and gathering round the house, seem to scorch the very heavens; and hark to the shots, they will be all murdered! I hear the savage yells of the poor

infuriated people, that are thus led on to change their nature."

"Mr. Phelan, what does this mean? who think you, are these people?"

"Who man? why Foster and Tyrawley, to be sure."

"What! attack a private house, like common thieves! No, no, that cannot be."

"I tell you, O'Donnell, it is though; you know that Foster, this very evening, threw out some hints about some such move; though, from the indignation you expressed, he pretended to say it was a mere joke, just to hear what you would say."

“What do you mean, O'Donnell? you surely do not think of going? why Foster hates you, even worse than old Moville; be wise Gerald, besides what can you do alone? and now I think of it, the soldiers will perhaps beat them off.”

“Ay, but see you not the Castle is in flames—can soldiers beat them off too? Shall women, helpless women, and old men, be burned in their houses in the dead of night, in a land called Christian, and one, terming himself a man, stand by and look coolly on. No, Mr. Phelan—shame on such counsel, worse I were than the ruffian Foster himself: let me be killed, let me be taken, all or any were better!” and he was about to rush out.

“Stay then, if you will go, will you not conceal yourself in any way?”

“No, Mr. Phelan, I am not afraid to face my enemies.”

“Then Gerald, my dear Gerald, do not be rash, hide yourself from your *friends*, from Foster and his followers; here, put on this mask, it served me when a boy and abroad for holiday making at Rome, put on this at least, or, old and infirm as I am, I will dispute your egress from this house.”

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CHAPTER IV.

Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

King John.

THE incendiary designs of Foster, and those set on by him, for the destruction of Morton Castle, were in a great degree frustrated by the abundant downfall of rain, which commencing towards the termination of their attack continued to pour with unabated violence upon the smouldering ruins of the already half-demolished stables and out-offices, and not only rapidly overcame the strength of the devouring element, to which they had been given a prey, but also most effectually prevented any extension of its ravages to the dwelling-house, so that upon the final retreat of the insurrectionary

rebels well inclined for a retreat
not attempt to effect in any con-
movement; but, on the contrary
different directions,* they sought
flight to escape with the utmost
so far delaying as was necessary for
port of those of their body, who,
wounded, were obliged to rely on
offices of the others, and also for
the corpses of those who had fallen, to
of which was, as is universally the
country, attached to the full as much
as to the preservation of the former.

The scene therefore exhibited in the
Morton Castle, though harrowing it
was by no means of that

shocking the eye. They had principally fallen upon the police, who, however individually brave and loyal, however accurate and complete in their appointments, and boasting of some degree of discipline, can never be found to sufficiently supply, or be an adequate substitute for an organized body of men regularly enlisted and amenable to the severe laws of a code peculiar to themselves, the strict enforcement of which must ever give to the army a tone of discipline and efficiency, that no expense of fanciful decoration, or regularity of control, can ever succeed in imparting to any species of domestic force; for, however they may be arrayed in the pomp and panoply of glorious war, it must ever produce the effect rather of playing at soldiers, than of representing a steady, useful, and constitutional peace preservative force. On this occasion, notwithstanding the courage and constancy with which they endeavoured to make good their position, their rout had been almost immediate, three of them having been killed, and a considerable number, more or less, severely wounded. The painful and agonizing feelings of the moment of the discovery and apprehension of

neil. The shock produced
and converted into a calamity
similar to that caused by
calamities, in consequence
of this case, being one
who had long been familiar to
nobleness of character had
to whom she had accustomed
motives for the influence
sufficiently honourable to, at all
a romantic girl, justify the course
she had so unfortunately pursued.
suffering from the dreadful effects
of his errors, yet still the fact of
her father, at a risk that in the
own life.

him from the vindictive feelings that would have naturally led her rather to resent the outrage, than sympathise with one of its chief perpetrators, if not actually one indeed, still the confident and ally of those who were; and it moreover saved him from the more probable contempt into which all her former high conceptions of his nature would have been converted by his disgracing the glorious cause, she had all along believed him to have pursued with views as pure and as lofty as those to which she would herself have been ready, if necessary, to have subscribed. It was therefore some alleviation to my sorrow, when I found upon her coming to herself, after the departure of the prisoners, that I should easily be able to prove to her, as soon as I had an interview with O'Donnell, that he had been in no way concerned in the recent outrage.

“I fear,” she said, “you will still further incense your father by continuing to hold intercourse with Mr. O'Donnell, now that his committal to prison directly proves how justified was the former prohibition laid upon you; but yet, to desert your friend at such an emergency, to leave him unsup-

... whom he has
an orphan, to conjure up prudent
in order to dissuade you from as
your advice, and cheering him with
No," she said, "go to him, tell him
and myself contemptuously, and with
the base suspicions of his having been
any degree in the calamities his in-
cruel associates have heaped upon me
of the ardent desire Sir Morton feels
whatever mode it may be in his po-
debt he has incurred. Let him know
ever depressed in condition, however
the heavy load of supposed infamy, but
the intolerable weight of imputed guilt
with misfortune, and groaning under
of an opprobrium

forgot his own safety in order to rescue an old man from the cruel hands of sanguinary assassins ; let your friend learn, that the weak and feeble daughter whom he disdained to leave a prey to her own terrors, and to the real dangers by which she was encompassed, in order to provide for his own escape, does not limit her gratitude to unmeaning assurances of empty thankfulness—that the father and the child do not seek, by bootless proffers of assistance they cannot render, to shrink from the discharge of that which is within their power, by alleviating his confinement, in whatever way their means command, but are further resolved to assuage the more poignant bitterness which a disgraced reputation causes, in endeavouring to disarm calumny and silence slander, by in person, testifying publicly, ay, and in his very dungeon too, the high sense they entertain of him.”

In such terms of warm gratitude and unrestrained kindness did she express the overflowings of her heart, though I knew full well that it would require much to induce Sir Morton himself to take that decided part in O'Donnell's favour, which his daughter with sanguine confidence so certainly

promised. At all events I resolved to sound him at once, before the first burst of feeling should have subsided; but although I found a very lively and creditable readiness to admit and return the great service rendered to him by O'Donnell, yet there was that guarded caution in his mode of expressing himself, unfortunately always existing in the tried veterans of the world, and which—to be ever found in those whose intercourse with mankind has been great, either by a life prolonged to old age, or by a shorter though more active participation in the world's pursuits—proves clearly that the increase of the knowledge thus acquired, neither adds to the amiability of our character, nor

that has now befallen him; yet it is too evident, that whilst I readily give full credence to the assurances you make of his not being amongst the ruffians engaged, I cannot blind myself to the fact of his being notoriously implicated in all the vile conspiracies that have been going on; and though I am not very prone to credit implicitly all the accusations or assertions of so horrible a scoundrel as that infamous fellow Foster has proved himself to be, (which by the way go to the full length of criminating Mr. O'Donnell in this very assault upon my house), yet it has been ascertained beyond all doubt, that he was last evening for some time in company with Foster, and that wretched, infatuated old man Tyrawley; still, Tarleton, anything in reason that I can do, shall not be wanting, even though it might damage me with the government."

Finding then, that it was in vain for me to hope to gain anything like a decided pledge of what he would actually do, or to what extent his sense of obligation would conduct him, I was obliged to content myself with this very moderate expression of energetic gratitude. As may be supposed, I

lost no time in repairing to the county town, where I experienced some little difficulty in obtaining admittance into the gaol in which were confined O'Donnell and Tyrawley, his companion in misfortune. Prudential considerations, having reference either to their safe custody, or to their non-communication with each other, had led to their being kept apart and confined in separate quarters. Though considered with tolerable certainty as guilty—yet being uncondemned, they were treated with every indulgence that their safe keeping admitted, a regard for their personal comfort dictated, and a consideration of their rank in life suggested. Accordingly, with considerable pleasure, I, who had

the sunshine; in other respects, the room, though bearing evident marks of prison character, was sufficiently commodious. In the lobby without, a turnkey was constantly on duty, and throughout the prison, I was informed, precautions had been taken to prevent any attempt at rescue, which was considered by no means improbable from the great popularity of Tyrawley, though the comparative strangeness of O'Donnell made any such movement on his behalf little apprehended; nor was there indeed, upon his part, any intention of meditated escape, to call for or render necessary these measures of prevention. My coming was not unexpected by O'Donnell, though my arrival was somewhat earlier than he had counted upon.

It was not many hours after he had become the inhabitant of his present melancholy abode that I made my appearance—having overcome the difficulties to an admittance, through the assistance of a letter from Sir Morton Merville to the sub-sheriff, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and to whom the loyalty of the former was so well known, as to make the accordance of the right of entry to one recommended by him, neither

hazardous nor likely to be refused. Accordingly, after passing through a variety of cold stone passages, lighted only by carefully-guarded apertures of very straightened dimensions, I found myself, accompanied by the governor—a fat, jolly, good-natured man, though to be sure, not quite a Daniel Lambert—in the corridor, into which opened the door of the cell, as it was called, wherein O'Donnell was confined. The turnkey on duty in this corridor, clad in his blue uniform, with a collar decorated with the appropriate ornament of the very familiar sign of the well-known coach-office in Wood-street, Cheapside, started up from the bench he had been sitting upon, when he saw

more than anything brought to mind, and realized the ideas of the captive condition of him whom I came to visit. Selecting the proper one from the number, he turned the ponderous bolt of the large lock, which shot sullenly back, and throwing open the door to its fullest extent, he stood aside to allow us to pass in. The governor, having entered with me, observed, "that it was useless for one in his place to express regret at any harsh or unpleasant proceeding his duty enforced; but that it gave him pain to hold a gentleman in bondage, and that if there were anything wanting that could diminish the severity of his confinement he hoped Mr. O'Donnell would not hesitate to mention it; for that, if within his power to provide it, nothing would give him so much pleasure as complying with any request he might make. O'Donnell having courteously acknowledged and expressed his thanks for this civility, said, "There is one thing which, as it does not even remotely affect the security of my detention, I trust may not fall without the line of your duty to oblige me in, and even if it should, I do hope a feeling of humanity may induce you to strain, as far as your

own safety will admit, the rigid preciseness of your orders; it is to request that you will inform me how the unhappy gentleman, who is my partner in affliction, has borne the journey here; and, whether his bodily sufferings have been increased by it; poor fellow! he endured the most excruciating torments on the way."

"I am sorry to inform you, Mr. O'Donnell, that he is much worse, Doctor Drench has been up from the Infirmary, and says the prisoner, that is Mr. Tyrawley, is in a very dangerous state,—he is quite delirious."

"Poor Tyrawley! you have indeed been unfortunate in getting involved in such a cause, and

man, by permitting that I be informed, at least daily, of the condition of Mr. Tyrawley; and, further, let me, in the name of one unable to ask for himself, supplicate you to see that he lacks nothing which may assuage his sufferings or soothe his feelings. If money be wanting, but I had forgotten that even this they conceive dangerous to leave me. Well, sir, I shall take care that you are indemnified for any expense on this account."

The governor kindly undertook to see that the wounded man wanted for nothing, and was properly attended; and particularly promised that he would not alone leave it to the care of his subordinates, but look to it himself personally.

CHAPTER V.

Come back to me my long lost child, come back to me I say !

I felt not when her fame was in the shadow of reproof,
A daughter's shame could best be hid beneath a mother's roof.

Anonymous Poem.

But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief.
It shows a will incorrect to heaven.

Hamlet.

BEING left to ourselves, my first inquiry was, of



“But Tarleton,” continued he, “this I feel not, nor should I were its pain ten times greater, or its nature even really serious; the bruises of the mind and the wounds of the heart are what I suffer from. O Tarleton! from even you, what can I expect but contempt and reproach? it is not alone immured here as a felon, that my disgrace weighs upon me, but to think that you should have to charge me with being leagued with the ruffianly savages that assaulted the house of your relative, and even might have endangered your own life! I shudder when I think of the consequences that might have ensued; my danger is as nothing to the shame and infamy of such a position.”

“Nay Gerald, do not, I beg of you, let that further affect you. I came not to reproach—do you for an instant fancy that I could imagine you guilty of such conduct; or that you even knew of it?”

“Yes,” he said, “you may do me justice, you who know me; but will others do so? will Sir Morton Merville, in the irritation of his losses and sufferings, acquit me? will the beautiful and gentle creature whom I saw there affrighted, terrified,

and alarmed for her aged father, though the nobleness of her nature forbade her fearing for herself, think well of you, to maintain an acquaintance with one whom she must suppose the author of these insults and injuries? alas! how fallen indeed am I, when even my acquaintance entails disgrace."

"Hold Gerald," I cried, "you are wrong, Sir Morton Moville can feel no animosity to you who have, at your own peril, preserved him and Emily: so far from crediting the foul imputation upon your character, he has, on the contrary, loaded me with respectful expressions of sympathy in your misfortune, of sincere acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which he owes to you, and of sincere

of my being confidentially connected with those persons, and know nothing of my character or motives, will feel inclined to believe me when I say that I was not aware of it? Nay, further, can they not add that I was actually present during the conflict, and made a prisoner in the house?"

"True, O'Donnell, those who know nothing of you may at the first adopt these notions; but the cowardly and low treachery of one of them that shared your counsels, will sufficiently avouch that you may have been unwittingly trepanned into a position that renders you liable to these suspicions, for the projection of which his own desperate and cruel character will make him at once a fitting person. Then the fact of Sir Morton Moville's family coming to visit you here, as I have every expectation they will do, and it is for that reason of consequence they should, must at once carry conviction to every mind that, however culpable in other respects, you are at least free from the remotest contact with an undertaking so unworthy."

"Ay, Tarleton, clear me but from this, purge out this blot,—and purified from this stain, I care little for the reproach they may in other respects

attach to conduct dictated by aims and motives I never shall shrink from avowing and glorying in; founded as they are, upon the sincerest conviction of their rectitude and honour, however the skilful misrepresentation of prejudiced opponents may succeed in making them wear the dress of guilt. No, let me be held up as the rebel and traitor, that had the courage to oppose laws, to whose injustice he would not submit; as the wretched madman, that dreamed of extorting, and if necessary by force, *open* force, the establishment of an equality for his country and its children of all creeds and sects, that hitherto, existing only in name, has tantalized and mocked us merely by its shadow. The disunion

a wild enthusiast, nor the cunning devices of a trafficking impostor; my proposed means of achieving them, neither disgraced by low intrigue nor sanguinary boldness,—and myself, the honest and conscientious, if the humble and impotent, asserter of claims founded on justice, belonging to us of right, and endeared to us by their value. Let then, for the present, the blow of an imagined justice descend upon my devoted head, and shroud with the dun pall of its present ignominy, a memory that posterity shall vindicate, and debase for the moment a name already ennobled by suffering, to be for ever revered by the patriotism and the liberty of the future.”

This excited state, I thought not so well adapted for the calm and dispassionate consideration of what was best to be done for ameliorating his present unfortunate condition, and deliberating on the steps necessary to be taken for his defence, accordingly I gradually drew off his attention by entering into a minute detail of my own affairs, in consequence of which he generously pressed upon me the necessity of breaking off all intercourse with him, rather than further provoke my

father's resentment, now that I could in no degree prevent whatever consequences were likely to ensue. This I, of course, declined, and after a very lengthened interview, I took leave of him with a promise of returning on the following day, having first agreed with him upon the propriety of his addressing a letter to Sir Morton Mowle declaratory of his innocence of any share in the outrage that had occurred. This course he considered due to himself in defence of his character as a gentleman, which he very properly felt to be seriously affected, and tainted with a very grave imputation, as long as the slightest suspicion existed of his having taken any part whatsoever in that transac-

plated doing so, upon the eve of the unfortunate insurrectionary movement I have just been detailing. It was therefore with feelings not so much of surprise as grief, that I on the following morning, a little before setting out to renew my visit to O'Donnell, received a short, but very feeling letter, from my kind and esteemed friend Doctor O'Mara, urging upon me the propriety of at once coming up, as he entertained very serious apprehensions of the result. Hastily then communicating to Emily, that matters I could not explain, but of a most painful nature, and of that urgent necessity involved in the common expression of life and death haste—obliged me to at once repair to Dublin, and that I relied upon the goodness of her heart as much as upon her own honourable character not to permit the active and decided interference of her father in O'Donnell's favour to slumber in consequence of my absence, and that she would also in every way endeavour to relieve O'Donnell from what I told her pained him most, namely the possibility of—by their neglecting openly to befriend him—giving any countenance to the malignant opinions already too

prevalent, and unfortunately with but too much appearance of truth for their foundation, of his having been the guilty leader of the party by whom their house had been assaulted and fired. Receiving then the most complete assurance of her sincere and perfect co-operation in the furtherance of these my wishes, fortified too by her own candid declaration, expressed with the sweet modesty of conscious innocence, of a great personal regard for my poor friend, who, she now admitted, had long been an object of interest to her, and in whose behalf, the honourable but melancholy manner in which he had been for the first time personally presented to her, could not fail to greatly pre-

to find the poor dear invalid that had hitherto been so altogether the chief object of my solicitude. The last miles seemed to me prolonged to the interminable length of their German brethren, and the rapid motion of the mail appeared scarcely to exceed the tardy log of the phlegmatic and pipe provided post-boy who toils over the sandy roads they measure. My impatience threw me into a state of insupportable torment, what pictures of sorrow and misery did I not conjure up during the silent loneliness of that long night; and the first faint streaks of approaching day were welcomed with eagerness, as indicating, beyond all doubt, our speedy arrival. The cool regularity of procedure in emancipating myself with my slight encumbrance from this conveyance was a trial exceeding all endurance, the pertinaciously officious offers of service from porters and the other tiresome hangers-on upon such occasions were rejected with the furious vehemence of uncontrollable impatience. Throwing myself into the first vehicle I could find for hire, I drove to the house. I asked the man to go quick—then I hastily chid him for delay; again I frantically cursed his tardy movements,

and then, in the same second, almost supplicatingly entreated him to accelerate his pace. Alas ! what fatal expedition ! what unprofitable speed ! The muffed knocker on the door presented a precaution of bitter ridicule, as if intended to ward off the feeble sounds of the knocker from ears against which the loud voice of the cannon's roar would now make in vain its rude assault, and fall unheeded upon senses no longer capable of hearing. Now that I stood upon the last step of the door, and that an entrance was at command, I felt all the impatience that had hitherto tormented me, converted by a rapid transition into a coward unwillingness to proceed : and as my hand grasped

need was there for any. The countenance of the person before me changed at once from the settled composure of a deep sorrow, to an expression of the most impassioned and vehement grief; the big tears stood a moment in the vacant eye, and then, dashing over the sides of their cistern, rolled, in a scalding flood, down the wrinkled feature of a face, furrowed both by years and care, and now distorted by agony. "Yes," she said, wringing her hands in the frenzy of wild despair, "you are come to reproach the cruel murderer of your Mary, to taunt the unnatural mother whose unforgiving persecution has made the daughter's youthful error leave me a childless parent. O God! thou art just, and hast well punished the stubborn pride that would not relent or pardon, and she is gone so young, and yet so brokenhearted; and who has done this but me! her cruel mother! and yet I live—old, wicked, and infirm, a dry and withered stump—I shall fall into the grave the destroyer of my Mary!"

Pass we by this scene of unredeemed wretchedness and unalleviated pain. But did I say that there was naught to relieve my grief? I was

wrong. O yes! there was much indeed, the kind and gentle creature, whom the world would have spoken of only to deride and to condemn, but who to me that knew her had been a wife,⁹ and what I had never before known—a mother too. Thus doubly bereaved, I was cheered by the thought of the hope in which she died. Did she not die, thy paramour? says the moralizing worldling, or the canting hypocrite, and therefore died she not in guilt? Doth heaven, I answer, judge by the narrow rules of thy finite and limited understanding? Go, wretched man, and robe thyself in a charity thou dreamest not of; and, with the

Hibernian, we have the answer, not only of the self

with kindness upon our memory when we have ceased to be. When you walk abroad and feel the light and air of God's blessed day, think sometimes of her who enjoyed it with you, who strove to repay you all that she owed you, by turning your thoughts to the contemplation of him who made us both. When you behold the setting sun sink from your sight, a tear will dim your eye as you think of her who has watched it with you so often plunge into the ocean; and told you that like it, we also should go down in darkness, but rise in glory on the morrow. In the silent watches of the night, a tender melancholy will perchance lead your thoughts to again hold communion with her who is also in darkness, awaiting the coming of that morning. You will miss me, you will grieve; but do not give way to passionate and uncontrolled sorrow; it is wicked, it is ungrateful, it is senseless, and will not last; it is selfish, for it would rather lead you to forget it, and its object, in the wild delirium of some excitement, instead of inducing you to honour my memory by a prolonged, a gentle, and a sweet regret. Such I hope you will entertain. Think of me as only

gone for a time, and that we shall soon again meet, and this thought will make you to so live that we shall indeed meet to be happy. Look around you, and see if such a life is not the most sensible as well as the best? Does not the whole creation convey to the unprejudiced mind of man, a conviction of its being the result, not alone of the vast powers Omnipotence can command, not alone of the boundless wisdom to which Omniscience may lay claim; but further, of its being the grand work of mercy and goodness so great, as only to be found in a Being, to whose attributes Infinity belongs? Yes, all is so fitted, so suited to our wants, so wonderfully harmonious in their universal

You know my history, you know how dearly I have paid forfeit for my errors, you know with what sincere and bitter penitence I have sought to prove to God that I did repent me ; and I confidently rely upon that penitence proving the truth of my faith in the great atonement, through which alone I trust they will in Heaven be pardoned, though I know that on earth they will not, nor do I think that they consistently could be. No, there is not by this any reproach implied ; I do not by this, mean to convey a stinging or evenomed sneer against the laws of society. I have erred, and I have submitted to the consequences. I will not, I cannot say cheerfully ; for it is hard, very hard to bear up against the scorn, the contumely, and the reproach, accorded me by those whose zeal for virtue is so great, that they will not permit the most scrupulous correctness, the most undeviating propriety, to redeem or even to obliterate the past. But you, you have been kind to me, and under God's providence you enabled me to turn from the crooked path I had fallen into ; yet I was not, I never could be happy, I knew that in addition to the heavy charge I was upon you, my unfortunate

condition exposed you to obloquy upon my account. What could I do? I was unable to earn by industry my bread, and oh! had I but been able, with what joy would these hands have toiled at the lowest drudgery! My friends, you know too, spurned me from them with cruel scorn, and if our union has not been blessed by the hallowed rights of sacred marriage, it has cost me many misgivings and many tears; yet could I never bring myself to urge your exasperating your father by uniting yourself to me, still do I trust that purity of life may faintly, though it can but very insufficiently (and this I feel) atone for its present omission."

Here the letter broke off, being relinquished for

It was again broken off, and as her mother told me afterwards, she had not again been in a condition to write, and though inquiring with a painful eagerness how soon I should arrive, that in all other respects she was tranquil and at ease, and had at last gone off rather unexpectedly and somewhat suddenly in a doze, without any apparent pain. I now stood alone in the world a widowed and a solitary man, with none to whom I could tell my tale of utter and complete desolation. It came upon me with a crushing weight; I indeed reeled under it at the first, but I recovered and bore up with a calmness and a fortitude that surprised myself. It was so utter a bereavement to a man without any other friend in the wide world, than one likely soon to follow, and that upon the scaffold, that its very magnitude supported me. I went through the gloomy absurdities of the pompous restitution of earth to earth, with a tranquil mien, despite the provoking coolness of the formal and hacknied actors in that scene, which distinguished them all, from the prim and methodical undertaker, intent on the strict observance of correct etiquette and the swelling of his bill, to the careless and shuffling performance of the grand and

sublime rites of our church at the burial of the dead, by an underpaid curate, ill-pleased at the early hour which saw him shivering in the churchyard. However, his manner might from custom wear the appearance of solemnity, there was yet in the utter absence of all feeling (produced too by a frequent habitude to similar duties), a painful and insulting contrast to the brokenhearted mourner—further aggravated by the careful and selfish cunning of the clerk, intent only on his superior's fees, and turning to his own account that species of liberality generated in all, at such a moment, by the petty and paltry value in which worldly gear is then with the pregnant and practical lesson.

CHAPTER VI.

O woman ! ever in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

Walter Scott.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the harrowing recollections of those hours of my bereavement, but rather passing by what would be a mere detail of feeling, I will return to the more active transactions in which I was at that time engaged. My arrival in Dublin was of course quite unknown to Sir Charles Tarleton, or to any of my friends, and having discharged the external duties which, though formal and to be found existing as much where no real sorrow dwells, as in the profoundest affliction, nevertheless the slightest respect for the

departed makes imperative and unavoidable, it was my intention to have returned to the county of —, where I felt myself called by every possible tie of honour and friendship, as well as by my private wishes, from its being well adapted to soothe the fresh bleeding wounds of the heart, at the first moment not in a state for the rough encounter of ordinary affairs; however, being in Dublin, it occurred to me from a recollection of the kind feeling before evinced in O'Donnell's fate by Mr. Wakefield, that though by no means intimately acquainted with him, my again addressing him on the same subject would not be deemed an impertinent intrusion. Though undoubtedly a liberty

kept mansion,—after knocking at the door twice, rather loudly, I began to fancy there was no one within, though a kind of grating sound rising from the basement story, accompanied by that indescribable half-hissing, half-whistling noise which grooms make when strapping at a horse, fully refuted the supposition of there being no inhabitants, however unattended hitherto my summons had been.

Becoming impatient, I resolved to enforce an answer, and accordingly seizing the knocker I commenced an uninterrupted succession of knocks, plying it with moderation in point of noise, but with great pertinacity and perseverance in their continuation. This immediately produced a most desirable effect; for I at once heard a shrill voice exclaim, “Tom Dogherty! don’t you hear the hall door, why don’t you run man?”

“Is it why don’t I run, you say? faith, Molly, my jewel, you may run yourself; don’t you see I’m claning the knives, and havn’t I got the master’s boots to do besides; and do you think that I can be losing my time every moment running like that to the door. Go yourself, Molly;” and

immediately the worthy serving-man resumed his knife-cleaning, with its unmusical accompaniment, when the female, stepping out into the area, with her cap-strings flying over her shoulders, her shoes down at heel, and the rest of her costume elaborately dirty, looking up at me, with one hand over her eyes to shade off the light, called out, "Were you rapping, sir? what do you plase to want?"

"My good woman," I replied, "I'm sorry to have disturbed you; but I believe this is Mr. Wakefield's house, I wish to see him."

Not stopping to answer me, she again rushed

the multitudinous and somewhat varied nature of his avocations—still further avouched by the decorations attached to his stringless and broken shoes, in the shape of divers straws and sundry other little marks and tokens of the stable; the interval between the said shoes and the lowest extremity of the beforementioned apron, disclosing to view a pair of singular dirty ribbed white cotton stockings, worn rather à la Hamlet.

His stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle.

A somewhat stiff and aristocratic pride of manner marked the mien of the red-headed Mr. Dogherty, a youth of some two-and-twenty, as he consequentially flung back the hall-door and inquired my business—such as he conceived became the servant of a barrister of eminence, when holding conversation with an attorney's clerk. Perceiving however that I was perhaps rather more of what he would conceive an equal to his master, his hanteur was quickly exchanged for the utmost servility of demeanour.

“Mr. Wakefield, sir? Faith, sir, I am sorry he is not at home your honor, he is over at the

Coorts, sir. May be you would like to step in and lave a memorandum, sir? Iv ye'd just say whin it would be convanient for you to call again, sir, I'd let my master know;" and he grinned a smile of great complacency, disclosing to view the yellow outline of a set of veritable pipe-stoppers. Contenting myself then with making an appointment to see Mr. Wakefield at a subsequent period, though without leaving my name, I proceeded to execute one or two commissions, previous to my leaving town, as I intended, on the morrow, when, with one of those vexatious *mal-à-propos* accidents, I, contrary to my wishes, stumbled upon Browne, whom it was not my intention to have apprized of

them were two of the leaders, one of whom was O'Donnell. He then proceeded to point out to me how very well justified my father had been in forbidding the continuance of that acquaintance, and that he trusted whatever might have hitherto occurred, the intimacy would now completely cease; for that I could in no degree serve a man whose life was probably forfeited; and that Sir Charles had in private stated to him, that if he found any further communication maintained, he would begin to share the opinion already generally entertained, in no slight degree implicating me as a sort of accessory in those political movements, and, at all events, as sharing and sympathising in the fanciful and exaggerated sentiments of my friend; "and," continued Browne, seriously, "it behoves you to exercise great caution: continue but to recognise this gentleman, and your father will cease all further intercourse with you. In fact, he already feels his loyalty and reputation as a good subject affected and tarnished by the open partiality of his son for a man now awaiting his trial as a traitor."

The result of my interview with Browne was to

leave on my mind a very grave conviction of the extremely hazardous position in which circumstances had placed me, and to a certain extent compelled my continuing in. It certainly was with pain that I found my own good character compromised, and thus saw myself, who so fully disapproved and saw the folly of O'Donnell's extravagant notions, actually considered as adopting them as my own. Nevertheless there was but one course now left open to me, and without, however, telling Browne what my intentions were, I only requested him not to make any mention of having seen me in town, and also furnished him with the full and accurate particulars of a transaction that,

Mr. Wakefield I found too labouring under the same misconception of the real facts of the Morton Castle affair, and it was with no small delight he eagerly listened to my detail of the honourable part O'Donnell had borne in them.

“ I thought so, I thought so,” he cried, “ Mr. Tarleton. I felt assured the story commonly current must be a gross exaggeration; it has been too long the practice of opposing parties never to rest content with the crimes and errors of their opponents, however abundant and sufficient they too often are. Poor O'Donnell! I knew how it would be, God knows how it will end! The government (Lord Mowbray himself in particular), are I know deeply anxious to spare the effusion of blood—however, the gross nature of this outrage compels them to it—an example must be made, public order must be maintained; but for this last transaction, all that could have been brought against him up to this time might easily have been got over; but here—a private house attacked, set fire to, an armed force assaulting the royal troops—it cannot be passed over.”

"Then," I cried joyfully, "you think that but for this, O'Donnell would be in no actual peril."

"Certainly not, Mr. Tarleton; however a spirit of vindictive hatred may actuate the few to press severity upon the government, the enlightenment of the present age is too great and generally diffused, not to support a moderate policy."

"Then," I said, "he is safe, quite safe; he took no part in this, he knew not of it, he had no armed force, he opposed no troops, he shed no blood,—but he rather prevented its effusion, and risked his own life to save the lives of others."

"True my young friend, but upon what does all

circumstance; but it will only be viewed as proceeding from the impulse of the moment; for on your own shewing, have we not O'Donnell present at the instant of the attack—appearing in the very warmest of the conflict—nay, made a prisoner in the house assaulted, and fired by persons led on, by one at least of those with whom he admits himself to have been in consultation not many hours before; and in addition to all this, the depositions of the informer Foster, connect him clearly and unreservedly in the foreknowledge of this transaction, and as an active party in its projection: are not these strong grounds for accusation? and think you the violated laws are to be thus answered by mere individual assertions of the accused; or that those hostile to his notions will forego their calls upon the government for the prosecution of the criminal, and the punishment of crime, which strikes so deeply at the root of good order, merely because the persons directly suffering acquiesce in the forsooth conscientious disavowals of the prisoner? No, no, Mr. Tarleton; we must have some more direct proofs of innocence than these; it is all very well for you and I sitting here to say

we believe what your friend declares, and Sir Morton Merville assents to, but in a court of justice it will require rather more to persuade a jury to acquit him."

I own that up to this moment, though I had framed to myself certain vague notions of the peril in which O'Donnell stood, they were based more upon the general facts of his previous connexion with various illegal societies, than as at all referring to the recent outbreak, from his participation in which O'Donnell's assurance relieved my mind. Now however that I found all these former sources of apprehensions entertained by me treated as light, compared with this latter affair, to which I had

now increased in a tenfold degree by the present realization to my mind of the positive and proximate existence of danger. I therefore, for the first time, began to view O'Donnell's condition in its real light, and now regarded the dangers, before seen confused and distant, as actually well defined and imminent.

Accordingly I now commenced in good earnest to look into matters, and to ask particulars, what would be the charge? how prosecuted? and when likely to take place? Mr. Wakefield, with great kindness entering into my feelings, treated the subject in a simple and untechnical manner, pointed out what were the difficulties, what the favourable circumstances, and, in conclusion, frankly tendered his services in the defence, and as a friend; which I now found would be much sooner required than I had at all imagined, as he informed me that the impression generally existing was, that from the great excitement universally pervading all classes in the apprehension of this only being the forerunner of much more serious disturbances, and from a desire, by a vigorous application of correctives at the earliest stage of the disorder which

they had been able to lay hold of, it was most probable a special commission would be sent down, and that, if such course should be adopted, it would no doubt be done without any loss of time. In fact, he added, he had that day heard the judges named who would probably form it; and he advised my going down at once, recommended a professional gentleman in the town of —, where O'Donnell was confined, as one well known to him, and though not in very extensive practice, the fittest man for O'Donnell to employ as an attorney, and finally promised that he would at any sacrifice himself follow very shortly after me, and particularly gave me private advice not

greatly wished to press into their service, and though for the moment unwilling to take office until their principles should be further tested, his advancement to the post of solicitor-general was not thought unlikely. Although the undertaking a case like O'Donnell's would not have been to most in his situation, a matter to volunteer for, still there was in him too much principle, and too much independence, to allow any such considerations to prevent his bold and decided championship of a man whose high motives he so fully appreciated, and of whose entire innocence from the blackest part of the charge he was so altogether convinced. I consequently counted with perfect reliance upon his doing all that could be done; and in having thus secured to O'Donnell the benefit of all the assistance that legal acquirements of the first order, extensive knowledge, and great reputation, backed by sincere resolution and conviction of a good cause, could command, I felt that I had discharged the utmost service in my power to render, and therefore repaired into the country, with at least the pleasing feeling of having done my poor friend some service. On my arrival, I

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a marked alteration in his appearance. As he told me of the hopes he had formed of being able to clear himself through the instrumentality of Tyrawley, and of their being for ever dashed by the death of the latter, a deep gloom overspread his countenance.

“Yes,” he said, “it is fated, it must be so; there is yet one other person who could prove the same fact, but upon him I will never call. Why should I drag forth another, and in order to save myself inculcate one not now suspected of anything criminal,—true he is no sharer in this, nor do I believe he would connive at any enormity,—and the little I know of him rather persuades me of the contrary; but he has long been the confidant, I have reason to believe, of that Foster and of poor Tyrawley; therefore it is possible, were now through my means attention to be turned to him, there might something come out to seriously implicate him in other transactions; why he has not been mentioned by Foster, I know not, but having been spared by that ruthless coward, never will I bring down disgrace on the grey hairs of an old man, possibly too endanger his life, certainly

affix an odium and a stain upon a character amiable, virtuous, and honourable. No it shall not be, and yet he and he alone could clear me of the infamy now attaching to my name. It was in vain I pressed this point upon him, and over and over again urged that, where his life was at stake, all other considerations should give way—he was immovable. But,” he said, “Tarleton, for what have I to indeed thank you? Possibly at times, too, the desperate thoughts that have crossed my mind might have had sway with me, and overpowered my better reason; for infamy and not death has been my heavy load, were it not for that

stranded me where I now am; I never before halted or hung back, I never faltered in my course. From the moment that I became apprized who and what I was, I have ever heard my father's dying voice, in accents not to be misunderstood, command my advance; his gory hand pointed out the road, and I did advance. From that instant, I dreamed no more of ease or worldly happiness, I divorced myself henceforward from pleasure and joy, all that man holds dear I resolved to forego; and I held the sacrifice as cheap. My country and her liberty were confided to me by him that was gone, and for them I dissolved all other ties; and, Tarleton, I came not unwilling to my task, never did I wish that it could have been otherwise, never from the first moment have I in an unguarded hour allowed weakness to shake my resolution, or the frail wish for my own happiness to turn me from my course, until that in which I saw your cousin; and then, then for the first time, I own I did wish that my destiny had not been such, and that it had been permitted to me, like others, to have sought in peaceful obscurity, a life of calm and tranquil rest. It was a weakness, perchance too it was

sent only to mock my present impotence for action, perhaps though it was only the natural out-breaking of that yearning of our nature for the happiness which philosophers say is the great pursuit of man, and which despite the sternest determination will shake the iron chain of solemn vows. Would that this weakness had never assailed me! for now, now Tarleton, do I begin almost to think that I have been wrong; had it but occurred before—but now it is too late, and only tantalizes me with pictures of what might have been.

CHAPTER VII.

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

Othello.

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks, of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes.

First Part of Henry IV.

It was not, I found, in O'Donnell's mind alone that a strong impression had been made by the acquaintance which, during the period of my absence in Dublin, had arisen between Emily and him, and which had already reached a higher degree of intimacy than under the common and ordinary circumstances of every-day life would have been either probable or indeed possible. Even had there not existed, beforehand, upon her part, a connecting link, caused by the perfect knowledge of his previous history, character, and

habits, which she possessed; and likewise a considerable tendency to think well of him, from the admiration she had long conceived of the bold, manly, and honourable way in which he had come forward to assert and support rights and principles, enlarged and liberal in their conception, and consequently thus recommended to her as a woman—and more particularly attracting her regard, from a coincidence in their ideas, and a corresponding sympathy in her own feelings, which had ever led her not alone to espouse the weaker side, but within her own scope, to advocate the same cause in every instance where an opportunity offered.

to find, on my return, that not only had the seeds of a mutual affection been sown, but that already a strong and violent passion was in existence, coupled upon the side of O'Donnell with a full conviction of the folly and madness, nay, the wickedness and cruelty towards Emily, of his permitting himself to indulge in its continuance. With him, therefore, though from his warmth of temperament, love had taken too strong a hold for instant eradication, yet, from the high-toned and imaginative turn of his mind and feelings it had assumed in its hopelessness, an elevated and lofty purity, partaking less of the dross of worldly passion than of the sublimed and exalted character of an attachment devoted and spiritualized—which could fondly gaze upon the object of its attachment, though he that entertained it stood upon the extreme verge of the giddy precipice over which he already felt himself irresistibly forced; and, even when sinking into the deep abyss that, yawning beneath, was about to engulf his corporeal existence, the fire of affection burned not less bright in that eye, for that it would soon cease to behold the creature of its adoration; nor its

lustre dimmed in aught, because that the visions of earthly happiness, seen at the extreme end of that long vista of hope-created years to come, which imagination portrayed, and fancy painted, and which sober reason told him might, under different circumstances, have been indeed realized,—were now for ever impracticable and hopeless.

I did not at first learn the full extent to which Emily had permitted herself, unwittingly, to be ensnared in the meshes and inextricable toils of an affection, neither founded on prudence nor sanctioned by calm good sense, but solely emanating from her own romantic and chivalrous admiration of a character impersonating, as O'Donnell's did

she herself approved, the object of general opprobrium and contempt; yet known to her as honourable and generous, impeached of and exposed to suffer for a crime, his innocence of which was conclusively avouched by his own benefaction to her father and herself. One with whose whole course of life, from infancy upwards, she was familiar, though to him she was a stranger; and of whose unshaken integrity, unquestioned honour, and unassailed reputation, she had a full, complete, and a reasonable conviction. No wonder that Emily Mowille, unused to judge by the world's ordinary rules—by inheritance, too, prejudiced against all she saw esteemed and bowed down to around her, as being the child of one who had been indirectly sacrificed an innocent victim to these opinions, should have perhaps imprudently—for alas! how rarely do we find prudence combined with genuine feeling—bestowed her warmest affections on the man whom she saw boldly resisting, and openly attacking these very opinions, ennobling too that resistance, and elevating that combat by high principle, enlarged notions, undeviating humanity, and disinterested self-devotion,

and have at once become the warm-hearted, the sincere, the affectionate, the devoted friend of Gerald O'Donnell.

Meanwhile, matters moved on with that regular and uninterrupted speed which the mere passage of time in its natural course lends to the advance of every occurrence,—which, however remote and distant, gradually and imperceptibly creeping on, at last astound and take us by surprise, when we find the events close, that we before regarded as far removed. In this case, however, the period looked forward to, never from the first placed at any great distance, came upon us all with a rapidity only to be measured by the vast and important

severe trial than even, at the worst, the final instant could prove. Whilst then to him, about to be solemnly arraigned before the stern tribunal of the laws, of whose virtual infraction he could not but be conscious, however guiltless of the particular charge which was about to be made against him, the near approach of the special commission was a season of unmitigated bitterness and keen anxiety, it was to the rest of the inhabitants of the town of —, a time of universal festivity and amusement. This additional contribution to their annual twice recurring seasons of pleasure, comprehended in the usual and common assizes, was, from its being an unexpected gift, anxiously looked forward to and made the most of. The influx of strangers of all sorts drawn thither, either by curiosity, business, idleness, or imaginary self-importance and fancied public usefulness, was as usual universally taken advantage of by the townspeople of all classes, to afford an increase to their ordinary sources of enjoyment, profit, and amusement. The good people of — were therefore intent only in endeavouring to add to the generally limited, and sooth to say, somewhat stale circle of their society; or striving to

procure occupants at exorbitantly high and most unconscionable prices, for their miserable, comfortless and ill-arranged lodgings; the poorer kind of demi-genteel, and the wealthy ungenteel, who however are always unwilling to let a chance slip, vieing with each other in this race of imposition. There was also afforded a good excuse to the gay and provincially fashionable, to launch out into entertainments, conducted on a scale of costly profusion and splendid magnificence, far too great for common-place occurrence, or capable of being generally supported; and only indeed justified in the eyes of the ambitious parents, anxious to outdo and far over humble some residing neighbours.

provided with doors difficult to open, and when open incapable of being shut, moderately waterproof in the roof, but with windows more adapted for summer than winter use, and never provided with any very easy means of altering their position, such, however, as they are, may on this particular day be seen pouring in from the Dublin road, the ill-appointed post-boys smacking their whips with an extra flourish. Barristers of various grades, with bags and portmanteaus filled more with legal lore than clean linen, come dashing in with all the excited hurry grave importance redeems from frivolity, and which with its air of urgent necessity rather confers in vulgar estimation a pseudo dignity upon them. The morning follows : and in the general bustle of preparation for the expected judges, not one of the motley group of loungers, all anxious for what they are little concerned in, bestows a solitary passing thought upon the melancholy condition of him for whose trial all this stir is made, not one stops in his own contemptible career of vain and ostentatious folly to meditate upon what may be the feelings with which this same morning has been ushered in to him

most deeply interested, and that to the awful amount of liberty and life in the occasion that has called them together. A little later: the military march out, as though to decorate a fête; the second Irish army, arrayed in the national and emblematic colour of the emerald, adds to the general pomp, and in appearance scarce inferior to the former, increases the imposing spectacle of the collected force. Meanwhile, rapidly and from different quarters, arrive in quick succession the various country gentlemen, whose different modes of conveyance, as they singly arrive, draw the attention of all, and either elicit praise and excite envy, or

also in vast multitudes arrived to reinforce the coteries of the town, give by their presence the finishing touch to the gay and lively character of this scene of heartless pleasure and unfeeling mirth. The day gradually wears on : at last a stir is heard, the murmur passes from mouth to mouth, " they are in sight," every eye strains with looking, every heart beats high with expectation, a movement is perceived in the swelling crowd, a column of dust rises in the distance, the mob gives way and opens,—the rattling of wheels is heard, and the sheriff's avant-couriers (ill-mounted but richly liveried bailiffs in disguise, but harmless now), gallop on in front, armed with white staves; behind follow the equipages of the judges and high-sheriffs; the troops present arms, and the crowd is gratified by the announcement—that their lordships the judges have arrived.

CHAPTER VIII.

But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

As you Like It.

THE process of criminal trials with their varied



regularity with which proceedings in appearance needless and possibly ridiculous (from the gravity and importance with which forms and observances, by the superficial, perhaps regarded as frivolous and unmeaning ceremonies and mere useless mummeries, but in reality most wisely designed for a particular and specific purpose, as well as actually necessary for the maintenance of justice and the preservation of liberty)—are carefully attended to and punctually discharged with undeviating precision.

These and similar circumstances, all, no doubt, of high and absorbing interest, have been already by repeated delineation made so familiar to almost all, that any repetition here would not only be a tiresome digression, but a dangerous attempt, as involving a competition more than ordinarily hazardous upon a ground where there are already in honourable occupation so many powerful rivals to cope withal. Exercising then the necessary forbearance and self-denial for such relinquishment, I stop not to enter into any of those particulars. Throughout the time previous to his trial, I had, since my return, been a daily visiter to O'Donnell,

on most occasions remaining as long as the prison rules would permit; and Emily, accompanied more than once by her father, also constantly came to see my poor friend. Though it is usual to paint suspense as the worst of horrors, yet I will frankly own that the rapid approach of the solution of all our doubts was not welcomed, and the last morning as I walked to the prison through the bustling and lively streets, my heart sunk within me: even to O'Donnell himself—brave, prepared, and devoted as he was—its arrival was not greeted as the hour to end the painful torments of uncertainty. Immediately on my return from Dublin, I made O'Donnell send for the attorney recommended to me for

to the threatened giving up of his case by Mr. Gibbons, in consequence of an obstinacy properly enough termed criminal by this gentleman, we found it impossible to make O'Donnell say where it was that he had had the interview and held the consultation positively sworn by Foster to have taken place, on the night in question, between him and Tyrawley; it was in vain too that Mr. Wakefield, as soon as he arrived, pressed him on this head, assuring him, as really was the case, that all the other circumstances were so strongly corroborative of his guilt, that notwithstanding the full belief he himself and all O'Donnell's friends yielded of the truth of his asserted innocence, it was impossible to combat the proofs, direct and clear of the prosecution, established beyond all doubt or difficulty of his having been actually in the secret of the intended attack, and of his presence among the rebels at the very instant of its most critical and dangerous moment, unless that there were some persons, other than themselves, privy to this interview with Foster and Tyrawley, who could be produced to testify the nature of that transaction, in contradiction to Foster's sworn assertions, which

could not possibly be refuted by the mere interested denial of the prisoner, whom they affected. If too any one could be found of sufficiently respectable character, to make his testimony credible, and who from actual knowledge was in a condition to speak to the fact of where Mr. O'Donnell really had passed the interval between the breaking up of that conference and his subsequent appearance at Morton Castle. Wakefield repeatedly continued to say, that unless O'Donnell would overcome his objections to divulge these important points, he really saw no sort of defence that could be attempted,—all was however vain, and Mr. Wakefield having been that morning to see O'Donnell

of his having, in saving the life of Sir Morton Merville, opposed directly the designs of the insurgents; and if a verdict go against us I have hopes that it may be accompanied by a recommendation to mercy, though here, I must not conceal from you, nor have I done so from O'Donnell either, that upon this hope I should not repose full confidence: the present you see is a case of such vast public importance, and one upon which so much stress will be laid by one class of their supporters, as testing the sincerity of their resolution to keep clear of undue partiality for either side, that the government will be allowed very little discretion; and the enormity of the crime will forbid any sympathy in the fate of a man whose guilt clearly established in open court will not be disbelieved by the world at large, but little inclined to separate the particular character of the individual from their consideration of the crime itself."

It was therefore but little strange that, with hopes so slender existing in his advocate, the coming of his day of trial was to O'Donnell an hour of bitter agony; public attention had been, from the nature of the case, and the unusual

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jury was sworn, the prisoner
"not guilty" delivered in a
troubled voice, regularly res
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nous address on opening, entered into the political aspect of the crime, and concluded by dwelling on the sanguinary and desperate nature of the outrage, and then proceeded to call his witnesses, which, as he added, was done more out of form than anything else, as the case was perfectly clear, and the evidence he should offer quite conclusive. One of the first names I heard summoned to ascend the table was Langley, whose delight in courts of justice extended by no means beyond that in which he was capable of presiding; and at no time did he feel much pleasure in appearing in them in any subordinate character, his property not entitling him (though the antiquity of his family well might) to a place on the grand panel—on the present occasion, however, all his ordinary dislike increased into positive abhorrence by the very ridiculous figure he cut, in being obliged to admit he knew nothing of the matter whatever—this, from so active a magistrate, was a sad admission to make in public court; and as they next called Sir Morton, whom they had put second, wishing rather to establish their case through an uninterested person, Wakefield good-naturedly let Langley easily off,

only remarking as he descended, "on your oath, Mr. Langley, had you dined at this time?" The failure of Langley's evidence disconcerted the prosecution for the moment. Sir Morton's evidence went no further than we have already seen, clearly however proving that when stricken down by the rebels, a man from their ranks (identifying the prisoner, "that is he,") stopped the arm of one of the insurgents who was about to dispatch him.

Several of the servants next followed; my appearance having been dispensed with at the request of Wakefield, by the Attorney-general and Serjeant Revell, this latter now acting on behalf of the Crown as Solicitor-general—that office being

excited a good deal of merriment, particularly when, upon his being asked whether he had himself suffered personally, the question being intended to elicit the fact of his having received a shot through his cap, when in the discharge of his duty; he replied, with great *naiveté*, "Yes, I have suffered very much indeed; I have lost quite a new chako, which these rascals have made a hole in and completely spoiled, and which I got quite new just before we left Dublin, costing me, I assure you, many days' pay; my lords," he continued, turning to the bench, "these are very hard times for us old soldiers; and I hope, therefore, it will be distinctly understood by your lordships that I am entitled to the whole of the reward in this case, as I was the first person who drew Captain Rooney's attention to the prisoner. I am very sorry for him, but I felt it was my duty to do it."

He was cut short by the Attorney-general observing, abruptly, "quite enough, Captain Gautois, quite enough, as my learned brethren opposite don't seem to have any questions for you, you may now go down."

"Stay one moment, Captain Gautois," said

Wakefield, "only just this: did you see, or was it reported to you by any of those under your command, that the prisoner at the bar acted in any hostile manner?"

A negative reply followed from him, as well as to a similar question addressed to each of his subalterns, who were successively brought up after him. Lieutenant Gorget having been also asked whether he was in the habit of reading the public papers; and if so, whether any of the accounts of insurrectionary outrages, so common in them, had ever in his opinion at all come up to what he saw at Morton Castle? When the Crown had done with

and correct account of all our moves than any other, and it invariably gives the names of officers going on detachment, which is most gratifying and very useful intelligence. In fact, I read it because I think it ought to be encouraged."

The host of almost unnecessary witnesses was now still further augmented by the additional summons of Rooney to the table, who also established the fact of the mode of the prisoner's arrest, admitting, however, his having saved the life of Sir Morton Merville, and that no act of hostility had been witnessed by him upon the prisoner's part. He also described the arrest of Tyrawley in a wounded condition. The sworn depositions of Foster having been previously admitted in proof of the prisoner's having shared in the deliberation with Tyrawley and himself before the attack, the case seemed conclusive. A painful and gloomy persuasion of O'Donnell's guilt appeared to pervade the whole body of people collected in the court, when Wakefield rose to address the jury; who, though lending him their attention, seemed to do so with an unwilling expression, as that of men convinced of his only performing an advo-

cate's duty in making the best of a bad cause. Gradually however, as he proceeded, they listened with greater attention, and appeared to follow his reasonings. After a lengthened and feeling address, in the course of which, dismissing a technical and purely legal view of the case, he carefully examined and attentively compared together all the various circumstances, and concluded nearly in these words: "Gentlemen, I have now to thank you for the patient attention with which you have favoured me throughout a longer trespass upon your time, than anything short of the vital interests at stake would have justified. My lords

last, fall upon those who have shed blood), that, in after years, the majesty of offended justice shall be vindicated in the persons of others, really the criminals, and who, perchance, before they expiate the crime now falsely charged against that young man, may tell the world how innocently he suffered. Look forward to that moment, gentlemen, and prefigure to yourselves what your feelings will be in that hour; and remember now, that all you will then have to offer will be vain and unavailing regrets—but an empty retribution, for having sacrificed an honourable and an upright man to an erroneous conviction, based on the illusory foundation of mere circumstance, and supported by no better prop than the perjured deposition of a wretch infamous in character, polluted by guilt, debased by cowardice, and rendered loathsome and offensive to all mankind, and for all time, by an odious treachery, perpetrated at the bidding, and by the connivance of the public authorities, who, loading him with the spoils of his infamy, send him abroad; a creature so foul, so pestilent, and so obnoxious to scorn, as that they dare not produce him here in the open day-

...assert my sincere belief
that young man; and by that
name do I now adjure you to w
before you return, as your ve
O'Donnell is guilty of havin
outrage, with which he now stand

As he sat down, a kind of half m
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negative, the utter hopelessness of O'Donnell's case seemed to strike every individual present, and a deep gloom overspread all countenances. At this moment, a bustling noise was heard in the remote part of the court-house, and a kind of scuffle, as of some one pressing through the crowd, and endeavouring to force a passage forward in opposition to the will of those already in occupation, and in spite of the efforts and remonstrances of the policemen.

“ Mr. Sheriff, I desire you will have silence preserved, said the presiding judge in an austere voice, and all eyes by an involuntary impulse turned in the direction from whence the noise proceeded; when a man was seen vigorously pushing his way despite all obstacles, so as to get near the dock, within which the prisoner was sitting; not, however, succeeding in getting sufficiently close, he threw a note which he held in his hand towards O'Donnell, accompanying the action with the words, “ read this immediately,” having first rolled it up into a kind of little ball or pellet, which missing its aim, fell short of the intended mark, and rolled upon the floor outside the enclosed space called the

dock. Several persons at once stooped together to pick it up, and one gentleman having secured it, was in the act of handing it to O'Donnell for whom, though without address, the letter appeared to be intended, when a police constable officiously interfering seized the note forcibly from his hand—an act of brutal and insolent interference which called forth a general cry of “shame, shame,” and groans of disapprobation; immediately, however, checked by the loud voice of the crier commanding silence.

The High-sheriff standing up in his box, desired to be informed by their lordships whether they wished that the note should, or should not, be given to the prisoner?

an air of indescribable dignity, and with a calmness that gave his person and movements an expression almost majestic, fixing his eyes upon the Chief Justice, said, "Am I to understand, my lord, that I have free authority to peruse the contents of this letter?"

His lordship bowed his head with a courteous and compassionate acquiescence, and as the prisoner rapidly glanced over the few hasty lines it contained, an expression of anxious sympathy dwelt upon the grave countenance of the venerable judge, shared indeed by all present; in the same few seconds, Wakefield and myself standing on a bench beneath, raised ourselves close to and on a level with O'Donnell, the letter ran thus:—

"How can it be that you neglect your own life and safety thus? Phelan, you well know, can prove your innocence; besides, there was another person in the house who heard all, and saw all; though Foster and Tyrawley knew not of it; desire your counsel to call Father Phelan."

"Never will I compromise another to save myself," said O'Donnell, and he tore the note to pieces; but Wakefield had read it also, as well as

myself, and immediately turning to the bench, "Yes, my lords, we have a witness to produce."

"I refuse his testimony," cried O'Donnell, almost bursting from the dock; but the crier had already summoned the Rev. James Phelan, and the name was again repeated by the police stationed outside; but no answer was returned—no one appeared. The name was again bellowed out, but with no better effect, and the excited flush of hope was already dying from Wakefield's face. Continuing to stand near O'Donnell, I heard him audibly, though to himself, exclaim, "Thank heaven, they have not been able to make me a traitor to the old man."

any announcement of the priest's being forthcoming would first be conveyed, had merely listened to what the gentleman said in the beginning, as one of the innumerable hints and suggestions with which he had for the last ten minutes been on all sides bored and plagued; as is very frequently the case, every one officiously, and perhaps with good intentions, though with most evil consequences, as perplexing and confusing beyond measure the person they mean to assist, volunteering their opinions and advice. But when at the close, he added—"I know all, call me." Wakefield turned anxiously round, and starting back with astonishment, exclaimed—"Good God! can it be—do I see aright? this is worse and worse—as I live, it is indeed Sir George Green!"

"No danger, my worthy friend, only make haste and put me on the table."

It is impossible to adequately paint the surprise and astonishment, amounting to positive wonder, with which the unexpected appearance of this outlawed man was viewed by all who were old enough fully to recollect the occurrences of former days. The judges actually seemed to forget all that was

going on, and sat staring in stupid wonder, as though at the sudden reappearance of one long since consigned to the grave. His evidence, delivered quietly, connectedly, and with great self-possession, embraced the details of his having learned very alarming accounts abroad, of the unfortunate course the prisoner, his nephew, had adopted on coming to Ireland—his great anxiety in consequence—his having after considerable difficulty succeeded in obtaining permission to come to Ireland for a short time, with a view of prevailing upon the prisoner to relinquish the mistaken career upon which he had entered, and apply himself to the profession for which he was intended.

in that neighbourhood. I went to the house of Mr. Phelan, with whom I had been acquainted many years, and whose high worth and excellent moral character, are well known—from him I learned that O'Donnell would be there that very evening, for that two other persons, Foster and Tyrawley I mean, with whom the prisoner was more or less associated in some plans, the exact scope or tendency of which I do not well know, though I fear of a dangerous and mischievous character, were to meet my nephew there. Mr. Phelan, I know, was not privy to the exact matter they were to meet upon, and his not appearing here, I impute to some ungrounded apprehension of its being supposed that he is conscious of or committed to something criminal—in fact he solemnly promised me that he would appear. Well, I was in the house when they arrived—I was concealed in the apartment they occupied—I was anxious to know how far my nephew was implicated, and what were his designs. I heard the entire of what passed—something was said by Foster at the beginning about an attack on Morton Castle, which was immediately scouted with in-

dignation by my nephew. I think the exact words he used were : he 'wondered to hear a gentleman propose a proceeding only worthy of a common housebreaker,' at all events, they were to that purport. Foster then said, 'it was only in joke, and to see what my nephew would say.' "

The conversation then turned on other subjects, and in the end a reference was made to the prisoner's being an object of solicitude to one of the inmates of Morton Castle, and he was taxed with lukewarmness and treachery by Foster ; high words passed between them, Tyrawley and Foster left immediately. My nephew did not leave with

tinguished Mr. Phelan's voice and the prisoner's. I also heard shots firing. I arose, and looking out I beheld a house on fire: from what Phelan and the prisoner said, I learned that it was Morton Castle. The prisoner expressed his disbelief that it could be at all connected with Foster: Phelan reminded him of what had been said as it were in joke that evening. The prisoner expressed unqualified disgust at the outrage. Phelan subsequently declared his apprehension of the family being butchered, upon which the prisoner announced his determination to go to the rescue, from which Phelan strove to dissuade him, by referring to the probability of the soldiers beating off any attack. The prisoner, however, persisted in his resolution of going, as he said soldiers could not beat off the flames. Mr. Phelan, finding he could not prevent his going, forced him to put on a mask, which the prisoner acquiesced in, upon its being pointed out to him that he would be in danger from Foster and his followers. I did not myself go. I should certainly have wished to have done so. I did not consider him doing wrong, but far the reverse. My chief reason for

not also going to assist in saving the family, was that having given a solemn pledge to the government when I obtained permission to come over, that I would in no way interfere in the party strife or disturbances in this country, I feared my presence might be in some way or other so misrepresented as to expose me to the suspicion of having broken my parole. The reason of Mr. Phelan's not going I conceive to have mainly been great feebleness from age, and perhaps too, a somewhat naturally timid constitution of mind." This testimony finished, Serjeant Revell was already on his legs, representing the doubtful worth of evidence from so

that had before kept him back from a fear of becoming mixed up in transactions the termination of which it was impossible for him to foresee, and which might possibly end by placing him in a dangerous and certainly a doubtful position, now voluntarily came forward. As it was, he however seemed frightened out of his wits; it was in vain to press him with questions, not one word of direct answer could be obtained at first, as he continued pouring forth broken and detached sentences expressive of his whole and complete innocence of any bad intentions in permitting Tyrawley and Foster to meet at his house; and it was not until he had been more than once assured from the bench that no sort of charge existed against him, that he seemed to fully comprehend his being there, not as a culprit, but as a witness; when at last he became sufficiently composed to proceed, his evidence not only tallied with, but rather corroborated the testimony of the last witness throughout, so that the only effect of a long and very severe cross-examination on the part of the Crown, conducted with every refinement of skill and artifice that could either tend to cajole, provoke, excite, surprise, or

delude the witness into a discovery of his falsehood, was to secure faith to his testimony, and ended in the entire and complete establishment of the sterling truth of his evidence. The result was a brief direction from the Chief Justice to the jury, either to discredit the two last witnesses by pronouncing the prisoner guilty of the charge against him of having levied war within the realm, by being a party to the attack on the dwelling of Sir Morton Merville, garrisoned by royal troops; or else, if on the other hand they attached credit to the evidence given by Sir George Green, and the Rev. Mr. Phelan, the only witnesses examined for the defence, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of

CHAPTER IX.

A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

Titus Andronicus.

THE sudden revulsion of feeling arising from that complete alteration in his condition caused by this unexpected and un hoped-for deliverance from infamy and death, was to O'Donnell almost too much for the calm endurance of nature, coupled with the unlooked-for discovery of a relative of whose existence he was hitherto wholly ignorant; and he who, before alone and friendless, had with unmoved nerves and unshaken constancy stood to receive the fatal intimation of his intended sacrifice, supported only by his conscious innocence, now that both friends and safety were provided for him,

when hope seemed well-nigh gone, fell senseless in the dock; my own astonishment at thus beholding again under circumstances of such extraordinary interest, my quondam mysterious visitor in London, the author of that warning to O'Donnell of which subsequent events proved the wisdom, by diverting my attention had the effect of diminishing in some degree the same overpowering sensation which I should otherwise have experienced from the fortunate alteration in my friend's fate; so that I was sufficiently cool and composed to prevent my augmenting O'Donnell's excitement by any want of self-possession and collectedness of manner in myself.

taining a variety of counts, nevertheless did not extend in the aggregate beyond the leading and principal accusation, this having been fastened upon as the gravamen of the charge, and in itself involving all the minor offences that might no doubt have been brought against him, but which were neglected, partly from the above-mentioned preponderance of the deeper crime, and also from the much greater facility the peculiar circumstances afforded for establishing his guilt of that, than for bringing the other and less important charges home to him. Accordingly, notwithstanding remonstrances from the Crown prosecutors, Wakefield succeeded in procuring the order for his instant liberation, and not many minutes after O'Donnell and myself were on the way to Morton Castle, from whence it was our intention that he should early the next morning set out for a marine villa belonging to Sir Morton Merville, upon the coast of Clare, and situate in a very retired part of that remote and little frequented quarter of the world, only used during the summer season as a bathing-lodge; and that O'Donnell should remain concealed there until such time as arrangements

could be made for providing him with some means of transport to the continent; as Wakefield had, in a few minutes conference after the termination of the trial, told O'Donnell that the Attorney-general positively declared to him, that it was the intention of the government to prosecute him for other matters of a seditious character, alleged against him by Foster; and for which, since the commencement of the late trial, full and abundant evidence had been furnished, so that no sort of doubt existed of their succeeding; upon which, they were now more than ever intent, from the recent failure; and in consequence, Wakefield gave it as his decided opinion, that it would be actual

she felt in him, now for the first time came with full conviction upon her heart, before in a great measure unconscious of the extent to which the passion she had long so fatally nursed had fastened upon her, and in reality taken possession of her whole heart and soul; and in this hour of separation and eternal bereavement from the object upon whom all her affections were bestowed, the intensity of her feeling, now forcibly presented itself to her mind in all the invigorated strength which the certainty of being lost invariably generates; and the picture of the happiness which a union with him would have secured to her, derived that enhanced and almost exaggerated value with which every thing unattainable and out of reach is so tantalizingly invested. She had not for the last day or two quitted the house, and in an excited and nervous condition, the announcement of my arrival led her hastily to enter the parlour, into which O'Donnell and myself had been shewn, and unaware that there was any one with me, she took no pains to conceal the tears which bespoke the deep affliction, as she grasping my hand exclaimed, "Well, what of my poor O'Donnell; have they

murdered him?" at the same instant, perceiving a third person whom, as the light was but imperfect, she did not instantly recognise, she changed her tone and manner into one of more reserve, adding, "I was not aware any one was with you—but gracious heavens! what do I behold? Mr. O'Donnell himself! what does this mean—has he effected his escape from their hands?"

"No, Emily," I added, "you behold in our dear friend, a man guiltless, pronounced innocent by a jury of his countrymen, and not an escaped felon; but Emily, let us have some refreshment, for after all that O'Donnell has this day gone through, he stands much in need of it, and of temporary rest.

I apprised her of all the circumstances: the extraordinary discovery to O'Donnell of his before unknown relative—the fortunate appearance of Phelan—his acquittal, and the subsequent course recommended by Wakefield; and proceeded to say that, notwithstanding all her father's protestations of gratitude, and indeed his open proofs of its sincerity, still he did not yet so utterly disregard his own interest as to wish to make himself obnoxious to the government, by having O'Donnell for his visitor—now that, by his acquittal and consequent removal of the actual danger incurred upon his account, the debt was in a great measure cancelled, and any further intercourse rendered needless. Yet, that as I was aware Sir Morton would not be able to return that evening, and as I was anxious, as rapidly as possible to remove O'Donnell, and did not know of any one to whose fidelity I could trust, I had conceived my best course was to bring him there under an assumed name, and as a friend of mine from Dublin, in which character I presented him to the servants, and that it was our intention to start early the following morning for the coast of Clare.

...ed, "he
you propose, in the mor-
thing in his look to-night
there is a serious illness &
you not perceive the un-
and the rapid changes from
paleness? his hands, too,
coals as he bid me good-ni-
a parched and a dry appear-
all he has gone through, tog-
excitement, will do him harm."

Emily was in the event con-
the approaching symptoms &
accurately detected, probably &
in the unwholesome atmosphere
by the excitement of the
full life,

first summons; and, supposing him to be still asleep, I drew the curtain, when, instead of answering me with alacrity, he appeared lost in a confused and uncertain apprehension of things, and did not even recognise me.

“Is it the hour already?” he said. “Well, sir, I am ready; but do not pinion me. I shall not resist. I am not afraid to die—lead on there. Who do you call yourself? my uncle! ha! ha! do you hear that, Tarleton? They all wish to claim acquaintance with me, now that I have succeeded—but see—she is my wife! O how happy shall we live! Stay, villain! do you seek to escape me whom you have so injured? Die, Foster, and disgrace humanity no more!”

In such broken and incoherent sentences did he pour the wild ravings of his fevered delirium. I felt his pulse beat like the galloping of a race-horse, strong as the stroke of a smith's hammer, and again weak and fluttering; his forehead hot and dry, and his temples actually perceptibly throbbing. What was now to be done? to continue our projected journey was impossible; to remain where he was, for many reasons, equally out of

the question. I therefore flew to consult with Emily, who was already risen, and ready to see us off. At first, this unexpected calamity completely overwhelmed us with the increased and complicated difficulties with which it now surrounded us. However, after a long and anxious deliberation, we came to the resolution of endeavouring to prevail upon an elderly widow woman, who rented a tolerably large farm under Sir Morton Merville, about three miles from the Castle, to take O'Donnell into her house. With this woman Emily was well acquainted, and upon very intimate terms, from having been in the habit of making her house a frequent resting-place in her

ing disturbances, we succeeded in overcoming her objections and scruples. Upon her kindness and attention, the utmost dependence could be placed, and who being of a retiring and rather unsocial character, as well as from the isolated position of her residence, was not encumbered with any gossiping acquaintances. Thither then, O'Donnell was removed, in the course of the evening, having been first visited by a medical gentleman, a very old practitioner, long the confidential physician of Sir Morton's family, and a gentleman with whom I was upon the most friendly terms of intimacy, and of whose discretion I had no sort of doubt. To him I openly explained the real facts and exact nature of the case; and I had not only his positive promise of keeping my counsel himself, but also of his inventing such a plausible account of his patient, as would disarm the suspicions of any over curious inquirer. Many days passed before this gentleman was able to assure us of any hope of poor Gerald's surviving the heavy illness that had visited him, and even when at last the crisis was passed, and that the youth and good constitution of the patient had flung back the

invading march of death, it was many weeks before he recovered sufficient strength to walk abroad; so severely had he been shaken by the terrible trial he had gone through, and even then, when recovering, it was only to again become sensible to an existence and a life, whose every prospect was blighted by the immediate stain and slur cast upon his reputation as a disloyal and suspected character: to this he was even more than sufficiently alive himself, and with the prevailing impetuosity of his character, he magnified in a tenfold degree the unfortunate imputation, undeniably existing in the minds of too many, upon his fair fame, however well-inclined all who knew him were fully to ex-

so completely was he cast down, so utterly did the melancholy consequences of his once bright and brilliant conceptions now overwhelm him with a mournful despondency. With those gloomy misgivings as to his utter and complete failure in life, together with the blasted and ruined name which he now conceived to be his own, despite the warm assurances of his immediate friends; it was a point of honour with him and one vigorously enforced, not further to continue in the indulgence of that soft illusion, which during the period of his long illness had, in the continued and unremitting care and attention of Emily, acquired a stronger hold over them both than either was well aware of; and it was in the fulfilment of his firm resolution to forego all the happiness for himself that such a connexion might have secured, rather than permit the enthusiastic kindness and unsophisticated warm heartedness of a young and lovely girl to hurry her into the contraction of a romantic love-match with a man so unworthy, as he now taught himself to believe he was accounted, and of a reputation so blasted as he fancied his to be,—that he now communicated to Emily and myself his anxious

wish to relieve us of the trouble and hazard his continuance in concealment with our privacy, necessarily entailed upon us, and that he felt himself quite strong enough for the exertion of the journey to the point from which it had all along been settled he should embark; and in accordance with this arrangement, I gave instructions to a confidential agent to make the requisite preparations for a secret move to Sir Morton's bathing-lodge, whither we were to set out as soon as intelligence should be received of the time at which a pleasure-yacht, belonging to a friend of Sir George Green's, could be brought round to the intended place to convey him across to Cherbourg. A regular and

at the time leave had been given to Sir George for a temporary visit to Ireland: indeed, the general outcry made on the occasion of O'Donnell's acquittal and escape, rendered such a step necessary on the part of government.

At length, a letter was received stating that the yacht would be off that part of the coast where the little watering-place called Miltown Malbay is situated, on the third day from that on which the letter arrived, and that, if the weather were favourable, she would keep about there for forty-eight hours; remaining, however, a considerable distance from the shore. In conformity with these directions O'Donnell and myself were on the following day to start on horseback, disguised as country farmers, and dressed in large frieze top-coats, with great hob-nailed shoes. Every thing then being settled, and the appointed hour arrived, the parting of O'Donnell and Emily alone remained, and it was continued to such length that I was obliged to remind them of the necessity of our going, when O'Donnell with a violent effort mastering his emotion, and shaking off the weakness that almost rendered him irresolute, taking the hand of Emily

in his own, thus addressed her: "Farewell Miss Moville, farewell Emily! here then we part, never so far as this world is concerned again to meet: here, from this spot of time upon which we both now stand, do I behold clearly marked two paths that, diverging, from this moment strike away in opposite directions, over the chequered landscape of our future years, varied as they are by hills and valleys, the storms and intervening temporary calms of life. Look, and you, too, shall behold them. See this one, which, tracking its course through the wild desolation of yon mountainous country, scathed as it seems by the anger of heaven.

fusion, but its promise is marred by blight and mildew, and along its sides the fallen roses shed their withered leaves before the blast of a premature autumn. Still though to the eye, at present, there is no tendency to converge, yet with a prophetic second-sight do I behold them, as they cross the dark stream of death, approach more near, and gradually approximating, climb together and mount that hill, whose lofty eminence you behold afar off, bathed in light and clad in splendour. See Emily, see! I speak no longer figuratively; look, as the sun descends behind yonder mountain, with what a lustre is its top mantled and canopied. Behold those clouds extending on either side, far, far away beyond the reach of sight; in the centre blazing in the glorious light of heaven's fire, they form as it were the radiant entrance to its mansions; whilst the dark line of arches formed by the huge piles of cloud around, seem the barrier-wall that encircles Paradise. There it is that those paths unite, and there—there, at last, we meet. Meanwhile we part. So now Emily, take in maiden modesty the first kiss of the bridegroom you are affianced to on high,

and as it is the first from thine, so it is the last that woman's lips shall imprint on mine. And now, why do I linger? God bless you, Miss Merville! Emily, my Emily, farewell!" A second more, and Emily Merville was alone.

CHAPTER X.

Unfathomable sea, whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears;
Thou shoreless flood, that in thy ebb and flow
Claspeth the limits of mortality,
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomiteth thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,
Treach'rous in calm, and terrible in storm;
Who shall put forth on thee, unfathomable Sea!

Shelley.

Sail on, sail on, my bark with thee,
I'll go athwart the foaming sea;
Nor care what land thou bearest me to,
So not again to mine.

Byron.

OUR road to the coast lay for a considerable extent through that extraordinary tract of country comprehended in that part of the county of Clare, known by the name of Burrin; the aspect of which is very remarkable, presenting to the eye the appearance of one continuous and unbroken face of rock and limestone, extending upon all sides as far as the view can reach; the dreary desolation and

savage wildness of which, are unrelieved by the growth of any timber or plantation whatever, and unenlivened by habitations of any kind; the sameness being only interrupted by occasional elevations of the surface, forming rapid and abrupt eminences of no great altitude; though in the stern and bold prominence with which they challenge observation and attract the sight, there is a degree of almost grandeur, caused by the air of severe pride with which they stand out from the bleak and rugged wilderness that surrounds them.

Still, notwithstanding the apparently unproductive nature of this soil, we were informed by the

whom I have already alluded to as having been employed to pilot us through this unknown quarter, informed us differed widely, both in the mode of their collection and the object for which they are intended—a sort of funereal emblem, to mark the spot upon which, during times of disturbance not very remote, a homicide had been perpetrated, it being the habit of the peasants in passing by to contribute, by each casting a stone to the heap, to the perpetuation of this dismal and terrific memento. Gradually emerging from this rocky fastness, whose roads are measured by milestones so significant, we rapidly crossed the intervening plain that remained between us and the sea, our proximity to which was first announced by the sullen and heavy moaning of the great Atlantic, to which we now approached, and which along this dreadful shore roars with a louder voice than the grand and sublime tones of this fearful element command even on the smooth and sandy surface of a pebbly beach.

The house before referred to as used by Sir Morton Merville's family as a bathing-lodge in the summer months, and to which we were now

autumn, a peculiarly exp
sat by the fireside in th
jected and melancholy, t
the wind round the bon
imaginary cries of evil sp
fears and weakness of hum
of the angry wave, as it
potent fury on the beach,
prolonged groan with which
off, it rushed back, carrying
gulphed in the whirl of its
immense large round stones th
in this spot, and which, rollin
bawl aloud in their distress, an
lessly hurled back by the bell
succeeds; then
and for . . .

to find that what I had conceived to be a severe storm was not so in reality; and that the great proximity to the shore, and the at all times uneasy working of the waters of this vast ocean, had imparted to a particularly moderate night an appearance of commotion, at once dispelled by day-light. At first, indeed, the whole surface of the water seemed smooth and even, wearing that glassy look which this great mirror of nature at times holds broadly forth to image the bright firmament above; occasionally, however, when watched attentively, might be marked a slight furrow rising above the level, extending to an interminable length on either side, which slowly and gradually swept on, and then spending itself, without breaking, imperceptibly sunk down into its former plane, giving birth to a new rise, that again generated another, until the last threw itself, in a heavy surf, upon the beach. So that upon setting out in the four-oared boat we had been able to hire at the neighbouring fishing village, in order to board the yacht, which, with the help of a glass, we had descried in the offing, and whose appearance had excited various surmises among the brethren of

the net and hook, we found anything but the smooth motion a distant view had promised. The prevalence, for some days past, of a south-easterly wind, which had now fortunately chopped round to the northward, had produced a long heavy ground-swell, which bore us upon its wide and deep unbroken waves, that, throwing our bow aloft, and lifting upon its back our tiny bark, lightly as its own bubbles, rolled proudly on, smooth and tranquil, in long majestic folds, from under us, casting us from off its wide shoulders, as though spurning the unworthy burden, into the cavern it had left behind, again

course, despite the huge walls that successively rise before you, and the loud dash of the boat's bottom against the wave it charges, together with the rapid motion that carries you down after you have overleaped its top, must for ever make the pulse beat quick, the eye flash bright and clear, and a feeling of exciting triumph pervade the whole senses. Who—O! who is there but must sympathise at such moments, with the great poet of the sea, and marvel less at the tone of inspiration that marks his sublime compositions, when he thus comes in contact with the mighty muse that made him write as none could write, but one who felt:

“ O, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the water's wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way !”

“ Once more upon the waters, yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed
That knows his rider—welcome to the roar !
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead,
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed.”

“ There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave !”

But enough of these quotations, which recurring rapidly and haphazard to memory, might be multiplied a hundredfold; but alas! the lines of genius that head this chapter, for ever recur to damp the enthusiasm of the lover of nature by their fatal and too true analogy. Still standing up in my boat as we pulled back to shore, after I had bid a brief but melancholy adieu to my noble, high-minded, but fatally misled friend, I could not help gazing in rapture upon the light white sails of the little cutter, contrasting with the dark and threatening cliffs of Moher, that rose beetling in air, fit barrier to stem the tides that lave their feet, and lash with unending fury their bold broad front, stretching

to no human inspiration, that—

“They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;”

and can appreciate that fine and graphic description—

“Chaque cordage de ces bâtiments se dessine, à l’œil sur le fond bleu et pourpre du ciel de la nuit, comme les fibres d’un squelette gigantesque et décharné, vu du loin à la lueur pâle et immobile des lampes de Westminster ou Saint Denis. Le lendemain, ces squelettes doivent reprendre la vie, étendre des ailes repliées comme nous, et s’envoler ainsi que des oiseaux de l’océan, pour aller se poser sur d’autres rivages.”

Whose author under a religious fervour has thrown enough poesy into his prose to make him ten times a poet, were there nothing else; son, worthy of a nation, that is honoured in having given birth to the illustrious author of the “Génie du Christianisme.” Alas! that the infidelity of this nation should be avouched by authority so unimpeachable as that of the gifted and distinguished De Lamartine:

“Et pourquoi ceci? parceque ces hommes portent un uniforme qu’ils appellent,—Français du dix-neuvième siècle.”

What an empty and most shallow reason! O,

“Conclusion most lame and impotent!”

And certainly the wild loveliness of the ocean-wanderer's life, the Arab of the marine desert, thus boldly figured in that expressive passage, at this instant forcibly recurred to my mind, as this winged creature of life and motion flew away to, on the morrow or the next, deposit poor O'Donnell on a foreign shore.

CHAPTER XI.

So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
Consulting "the Society for Vice
Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

• • • • •

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea ;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?

Don Juan.

HAVING thus, at last, seen O'Donnell fairly off and beyond all possibility of danger, though necessarily grieved at a parting under circumstances so painful, nevertheless, I could not but find my mind greatly relieved from the heavy and oppressive apprehensions of any discovery of his continuance in Ireland, under which I had for a considerable time past laboured, the effect of which to him must, I knew, be disastrous in the extreme, in consequence of the furious exasperation which his escape had

excited in the self-dubbed loyalists, *par excellence*, and whose disappointed and baffled vengeance wreaked itself in loud complaints against the government for not only lukewarmness in their efforts to restrain disturbances, but in charges neither equivocal nor measured, of positive connivance in the wilful frustration of justice, which O'Donnell's acquittal and immediate discharge involved. These proceedings necessarily had the effect of goading on the authorities to an ardent desire of vindicating their character, by the seizure and punishment of O'Donnell, or any other person similarly committed, which was exhibited in the

vance at his concealment, which was sufficient (literally taken) to make Emily and myself as well as the medical attendant accessories, and still less liable to any imputation, even in the mind of O'Donnell's most virulent opponents, remotely partaking of disgrace or dishonour in having stood by my friend when in flight and danger ; yet that with my father, any chivalrous considerations of this kind would avail me little, as a protection against the heavy displeasure already so strongly manifested in the severe denunciations and actual inflictions which the much more trivial error of maintaining a correspondence and intercourse with Gerald, whilst still comparatively innocent, had drawn down upon me. With Sir Morton Merville too, whom I had found, despite his usual and habitually narrow and selfish nature, a very sincere friend, I had every reason to dread that this same discovery of O'Donnell's retreat would deeply embroil me, exposing me to his bitter, and I could not but acknowledge to myself well-grounded, reproach, for encouraging the intimacy between Emily and my friend, and which unfortunately, from the peculiar character of both parties, had,

under the unexpected and unavoidable force of all powerful and irresistible circumstances (that real fate or fortune, as we please to call it, which guides and regulates us all), been converted into an attachment, hopeless, and productive of wretchedness alone; an attachment, from the position O'Donnell was placed in, certainly to be discountenanced by any friend of Emily's. From the honourable and noble relinquishment of its furtherance, or even prolonged indulgence by O'Donnell himself, it was sufficiently proved to have been not reprehensible had he been otherwise situated, and consequently one, the having indirectly contributed

I, now comparatively careless and free of mind, rode lightly on, enjoying the clear frosty air, admiring the wild scenery I passed through, and beginning once more to form hopes for the future. It is strange how misfortune seems always as it were to lay in ambush for our happier hours, as though postponing its baleful attacks during the long period of the suspense with which its expected approach torments us, and then just at the very moment of self-gratulation at the unfounded nature of the fears which have mocked us—just as debouching from the wood the loud holloa escapes our lips, the premature boast is cruelly belied, and the shuttlecock of every varying tint of hope and fear, we fly back to despair and misery, confounded and overpowered.

Scarce had I alighted ere the fond visions I had just been picturing were proved to be the merest *châteaux en Espagne* ; for, while still in the yard of Morton Castle, and about setting out to join Sir Morton, whom, as I rode up the drive, I had seen walking in the grounds near the house, but who did not appear to notice me, as he did not return the distant greeting with which I saluted him in

passing, Miss Merville's maid came running out in search of me, to say that her young mistress desired I should repair to her at once, before going to meet Sir Morton, as she particularly desired to speak with me. Altering then my purpose, and not very unwillingly exchanging the *devoirs* of a first salutation in favour of my fair cousin, instead of the more formal and less sincere welcome of her father, I proceeded to follow the *soubrette* to her mistress's boudoir, where, on entering, I was disagreeably surprised to find Emily not alone, but in the company of an antique peevish-looking person, who, in point of dress, address, and general

by Sir Morton during my absence, and elevated, *de facto*, into that distinguished post, however slight her openly avowed pretensions to its occupation might be, in consequence of their being merged in the more euphonious and better sounding denomination of a companion.

Still in what with most women might be called the prime of life, that charming second epoch to which fair ladies begin to own, after they find it impossible to further make good their claim to the long protracted period comprehended in the range of years during which they call themselves twenty-eight, Mrs. Oswin, though a widow, did not possess that ruddy complexion and attractive embonpoint, which very generally mark the "relict." Tall of person, and perchance once graceful in shape, the present positively stickish character of her long attenuated form could not by any ingenuity or bold effrontery be called slim or slender; large and not inexpressive eyes gave a pleasing enough expression to the upper part of a face furnished with a tolerably well-formed, but particularly rubicund, nose—whilst the disagreeable play of a mouth unusually wide, imparted a decidedly repulsive

and almost painful character to the whole physiognomy. Married early in life to a country squire of small and embarrassed means, who had selected her as his helpmate from a desire of connecting himself with the Mowille family, of which she was a not distant off-shoot, her wedded years were marked by a pertinacious strife for mastery on the score of her high birth, in attempting to support which, their slender means were quickly dissipated, and death, accelerated by hard drinking, the result of his unhappy mode of life, soon removed her husband, and left Mrs. Oawin to fall back upon the charitable consideration of her relative Sir

preacher, with very smooth hair and a nasal pronunciation, lately installed in a chapel of ease; thus heading a hypocritical cabal, that forgot in their zeal for doctrine all the moral duties and obligations of mutual charity and forbearance, of which such doctrine is intended to enforce the observance. Before, only honoured with an annual invitation to Morton Castle, she was now, I found, fully located as a regular inmate, in consequence of the unfortunate, and, of course, most grossly exaggerated accounts which she had conveyed in a recent letter to Sir Morton, "of a discovery she had accidentally made of a disgraceful and discreditable connexion, it pained her much to have learned, had been maintained by her dear Emily with that dreadful man Mr. O'Donnell, recently tried as a rebel—no doubt the effect of so young and innocent a creature being left so much mistress of herself, and also caused (she would not permit her respect for her excellent relative to prevent her being candid) by his own fault, in allowing to be domiciled in his house, a young man of such profligate character as Mr. Tarleton."

Sir Morton at once prudently struck with the

great oversight he had been guilty of, in having so long neglected the advantages for his child which chance had given him in the possession of a relative so considerate and so fitted by every thing that could dignify and endear a female, to watch over the still almost childhood of his beloved Emily, at once besought Mrs. Oswin, if any thing could indeed prevail upon her, to take up for the future her entire residence with him, and assist in the care and nurture of his poor orphan. To Mrs. Oswin then I was introduced by Emily, upon whose fine features I saw play a smile of ill-repressed scorn as the former received me with the most bland and

need not make any further secret of it, my kind friend Mrs. Oswin is fully acquainted with all this."

Not at that moment being aware of the complete revolution which had been effected during the brief interval of my absence, I was thunderstruck, and stood stupidly staring, without at once replying. Emily mistaking the cause of my silence quickly exclaimed, "What is it? has any thing occurred—is he not safe? is he not well—"

"Yes, Emily, my poor friend O'Donnell is at last safe, and beyond reach, but do"—

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands and looking up; "Thank God! my prayers then have been heard, and he is at last beyond the reach of his cruel enemies."

"Fie, Emily!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswin. "I really am quite ashamed of you Miss Moville, to take such interest in a lawless, horrible rebel, who would have murdered us all if he had not been very properly taken up, and I only regret that he was not hanged as an example to all such persons; but, besides this, I positively can scarcely help blushing at such expressions from a young lady; it is quite shocking."

“ Then, madam, let me recommend you not to further expose yourself to the infliction of listening to it; as for your general reflections upon the character and conduct of Mr. O'Donnell, I am at a loss whether to most congratulate you upon their good sense, or perfectly excellent taste, considering that Mr. Tarleton is, and for years has been, the intimate friend of the object of your charitable wishes; as for myself, I should deeply, indeed, lament being in so unfortunate a predicament as having to attach much importance to your approbation. In whatever position you may for the present be placed by my poor father's too credulous

shall continue to cherish sentiments of the deepest respect and admiration; and that, however a sense of duty to my father may enable me to overcome the momentary weakness into which a young and motherless girl permitted her feelings to hurry her, perhaps beyond the exact bounds of a strict prudence; yet that, so far from the struggle being rendered easy by any conviction of the object of that regard being unworthy, it will, on the contrary, cost me many a pang to tear from this bosom the recollection of him whose chivalry of character has so entwined his name and image in its thoughts, that a pure and chastened sympathy will ever link his name in my mind with an affectionate and fond wish for his welfare; and now William," she said, addressing me, "though I rejoice so far as I am myself concerned, that any concealment is at once at an end, I have to deplore upon your account this premature disclosure being brought about so much earlier than we had intended, which has been caused by the officious intermeddling of others, and I fear ruinous in its consequences to you; it was to apprise you of all this, before you went to meet my father, that I desired to see you; he has had a letter

from Sir Charles Tarleton, who has I presume, by the same channel as my father, become apprised of your interference on behalf of Mr. O'Donnell. Do not William, I implore you, permit yourself to speak unkindly to him, however harshly his present irritated and excited temperament may induce him to speak to you, perhaps, even to reproach you. Remember he is a father, and make allowance for the feelings of one who, a widowed old man, has but his child to look to; recollect this, and for my sake be not hasty."

With this pleasant interview before me, I conceived it best to anticipate the evil by forthwith

“ Well, Tarleton, I do believe your friend to be a very noble fellow, and though I cannot exactly approve your anxiety to defeat the laws, yet I will not blame you for assisting him ; he was, I trust, quite restored in health before he left. His uncle, Sir George Green, has acted in a very manly and honourable way throughout this transaction, and is I find universally respected for his decided disapproval of the mad schemes of his unfortunate and misled nephew ; but now, Tarleton, your father complains very severely of you ; here is his letter received three days after you left this, on your trip into Clare, as you said. You see he is greatly exasperated, it appears he once before had some difference with you upon this business. What am I to say to him, for I hardly know myself what to say—did you ever in any way hear of, or enter into, Mr. O'Donnell's political ideas ? You know in speaking with me on this subject, there is no obligation upon you to say anything you do not please, but of course you will be candid.”

“ Certainly, my dear Sir Morton, and I feel very conscious that your entering at all into the matter can only be from a wish for my welfare,

and I therefore have to thank you extremely for taking the trouble of treating about it, and can assure you that, so far from sympathising in the most distant degree in O'Donnell's notions, I, on the contrary, altogether condemned them, and even did all in my power to dissuade him from the course he was following before things went so far as they have gone. You must yourself well see that when we met again, down here, under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, I had no choice left me as a man of honour, but to assist and try to save him, and let what may happen I shall ever feel proud of having done so."

Sir Morton's interposition would suffice to remove any angry feeling that had been produced in the mind of Sir Charles Tarleton by my having continued to maintain a friendly intercourse with O'Donnell. The other, and, as I imagined, more serious cause of dissatisfaction having been long since removed by that fell and fatal power, whose supreme sway, gradually effacing obstacles, frequently brings about arrangements apparently impossible. In this hope I was altogether mistaken, and in having permitted to myself, for the moment, its indulgence, I only proved how slight was my acquaintance with the unrelenting and unforgiving nature of Sir Charles Tarleton. To have once dared to oppose his will was enough to secure to him that did so, the inexorable enmity of my father. I had done this, and nothing could now cancel the debt of vengeance. Unfortunately forgetting the character of the man with whom I had to deal, and to whom I had given but too good a handle to justify his persecution, I now reaped richly of that seed I had sown. Browne, by his authority, announced to me the final and complete erasure of my name from all claim

upon him or his, save a wretched annuity of one hundred pounds, upon condition of my at once leaving the kingdom for at least the term of his existence. Already the busy tongue of rumour pointed me out as the associate of O'Donnell to the fullest extent, in the desperate and criminal designs attributed to him by his enemies, in addition to what he was in reality guilty of; and even the honourable and creditable part I had adopted, in facilitating and contributing to his escape, was malignantly converted by false representations, not alone into a systematic evasion of the law of the land, but with a fiendish ingenuity actually wrested and perverted into a vil-

profligacy and improvidence, wherewith, in his dissatisfaction with my proceedings, he, with an industrious wantonness, constantly branded my name in communicating with his acquaintance. Thus thrusting me forth upon the world with a bare pittance for my existence, though to his certain knowledge deeply plunged in debt, debarred all its commonly not too extensive charities by the disgrace his rejection of me, with the professed causes of that act, involved, to struggle for myself against the strong and heavy current of calamity and infamy, as cruel as it was unearned, little deserved, and unjust. Unfortunately, my circumstances were such as left me no alternative to choose, and, with the hope of hereafter being able to discharge the heavy engagements I had contracted, I was, by my departure—wearing as it too much did, the appearance of actual flight—obliged to give this further sanction to the gross calumnies with which my name was assailed. Relinquishing, therefore, all the hopes of worldly prosperity that had before appeared to open to my view, I now prepared to bid a long adieu to a country, not unnaturally endeared to me, as the

land of my birth, but one in which all the transactions of maturer life were fraught with the gloomiest and saddest associations. Without chart or compass, to select or shape any particular course, the world was now before me. Knowing that of O'Donnell I should be able to procure certain intelligence in Paris, where his uncle Sir George Green resided, I resolved to bend my steps thither, being as cheap a place as any I could select, to eke out my slender pittance; and being, moreover, anxious to meet my former friend, who like myself, a ruined man, at least bankrupt in character, though not as I was, in means, was not an unmeet companion for me. Of Emily alone, it remained

CHAPTER XII.

“ His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone;
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good, with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded,
In their own way by all the things that she did.”

Don Juan.

“ *Bolus potassæ sulphuret—sumendus,
Et Haustus ter in die capiendus.*”

Don Juan.

My means being now no longer in so flourishing a condition as before, it became an essential matter for me to, above all things, consult that unpleasing drawback on all aspiring youths, a thrifty economy, which so often interposes its strong hand of repulse, not alone against the prosecution of empty schemes of foolish and guilty extravagance, but often checks, by the insuperable obstacles it raises, the full and

free flow of the best feelings of the human heart. How often, tied by the mere dearth of the means wherewith to move, does the anxious heart of the afflicted mother sink within her, in the long hours of gloomy suspense during which the tidings of perhaps her favourite child's last illness come regularly to hand; tantalizing proof! how slight is the interval that lies between the sick-bed, on which she knows his fevered limbs are stretched, and the place of her own abode; and short as is that interval, easy as is that transit, what an impassable barrier does it form! what a maddening grief does the want of the means of crossing the paltry space between them produce—with what jealous and

gladly turn them from the sickening struggle in which they are engaged, there to enjoy those days which, few though they be, glide on unlived by them, passed as they are amid strangers and cold-hearted indifference. Thus was I, pinched and pinned by narrow want, unable to fly to the only friend upon whose sympathy in my misfortune I knew I could reckon ; for to Emily, who had been to me as a sister, I had become so accustomed, that I actually pined—not love-sick indeed, for no such feeling existed between us, but rather it might be said home-sick. With a view then of taking leave of her before I left Dublin, which the arrangement of some of my pecuniary affairs rendered not altogether so immediate as I had at first conceived, I resolved to write to her, as I could not well contrive to spare the expense which an indulgence in the luxury of a visit for a few days would entail ; not, however, being altogether aware whether the family were at Morton Castle, as they had about the time of my leaving talked of removing to another residence of Sir Morton's, I deemed it necessary to ascertain with certainty where they then were, and accordingly proceeded to apply for

information upon this point to a family with whom Sir Morton Moville was extremely intimate, and to whom I was myself slightly known. Calling at the house, which was situated in one of the leading squares, I found a handsome equipage at the door. The carriage, which was beautifully built, in that style which the practised eye in vain looks for in the productions of any other yards than those of London alone (however greatly both Dublin and Paris are improved in this respect), was nevertheless odiously turned out, and though a very fine pair of horses were attached to it, yet the appearance of the coachman ruined the whole affair. Arrayed in a coat of superbly bright facings and

sat proudly on his bench, evidently impressed with a sincere conviction of the faultlessness of all his appointments, and seemed to receive as only his just due, the envious and respectful stare of one or two of his fellow coachees, who, standing at the neighbouring doors, neglected all attention to their own humbler vehicles, so intent were they in regarding the great man I have just described, who occupied with himself alone, heeded them not.

Knocking at the door, I asked the servant if his master were at home, and received for answer that "he was not, but that missis was;" and being ushered into the drawing-room, I found there the lady of the house, and her visitor. The former was a little quick lively bustling woman of exceedingly pleasing and agreeable manners, and very lady-like withal. Possessed of very good means, inherited from his father, who for many years held a high and lucrative appointment under government, Mr. Halford was one of the very few gentlemen residing in Dublin without any obvious necessity or cause. It being universally observable that, go into what street or quarter you may, the names of the different inhabitants that stare you

in the face, from the broad brass plates upon the doors, are with few exceptions to be found classified in the directory under some one or other of the professional heads; so that a great deal of his time hanging heavily upon his hands, during the long and tedious hours between breakfast and dinner, Mr. Halford was able to devote much attention to the profitable and instructive occupation of reading the newspapers—a practice which, diligently followed up for many years, had at last rendered him not a politician only (for in that country who is not so?) but a tolerably well-informed man in all the great public events of the day, so far as they related to the grand question

attention to the necessary *matériel*; it therefore happened that this useful penchant of his, completely relieved his better-half, whom I had come to visit, and in whose presence I now stood, from the burthensome care of attending to household matters; so that she, supplied with abundance of spare time, not being even occupied with the care of children (as she was free from this incumbrance), was considerate enough, like her lord, to allow the community to benefit by her superabundant leisure, directed indeed differently in some degree from that branch of the public service to which he had applied his attention, for, though perfectly *au courant des nouvelles*, she turned her energies more exclusively to religious institutions. The zealous and active patroness of a vast variety of different charities, to which nevertheless her own contributions were less beneficial than those numerous augmentations to their funds procured by her solicitous and untiring persecution of every one with whom she was acquainted, however slightly; the constant visitor of Sunday-schools, and infant-schools—the uniform attendant upon missionary meetings, Bible meetings and temperance meetings,

a member of innumerable tract societies, verging upon dissent of every kind, Mrs. Halford was still within the pale of the Established Church, not so much indeed from any well-founded preference of its tenets for their own intrinsic worth, as from its decided opposition to the Papists,—the absence of the wholesome check their opposition affords to dissent, in Ireland limiting much more than in England, the tendency to that course. Nevertheless, though professing as I have said, to follow the Establishment, she by no means conceived it necessary to prefer her parish church to all others, but following the fashion, having exhausted the week in attending upon different private conventicles,

description of their qualification, a recurrence to the mild, benign, and exalted humility of the apostolic age; the term "evangelical" being the only one found capable of conveying an adequate notion of the excessive goodness of a severe, sour, and crabbed denouncer of every innocent and moderate enjoyment. This man, having like Maworm providently supplied himself with a spencer, clambers up into the pulpit to hurl anathemas at the unfortunate heads of all the quiet, moral, respectable part of the community, who conceive in their stupid and wicked ignorance that the performance of the duties of the station to which it has pleased Providence to call them, forms as necessary an ingredient of sincere religion, as does *barren* faith; whose existence can only be nominal, since the healthy tree may as well send back to earth the sap that rises in it, and still want in spring the growing bud and opening leaf, as can sincere and Christian faith exist, of which the evangelicals talk so much, if in their actions be uncharitable misconception and wilful misconstruction of all their neighbours' motives. Against such quiet respectable portion of church-going

people, it is invariably the delight of the "dear man"—the favourite of the day—to launch his heaviest thunderbolts, and in hot pursuit of such, would Mrs. Halford drag her horses, and her servants, and herself, from church to church, Sunday after Sunday, round the whole city, neglecting the calm and rational discourse to be delivered in her parish church, where the rector and his congregation were of opinion that our sublime Liturgy was the principal thing, and the sermon only secondary; thither her husband always went on Sunday, with as much regularity, but scarcely as much zeal (this was *his* fault), as he on week-days at the same

called paintings from the Flemish school, and a connoisseur in Dresden china, and other articles of vertu, old and ugly, useless but antique, — she could at any time run off two hours and a half at a sitting in a linen-draper's shop, and by no means despised the purchase of flannels and blankets. Superadded to which was a slight smattering in anatomy, chirurgery, chemistry and materia-medica. Mrs. Halford could talk fluently of acids and alkalis, and knew how soda-water was made, bottling and all, — was familiar with the three processes of fermentation, and spoke learnedly of glands and arteries — called her chest her thorax, and her throat her larynx, — was aware that the pericranium and periosteum were one and the same thing under different names, — was quite convinced that the liver lay on the right side, and was as perfectly *au fait* at the diseases of that organ as any members of the “lower house,” — was quite at home in sudorifics, and dwelt with confidence on the power of depletion and drastick medicines; invariably denominated bleeding phlebotomy, called a bowel complaint an epidemy, and never ate vegetables, — was able to decipher the bog latin and hieroglyphics

of the most erudite and mystic scroll that the united Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians could produce, had herself prescribed an infallible specific for "heartburn, indigestion, and all the rest of the unpleasant symptoms of too free an indulgence in the pleasures of the table," as the advertising *Æsculapiuses* have it, had also made a tolerably accurate hit at the origin of gout, or as she loved to call it, the arthritis; and had speculated pretty freely (and, not to speak it with disrespect, almost as successfully as some of the most eminent practitioners) on the nature of Asiatic cholera, taking incidentally, *en passant*, a side glance into the concomitant col-

dishness of manner had ever permitted her to fall, was the demi-medical one of observing, that a draught could give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor. To this lady then, thus imperfectly introduced to my readers as the lady of the mansion, I made my bow on entrance; having just overheard, after the announcement of my name by the footman, the last words of an observation made to her visitor, of which I conceived myself to be the object, "very bad indeed, my dear Lady Rutledge, but in my own house you know."

"Well, Mrs. Halford, as you will: heaven be praised however, that my girls don't happen to be with me—actually disinherited I believe;" and having heard so much, I was within the apartment. Devoutly wishing them both in warmer quarters, for the kind feelings these remarks towards me bespoke, I with the greatest possible civility and courtesy went through my presentation to Lady Rutledge, as though I was delighted with the acquaintance; but I could perceive in her manner, despite the affability enjoined by politeness, a studied coldness and reserve, nearly amounting to insolence.

Lady Rutledge was a fat plethoric red-faced woman, turned of fifty, who knew everybody worth knowing, went everywhere that it was right to go—dined with every one whose dinners were correct—had lived in Dublin all the year round for the last twenty years of her life—made her husband, a quiet elderly gentleman, fill his house and crowd his table once a-week with a pack of people he knew little about, and who knew less of him, but who, his wife said, must be invited.

“There is the new Commander of the Forces, whose lady has returned my call; and then there is the commandant of the artillery and Lady Cannon, Dame Breadbrim, I have not been in town

month, as extraordinary and heterogeneous a collection as could well be imagined. In addition it will be only necessary to add, that like Mrs. Halford she was what is called of a religious turn, and the ill-looking dirty fellow that I had seen driving her carriage at the door, had been hired in reply to an advertisement of "Wanted, in a first-rate establishment, to take charge of a pair of horses, a sober and steady coachman, who can drive four-in-hand, and is of a serious turn." Just as Mrs. Halford was about to reply to my inquiries, as to where a letter should be addressed to Emily, Lady Rutledge remarked, "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Halford, but possibly Sir Morton Merville might himself be the better person for Mr. —, what name did you say?" (Sir Charles Tarleton frequently dined with them, and I had myself, in brighter times, been honoured by more than one invitation, of which I however never availed myself.) Mrs. Halford smilingly set her right. "O yes! for Mr. Tarleton to apply to on the subject of a letter to Miss Merville," and she looked significantly at Mrs. Halford; the latter, however, perceiving an expression of very unequivocal dis-

pleasure in my face, at once proceeded to say, "Mr. Tarleton is a particular friend of Sir Morton's, Lady Rutledge, which, of course, you are not aware of, in fact, a near relative; and I should have the greatest possible pleasure in informing him where Miss Moville is, did I myself know it with certainty, but it so happens that, when I last heard, they were about to move, not as they first intended, but are actually coming up to town, and most probably this very moment on the way, as Mr. Halford, I know, spoke of Sir Morton's being in town to-morrow." Thus agreeably surprised, I, as rapidly as possible, shortened my visit: having procured all the in-

one of the very very few who regularly visited
ady of high rank, about whom there was sup-
sed to be something or other unpleasant, but the
h office of whose husband, as Lady Rutledge
narked, "altogether altered the case," for
ipture commands—"to pay obedience to those
authority."

CHAPTER XIII.

" Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 't was opened, and ——
Don Juan,

BEING now somewhat reduced to that condition which is, in the steward's room, not inappropriately, however inelegantly, expressed by the

aspect and changed demeanour of the numerous kind and dear friends, who failed not, during the times of my greater prosperity, carefully to take advantage of every opportunity that presented itself, in order to impress me with the deep and heartfelt interest they took in my welfare—to assure me of their great regard for me individually, as the son of their old and valued friend—to recommend to me a prudent and circumspect course of conduct, or advise a good-humoured, if not a perfectly voluntary acquiescence in, and obedience to the rather strict notions of a parent, so faultless and so proper as an example, and finally to conclude by incessant and repeated invitations to partake of their hospitalities, or to avail myself of their services, if, fortunately it so happened that they could in any way assist me, but who now contented themselves with a cool nod of distant recognition, or were in passing, suddenly infected with a temporary ophthalmia—their attention at the moment drawn to some object in a completely contrary direction, or so buried for the instant in a profundity of thought and an abstractedness of speculation, as to be insensible to

passing objects—or if perchance so placed as to be deprived of a recourse to any of these expedients of quietly getting rid of an undesirable acquaintance, and compelled, by the impossibility of avoiding it, into a short colloquy, the metamorphosis of the suppliant candidate into the blustering and self-sufficient M.P. was not more complete than theirs. “O, how do you do? what a time it is since I have seen you! where on earth have you been? how long have you been in town? where are you stopping? you must positively come and see us, and take share of a family dinner some of these days. Very odd news this—ministers

most fortunate to have come to town at the exact moment that I had, for that there never were so many delightful parties. Now, don't you think my girls look charming? Emma has been a sad invalid, poor thing, quite lost her colour in the country; moping about stupid roads and receiving vulgar visitors, has almost killed us all with ennui; of course you will be at Lady Rutledge's this evening?" A negative on my lips was instantly cut short by, "Well, I am so sorry, but we shall of course see you somewhere, some of these evenings—Good-by;" and, no longer impressed *volens volens* to give my arm to one of the young ladies, compelled to join them in a visit they were that instant going to make to somebody that I knew or ought to know, and knocked down either for dinner or the evening, I was now, that the former would have been of some consequence, permitted to take my own way, and amuse myself as best I might.

Being too poor to live at a good hotel, of which there are in Dublin some half-dozen as good as any in Europe in all that comfort and even luxury require, if perhaps several shades inferior in fashion

to a few of the London establishments; and not wishing to expose myself to the annoyance and dirt of what are called taverns in Dublin, of the better class of which there is not, at least at the time of these occurrences was not, a single commonly decent specimen, and particularly anxious to avoid old acquaintances at my club, I betook myself as a sort of *minimum de malis* to a boarding-house of old standing, reputed moderately comfortable in its arrangements, and sufficiently respectable in its frequenters. Here I found myself to a certain extent in a new world. The assumption by officials, of the highest places in the Irish world of fashion, as referred to in a previous part of this

in a much humbler and more obscure sphere, rendered too by the unavoidable admixture of very inferior persons anything but select, I was nevertheless surprised to find individuals by birth, connexion, high honour, and general information, far above many, if not most, of the mushroom *officio-cracy* (if I may be permitted to coin the word), who raised upon a temporary pinnacle, were so far intoxicated as to feel their heads dizzy from the unwonted height upon which they found themselves, and from which I had been accustomed in my occasional intercourse with them to hear those I was at present amongst spoken of only with a contempt and ridicule. I was now surprised at having so long given credence to such tales, for I found pointed out to me with exactness the precise limits to which gentility could be applied to the connexions of many who were home-born, whilst though with less precision, but not less certainty, and even in a wider range, lowliness, not alone of birth, but of early intercourse, was to be met with amongst the most insolent and most overbearing of the foreign officials. True, indeed, the motley group which the inmates of this house composed, did not consist

altogether, or even largely, of persons of such high respectability, but embracing likewise an inferior but respectable second-rate class, was also stained by the presence of rather disreputable characters, who occasionally wound up their stay in town, as in two instances occurred during my sojourn, by shewing a clean pair of heels, and leaving either a bag or a box that, were its value in any degree commensurate to its weight, must have contained treasures of inestimable worth, but in reality enclosing stones, if not precious ones.

My arrival there took place at a very early hour in the morning, having come by mail from a short

representative upon this occasion, and commissioned with the high trust of my formal reception. In this I was, however, disappointed, I was going to say mistaken, but that would not be altogether the proper word, as in my error commingled *malgré moi* no slight tinge of mortification and displeasure at finding myself, hitherto accustomed to some consideration and respect, so unceremoniously treated by the keeper of an obscure boarding-house, as to be exposed to the trouble and annoyance of calling up his sleeping servants, instead of finding a proper person to attend me. Having, however, at last succeeded in drawing attention by the united efforts of the carman and myself, in the shape of an active and well-served discharge of missiles directed against the kitchen windows, the knocker having been removed overnight for fear of its capture by wandering wits, and the bell pulling extremely well, as far as the handle was concerned, but in consequence of this latter being utterly unconnected with any wire, such efforts were not of much benefit, and although there was well engraved on a little brass plate carefully placed under the said handle, in very legible characters, a mandatory inscription

of "Pull the Bell,"—yet from the aforesaid cause, the continuing this direction seemed to be more the work of a wicked wag, than intended as a useful hint towards obtaining entrance; for as I experienced on that cold morning, one might pull and pull, and still find himself on the outside.

The spirit whom we had thus summoned from the nasty, if not vasty, deep beneath, having come to the hall-door, very cautiously inquired "who's there?" my reply to which being somewhat delayed by my meditating in what way I could best discharge my wrath upon his head, was anticipated by my car-driver's exclaiming, "Well here you

“By gor, if it is, it will never get there, for to my knowledge it has not gone for these three days.”

“Well now, you have me there,” replied jarvey, “though you are up so late, and all the boys on our stand say a man must get up early to make a fool of Mick M’Keon;” and they both burst into a horse-laugh. Neither of them seeming to care for my presence until I had intimated, with that over civility in which great anger often manifests itself, that I was the person from whom a letter had been received by Mr. Cullen, his master, the day before, to order an apartment, and inquired whether or not I was expected, which I added I scarcely believed possible, from there being nobody up to receive me.

“Expected your honour! to be sure you were, and your room is ready, sir. The misthress had a fire made in it last night, as she thought you might be cold after travelling, sir. There’s no more baggage, I believe. Is there anything else on the car?” addressing the driver.

“Nothing that’s worth much I’m feered, only that a man should not spake ill of himself.” And having paid him not only a fare sufficiently liberal

to have as I thought contented him, but also an additional sixpence extorted by his good-humoured and coaxing flattery, I, at last, discharged my humble vehicle, and requesting the servant to act as my chamberlain, I proceeded to the room he had mentioned, where the cold and dismal appearance of a grate full of ashes and cinders as black as my hat was the only symptom of my landlady's providence.

"The fire is out, sir, I am afraid," and he looked at it as if he really expected to have seen a spark in it; "howsomdever, when the maids gets up, you can have it lighted again."

once and light the kitchen fire, as there's the new gentleman is come, and he is waiting for his shaving water."

"The divil shave him, but he is a quare shaver to be up at this time of day," retorted a shrill voice from within; and in unmitigated disgust I closed my door to ruminate on my very pleasant position and prospects. The habits of all classes in Ireland being considerably later than in England, you scarcely find a shop open in Dublin at a time that you will in London (except in some of the very fashionable ones) meet with a smart and clean young man or two to wait upon you; so that the backwardness of all the diurnal domestic arrangements in my new abode did not surprise, though it temporarily inconvenienced me. But now, having made two efforts, in the last of which I was assured that the kettle was really on, I was at last supplied with the means of beginning my toilet, being brought up by a different and, as I afterwards found, superior servant, who conceived it right and becoming to be very genteel, which he accordingly endeavoured to attain by clipping the king's English, and speaking very affectedly in an attempted

English accent, having been once over to Liverpool in charge of a gentleman's horse.

"You see, sir," he remarked, "it don't often happen as how any of our gentlemen gets up so early, but you will not find it so again; besides it wont be every day that you will be arriving here for the first time like this morning, and Mr. Cullen bid me say, he hopes you will excuse the hobstruc-tions what was in your way; if you want anything else, sir, you must please to ring, and Pat will come, that's the boy that let you in; I never leaves the breakfast-room to wait up stairs, except on pertiklar occasions like the present;" so saying

myself,—'pon honour servants live badly in this country, sir, salt herrings far too plentiful,—but what did you please to say, sir, tea or coffee, sir?"

This man I afterwards discovered was somewhat of a character, and having been engaged for a short time as a waiter at the Saracen's Head in that town, during his before-mentioned trip to Liverpool, he was for ever dwelling on the great superiority of England in all respects, in which as silly as he was, he found a great many others as much fools as himself, and even the master of the house imagined it gave a great ton to his establishment to have for head-servant what he passed upon many as an Englishman, and conceived the said Mr. Timothy O'Neil no small acquisition to his *ménage*. Soon after the retirement of this would-be elegant, having satisfactorily replied to his professional demands, I was astonished at the loud and numerous peals of bed-room bells clashing in all directions, accompanied by cries of "Pat, my boots, bring me my boots!"

"Have you brushed my coat, O'Neil?" cries another.

"Will the boy never let me have my hot water?"

exclaimed an elderly gentleman from the door next to mine.

"I vow to God he has brought me the wrong boots," said another, on the opposite side. "Is it not too bad!" said he, addressing the old gentleman already mentioned.

"Very bad, indeed, Captain; but I think you will catch him coming down stairs in a minute or two, as I hear him calling some of those profligate lads who have been out all night, Lord knows where; and they disturbed me so, coming in this morning, that although I have been in bed since a quarter past nine, I have only been able to get a couple of hours' sleep in the interval between

I can sleep where there is even worse, and that is squalling brats of children. Here Pat," he cried, as the much-requested valet made his appearance, "thunderanounds man, what you do mean in bringing me wrong boots,—and there's Mr. Sleekly, who is waiting this hour and more for his hot water, he'll be late to his office, and all on account of you, you spalpeen! Look at the boots, sir, and see whose they are."

"May I never live Captain Barry, but you are right; they are not yours at all sir, they are Doctor Mulrooney's; I knows them well, and he has got yours as sure as a gun, and is gone down stairs, and may be is gone out too, at laste he is ginirally off to the hospital afore this. Shall I run down and see, Captain?"

"Do Pat, do, run at once. By the holy fly, if I thought he knew it, I would make it personal with him."

"My dear Captain, you must not speak in that sort of way," interposed Mr. Sleekly, "these mistakes will occur."

"Ay, very true my dear sir, and now I think of it, the very same thing happened to me once before

at my uncle's, at Castle Barry in the county Westmathe, when Lord Swillpunch was stopping in the house, and by the same token your friend Rafferty O'Rafferty was there also; the stupid servant gave me his lordship's boots, and the mistake was never discovered until after breakfast, as I was shewing him the fat stock in the farm-yard, when his lordship began to feel the water oozing in—it was very wet weather at the time. By dad, says he, your uncle's servant has cut my boots, and all the water is coming in, and that you know is a liquor I never was fond of Barry (his lordship and I are as thick as thieves, and he always calls me Barry), with that he lifted up his foot to look

I prepared to descend in search of my breakfast. On my way down I found that there had escaped my notice, in the hurry of my entrance, the existence of a kind of regular bar, similar to that of an hotel, across the end of the hall at the bottom of the stairs, in which I now beheld enthroned in state the portly proprietor, a well-fed man upon a large scale, exceedingly tall and corpulent, who was now squeezed into a short morning-jacket, with a large white apron covering his breast, and fastened round the neck; peeping over which in front was a face, smooth and plump, but cadaverous and unhealthy, with short thin black hair, that had a greasy appearance more from a natural unctuousness of the trunk of which it was an excrescence, rather than produced by the aid of an application of any of the various filthy greases with which hairdressers and vulgar fops besmear their heads. Such was the aspect of Mr. Cullen, as I first beheld him imperfectly disclosed to view through the narrow apertures in a long row of particular-shaped and very small sized Britannia-metal teapots, with black handles and white knobs, flanked at either end by a coffee-can, and a teapot of a size sufficient

to give it the appearance of being the parent of the smaller ones it guarded, though differing in so far that the handle too corresponded in this instance with the knob, being somewhat of a more state affair, and used for the assembled evening party in a collective body, whilst the others were intended to furnish individually in separate and unsocial shares the due proportion of coarse Bohen, allotted with a scrupulous niceness for the morning meal of each of the boarders. As I passed, he quitted his seat and very civilly greeted me, apologizing respectfully for the delay that had occurred in letting me in.

I nevertheless felt myself slightly embarrassed at being thus suddenly ushered as a total stranger amongst so numerous an assembly, all more or less intimately acquainted with each other, and the whole of whose attention was by the want of well-bred tact permitted to be perceptibly fixed upon me. Any trifling unpleasantness was, however, relieved by the obsequious civility of my recent acquaintance, Mr. Timothy, who, attired pretty similarly to his master, motioned me to an unoccupied part of the table, and placing one of the curious-looking little teapots before me, pushed a milk-jug and other necessary implements in my direction, and the stiff formality of my position was at once completely dissipated by a good-natured, though somewhat abrupt, observation on the weather from my opposite neighbour, in whose voice I at once recognised the already mentioned familiar friend of Lord Viscount Swillpunch, the nephew of the owner of Castle Barry in the county of Westmeath.

“A very cold morning, sir—you have been travelling I believe; and the divil’s own work you had to get in too when you arrived, it’s always the case here.”

"O!" says an old lady from the other side, "that is the noise that disturbed me so this morning. I thought it was some of those other gentlemen coming in as usual."

I was about to apologize to this lady, and express my great regret for having unintentionally broken upon her slumbers, when Captain Barry, who, having finished his breakfast, had risen and was standing behind my chair, leaned down, and in a whisper said, "Tut man, don't mind that old tabby, she is always bothering about one thing or other, we never mind her here;" and then addressing the lady herself, said aloud, "indeed Mrs.

A good-humoured, jolly pleasant man, of some five and forty, a captain by courtesy, having once been a lieutenant in the Westmeath militia, rough, coarse, and not very polite, there was yet all the ideas of a gentleman and a man of honour in his notions; tall and well made, with a pair of formidable black whiskers, and a face the colour of a bullock's liver,—he could drink blazing port and whiskey-punch *ad libitum*, with impunity,—was fond of a country dance, a great favourite with women who loved fun and amusement better than sentiment and *haut ton*,—was dressed in the morning in the very pink of the newest fashion; but in his evening costume, that being with him the hour of business, consulted comfort more than appearance; he had fought three duels, but said he detested a quarrelsome man. Having but small means, he in Dublin lived amongst people whom he considered far his inferiors, and whom he never acknowledged or owned when on a visit with his uncle at Castle Barry in the county of Westmeath, where he was much in request, as he could sit at the foot of the table until more than half the grand panel of the county, or as many of them as dined there, were

under it; could tell a good story, and make one for the occasion, if necessary—was well known as a right-a-head man in the Kilcooley hunt, and the best judge of a horse in the whole country.

“I tell you what it is, Mrs. Watkins, you will never be yourself again until you take some such poor fellow as myself for your husband; but joking apart, you must take great care of your health, these asterly winds will cut you up tee-totally into ribbons; but tell me ma'am, do you feel any way ne-ne-nervous?” and his strong voice actually faltered as his tongue turned over so unwonted a word, and of whose very meaning he felt conscious

unobserved, attired in a brown body coat with very short and broad skirts, a black-and-white ribbed and striped worsted waistcoat, of a pattern à la groom, and a pair of exceedingly tight and very short drab cloth trousers, which with high shoes and worsted stockings completed his attire; with the exception of my having omitted to notice a white neckcloth, neither provided with starch nor stiffener, but fastened by some incomprehensible means round his neck, as no sort of tie was visible, and provided with divers little plaits that ran around it in its whole depth, like the fluting of a column placed horizontally; he was a short, but not very corpulent man, turned I should say of sixty, extremely bald, but what little hair remained not grey—the top of his head which was thus uncovered, being however so highly polished as to strongly reflect the light that fell upon it from the upper panes of the window. At the instant of our introduction to him, he was striving to cool, by blowing upon it, the tea which he had poured out into his saucer held in the air, balanced between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand. “’Pon my word, ma’am,” he continued, “I quite

agree with you, that we, the respectable orderly portion of this community, should have some protection from the disturbance of the wild young men that have come here latterly; for instance, I am now going to my office, quite unable to attend to anything for want of my natural rest, and scalding my mouth from having remained in bed later than I ought in the vain hope of procuring some repose, but even then some one of them worse than ever put the whole house in an uproar at six o'clock this morning."

"O Mr. Sleekly! you must give them only their due, for bad as they are, and dreadful as it is

for his having referred at all to the transaction, which he did with great courtesy and politeness, and was commencing a full particular and circumstantial account of all his troubles and perplexities, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with some letters, one of which it appeared was for Captain Barry, who upon looking at it exclaimed, "the Kinnegad post-mark as I live, and from my uncle, by jingo! I know the old crest of the Fish-Hauriant, as my uncle says it ought to be called, and if I can only manage to keep my own head above water as well, I'll do;" and he broke the large seal with which it was ornamented, without any regard for the heraldic distinction of his relative, and proceeded to read the letter, with the leading contents of which he soon favoured the company.

"Who'd have thought the Kilbeggan races were so near! the week after next I declare; 'gad that's funny enough, they should just happen when I was thinking of going down for a little time. My uncle is going to have a large party for the whole week, and what it will be like you'll easily guess, Sleekly, when I tell you that your old friend

Rafferty O'Rafferty is one of them, Lord Swill-punch has a horse I know to run—and, holloa! I was near missing the principal thing, my uncle wants me to inquire at Dycer's if young George Goggerty's black mare is there still; and that I may go as far as to make it guineas instead of pounds. I offered sixty last week, provided Goggerty consents to pay Watts a guinea for his opinion. Be hanged but I always get flurried in these matters of business, and I made the devil's own botch of the last job I undertook, in the exchange my uncle asked me to make of his gig for an outside jaunting-car; so Sleekly, as you're a

never kept any account of the time, and I'm persecuted by one of those six-and-eight-penny fellows you see so much of at your shop; so I can arrange to meet you there. But I must go up to Dycer's at once; so here, Tim, Timothy don't you hear me; damn that fellow, he is always thinking of his fine English talk, instead of minding his business; Timothy O'Neill, I say, tell Pat to bring my straps here immediately;" and in a few minutes Pat made his appearance accordingly, and proceeded to fasten on these indispensable articles, which, from the trousers being tight and the Captain both stout and impatient, was not so easy a job; so that, whilst the poor fellow was breaking his thumb-nails in the vain endeavour to make them meet, the Captain gave him no better encouragement than calling out to him, "Make haste! make haste Pat! why don't you button them man? what are you at, you stupid baste?" and then stooping down, all the blood in his body collected into his ears and head so as to make the former almost as red as his face, and what with his effort in bending and the boy's holding vigorously on, the solitary button left from former struggles now flew

off, when the irascible Captain fetched Pat a knock with his knuckles on the back of the head, calling out, at the same time, "Thunderanouns! you brute of a booby, you've broke my breeches."

"O fie!" Mr. Barry, "cries Mrs. Watkins, "don't forget there are ladies in the room."

The Captain's gallantry and good-humour seemed to have quite deserted him, for having abruptly refused the proffered assistance of a young lady of forty-four, who offered to sew it on, and having requested Sleekly to wait two minutes, he dashed out of the room; and, as he banged the door, I heard him mutter something about a "withered old fellow."

already swelled into six times two without his re-appearance, so that Mr. Sleekly appeared to be getting fidgety, to judge by the frequency of his having recourse to his watch, and at last declared he could wait no longer, and desired Pat to get him his great coat in the hall, where, having indued himself with a garment he called by that name, which was so extremely tight as scarcely to be got on, and being provided with a pair of long skirts, that starting from a very high waist, ran a race at his heels, striving how far they could keep away from each other in that distance, consequently formed a totally useless protection in his rear. In the course of this process he was joined by Barry, and they both proceeded out of doors, Sleekly remarking, "I protest I have not been so late these three years."

CHAPTER XIV.

"There'll be no good until the Jewk and Peel's in."

Cent d la Mesdames Watkins and Harmer.

THE remainder of the breakfast continued to pass flatly, if more quietly; one or two of the ladies having retired from the room, and the gentlemen

side—nor did this at all surprise me, as in a country where considerations of this character influence more or less every action of life, it was not to be wondered at that in the selection of a permanent home for themselves, persons should fall into the choice of a house, rendered by the gradual collection into it of similarly-minded occupants, pretty generally recognised as of that line of politics embraced by the majority of its frequenters. Mrs. Watkins, I quickly saw, was the chief oracle of the house in these matters; and being by birth very highly connected, as well as in possession of good means, she had naturally adopted the opinions it is scarcely an exaggeration to characterise as nearly universal amongst the leading Irish gentry. Sharing, in common with those who entertain similar public views, the mortification and disappointment consequent upon the rejection of their extreme notions by the present Lord-lieutenant, she had permitted her first feelings of gratification and approval of his arrival to fall into, from the discouragement given her party by him, a detestation and rancorous hostility scarcely inferior to the virulent animosity with which she

had railed at his *soi-disant* liberal predecessor, so that she was now accustomed, with the rest of her clique, to indulge in as violent tirades of abuse and censure against Lord Wigton and his government, as ever she had done against the Marquess of Blarney. Concomitant with this strong political bias, there was in Mrs. Watkins's character, wealthy and affluent as she was, a most extraordinary and miserable parsimony; but ever anxious, above all things, for the latest intelligence and the most recent news, she nevertheless could not prevail upon herself to go to the expense of regularly taking a paper; and even carried it to so great an extent of meanness as to refuse herself the paltry

its transitory proprietorship. This, with her earnest and (from an intentionally assumed obtuseness upon the servant's part, in comprehending what she meant) at times angry and almost violent disclaimers, afforded considerable sport to her tormentors, who not content with this, amused themselves further by practising somewhat unfairly, upon her astonishing gullibility, telling her the most monstrous and extraordinary stories, which she continued to again retail without the slightest suspicion of their being fictions. On the present occasion a young man, who had come down very late, and who had all the appearance of a night's raking strong upon his countenance and person, after having addressed her on his entry with the customary salaam of the house, "Morrow, Ma'am," and acknowledged by a bow her rejoinder, "Good morning, Mr. Hanlon," betook himself to his newspaper, whilst waiting for the fulfilment of his order of "Wet the tea Timothy;" and having for a few seconds feigned to be unusually interested in some article he was looking at, addressed another gentleman, saying, "a terrible thing this, about the College; the poor infatuated people!"

"What is it, Mr. Hanlon? I declare I have not heard a word of it yet, though Miss Crossley assured me she had read me the whole paper."

"Do you wish to see it, ma'am? the College wall has fallen by the great storm of yesterday, and killed the Provost and the Bishop of Lownsleeves who was walking by at the time with him; but would not you like to take a read yourself? I'll be very happy to let you have the paper, and I can get another one."

"O! dear me no, you're very good; but as I said, I have heard the rest of the news long ago, Miss Crossley read it me, though how she missed

ful loss of life," and concluded by a melancholy account, full of the most harrowing details of the death of several individuals, and among others the Provost of Trinity College, and his aforesaid Right Reverend companion, and wound up with an exact statement of the emoluments of these lucrative posts, together with an enumeration of the different individuals likely to be selected by the government from the number of their qualified supporters, for their bestowment. As soon as he had done, Mrs. Watkins exclaimed, "how very dreadful! but what extraordinary luck this government have, was there ever anything like it? its quite a fulfilment of the low saying about the devil's children,—a bishopric, and the provostship, well to be sure! was there ever anything like it! if things continue like this, they'll fill every place.—O dear! O dear! if it had only been one of their own bishops. But poor old Doctor Bookworm! there was piety and learning for you, if you please—one of the good old school, not a new nobody knows who or what; well, my dear, God's will be done, his ways are above our knowing, but it certainly seems odd that these infidel popish people should have so

many openings made for them to creep in and undermine all that's old and good. But I wonder who will get the provostship? now, if the Tories were in, my cousin Dunderhead the Fellow, would have a chance, but as it is it will be no doubt that old Dr. Lickepittle, who is always at the Castle, although he is lower down."

In addition to the above particulars, my readers, if any I shall have, will be able to picture to themselves Mrs. Watkins, when I shall have told them that she was a little thin wizened old woman with remarkably piercing black eyes, with which she was always ferreting into every thing, and every body's business. Though not actually so silly as

dress, neither did she wear a close-fitting cap and sombre-coloured cloak, with the other peculiar marks of age—the falling degrees upon that, in all countries, universally employed chronometer of women's age unfailingly to be found in female dress—but on the contrary sought that style of costume best adapted to set forth advantageously those personal charms, never very largely possessed by her; but which, such as she had imagined them to be, she still considered as perhaps partially dimmed in lustre, although very far indeed from being as yet extinguished by the exterminating hand of advancing age, some of the incipient infirmities of which obtruded themselves however so sensibly upon her as to make it impossible that she could altogether blind herself to the fact, that she was beginning to get into years. Having been left a widow at a not very early age, and in possession at once of an easy and affluent life-income, and further, the owner of considerable freehold property, disposable at her sole will and pleasure, she had seen or had fancied she saw in the civilities of her relatives only an ill-disguised impatience for her death, and therefore resolving

to free herself from their importunities and troublesome attentions, betook herself to the independence of living alone; and not relishing perfect solitude, found in the otherwise little congenial habits of a boarding-house a refuge at once from *ennui* and self-interested solicitude. She had now for many years adopted this mode of life, during the last five of which she had been an inmate of Mr. Cullen's house, where the knowledge of her affluent circumstances and her paying considerably more than the ordinary inmates (as though penurious by nature, the utmost expense she could be at here fell far short of what she had formerly been accus-

her to much laughter, and furnished abundant source of mirth to many of those she associated with. It was this; though so slim and slender, so lean and withered as she appeared, and for ever complaining of the poorness of her appetite, despite her frequent lamentations over her inability to eat, she was nevertheless gifted not merely with a wholesome and fair stomach, but was positively voracious and immoderate in her anxiety to partake largely of every thing, so much so, as to render the post of her next neighbour at dinner very generally avoided by all those in the secret, in consequence of the tiresome and unremitting claims she made upon their civility and attention, in enlisting their good offices to assist her in procuring any of the more distant dainties she longed for. In all other respects Mrs. Watkins was a sufficiently agreeable person, lively and full of conversation, and intimately acquainted with almost all the leading characters that had figured for many years past in Dublin as remarkable or notorious in any line.

Having thus made an acquaintance with some few of the persons with whom I was for the pre-

sent domiciled, I retired to my apartment, preparatory to sallying out upon the execution of various affairs that I had to attend to, amongst others, the first and most pressing object I had in view, was to see whether the Movilles had arrived ; when, on inquiry, I discovered that Mrs. Halford's information, though in the main correct, was either intentionally or through inadvertence, partially inaccurate, for that although three days had since elapsed they had not as yet arrived, nor were expected to be in town for another week. Another matter very much uppermost in my mind was a careful avoidance of coming in contact with any

first time learned that this shop was a kind of rendezvous for the various fashionable Exquisites, who commonly occupy themselves in lounging about the streets during the afternoon; and whilst I remained eating a few grapes, several modish gentlemen passed in and out, all of whom seemed on terms of familiarity with the owner, a respectable-looking elderly woman; and most of them too known to each other.

“Good morrow, Mrs. Harmer,” said a tall thin young man, exceedingly pale and sallow, with remarkably dirty teeth, very large whiskers, a great deal of hair—a broad-brimmed hat, badly brushed—no shirt collar, and about three yards and a half of blue silk twisted round his neck, holding two gold pins with foxes’ heads joined by a chain, neither of which, though highly ornamental, could be said to be of much use, being more supported by the neckcloth than tending to maintain the latter in its proper place and condition; a canary-coloured waistcoat made double-breasted, heavily laden with mother-of-pearl, much in the mode of a brewer’s drayman, a cut-off bottle-green coat (of that shade sometimes used as court mourning by

liberal M. P.'s), with extra-sized horn buttons (originalty of conception and singularity of execution being in foppery, as in poetry, the criterion of a master mind), a pair of blueish-grey, deep-ribbed buckskin trousers made skin-tight, with chain straps clanking à la heavy dragoon, boots too new to polish and built on a principle warranted to insure corns to any wearer, decked behind with crooked necked spurs sufficiently small not to seem vulgar, but bright enough to draw attention, and so prove he owned a horse—these completed his costume, with the exception of a thick piece of wood painted black in imitation of ebony, having an unpolished silver head, a long silk string and huge

instance so cramped as to be useless; he was redolent moreover, of a mingled perfume of bad cigars and eau de Cologne the produce of an eminent Dublin compounder of every species of foreign perfume, who contented himself with importing their names alone.

“Good-morrow, Mrs. Harmer, how do you do?”

“O, good-morrow Mr. Magrath, why you’re late, they are all gone this hour and more.”

“Are they faith—that’s bad, damned bad. I thought I’d be late, how did they go?”

“O, Mr. Sweeny rode, to be sure, as you know he has to call at the Rock on his way, but the rest took a car to the railway.”

“Be gad I’m glad you mentioned Sweeny rode, success my boy! I’m all right now. I tell you what it is Mrs. Harmer, like a good woman get us a doctor immediately, and I’ll be off to Dycer’s, mount my mare, and I bet you what you like I overtake Sweeny.”

“Very well, sir; here Tom, get Mr. Magrath a doctor, and make haste, and mind the tumbler’s clane. I hope you will be in time, sir. They were all very sorry you weren’t ready, and they

bid me tell you that they'll dine at Quin's, and they are all to meet here when they come back, and take their tumbler."

By this time the doctor, which I found was the slang name here for a sort of compound effervescing beverage, was made ready by Tom, and respectfully handed by him to Mr. Magrath, who having at once quaffed it off, signified his approval of its manufacture by—with a hard-drawn breath—saying, "devilish fine stuff that," and then lost no time in starting on his intended expedition; of course not paying at the moment, and even deferring to some future day, his liberal gratuity to

have met Mr. Sweeny here; you don't know Mr. Sweeny, perhaps, sir—Mr. Sweeny of the square? he and Mr. Magrath bring a great many friends here; and being very genteel, they don't like to meet the riff-raff of your common taverns, and such like, so they often come to my house of an evening after the play, and take their quiet tumbler inside; there's nobody to annoy them or notice them; it's very pleasant you know sir, quiet and retired."

She was now interrupted by the entrance of a military officer, who appeared extremely fastidious in the choice of his fruit, somewhat particular as to price, and rather limited in his consumption. I observed a vast alteration in the good woman's manners towards him, being exceedingly stiff and uncommunicative, more so indeed than appeared called for, as though treating her rather unceremoniously he was tolerably polite; as soon as he had left the shop, turning to me she remarked, "I hate to see the likes of these coming into my shop, there's many of them comes over from the barracks opposite in George's-street, who, after they have skulked away from the mess to escape taking their

wine like gentlemen, put on some old coat, and as occurred last night, a couple of them came over from that Scotch regiment over the way, and began to play the great men in my shop, and after having a couple of oranges between them, they says to me (bad luck to them!) in that fine lingo of theirs, 'What's the damage woman?' Ah! it's not the likes of them I'm used to, the dirty mane scuts! its the raal gintlemen I have, such as Mr. Magrath and Mr. Sweeny, God bless them!"

Making my escape from Mrs. Harmer's voluble and exaggerated attack upon what perhaps might have some foundation for fair complaint, I found

the country, and putting the dirty scum over their heads. I don't know what like this man is, but that Marquess of Blarney was a nasty man. God be with the old times when the Duke and Duchess of Seacoal were in Dublin, them was what I liked to see, going about with their coach and six. O what a delightful woman the Duchess was—so good and so charitable ! ay, but 't was she was fit to represent a queen, or to teach a queen—well, well, the Lord knows what the world will come to at last, when the likes of her is put aside.”

Having for the present no occupation to engage my attention, and with no better object than the somewhat anomalous one for beings so short-lived and ephemeral, of seeking to kill time, as though it sped not away from us with a flight sufficiently rapid, considering how irretrievable is each second, and that for those very moments that now seem to hang heavily on our hands, we shall each of us when the last act of the play is commenced vainly long, and with impotent tenacity as they glide from our hands still strive to cling to, I sauntered along that peculiarly crowded thoroughfare formed by the fashionable beat from the entrance to Dub-

the middle of Temple-street, College Green, and
 the middle of the street, and which is as much crowded by
 decently dressed men and good-looking women
 in any part of London. of the latter even more so,
 not being considered at all incorrect for respect-
 able females, even of the class who can command
 a carriage, to appear on foot in the streets of this
 city without being under the protection of a foot-
 man. The regard commonly paid to this individual
 being a tall good-looking fellow, would almost
 make the word protection appear to some unchari-
 table people to be an equivocal; although some
 one or two ladies in Dublin occasionally turn out

the colours of the rainbow, considered it necessary in a promenade she was making at mid-day on the beach, picking shells and writing on the sand with her parasol end, to provide herself with a similar protection in the shape of a huge fellow about six feet two, with a powdered head, sky blue coat and red plush breeches, who, in this costume, stiffly followed her wherever she went, with his cane in his hand. This crowd, however, does not last very long, and being swollen to its greatest height at about half-past four by the discharge into its waters of a muddy stream of black-looking business-like men, making their way home from the Courts, rapidly dissolves itself, and leaves those streets at five o'clock or soon after comparatively thin; half-past five o'clock being a general dinner hour for middling and small gentry, the better ones pushing on only till six, except on what are odiously called, "company-days." After this hour you see few persons, except the military who form the garrison and Vice-regal court, and who together with some score or two of half-Londonized young men, who (not living at home) are their own masters, and thinking the Castle and the

Barracks the very acme of fashion, dine excessively late, thus interpreting the late dinner hour adopted by many in reality from motives of convenience, into a proof of good ton, and fall into that most vulgar error common on both sides of the Channel to narrow-minded half-bred people, of supposing that there is the slightest degree either of greatness or littleness in dining early or late; and although it is most undoubtedly true that a great many people really are so excessively weak-minded and foolish as to attach importance and take pride in eating their dinner later than their neighbours, yet it is a most vulgar, low, con-

and supreme ton, which standing on a well-assured and steady footing, conscious of its own substantial and well-built strength, can afford to indulge itself by consulting its own convenience and following its own bent, without making itself uncomfortable in order to appear *quasi* fashionable; in the same manner that a woman assured of her rectitude does not scruple to do many things which one less steady would be afraid of, or as the *vieille noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain would not fear to commit its claim to high ton by an act of condescension to an inferior, at which the *bourgeoisie* of a modern *millionaire* would shudder and stand aghast.

CHAPTER XV.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day ;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,
Confused in the confusion, and distraight,
And sitting as if nailed upon his chair ;
Though knives and forks clang'd round as in a fray,
He seemed unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one with a groan exprest a wish
(Unbeeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

Don Juan.

exempts it altogether from the provincial appearance common to the other towns. If indeed the equipages that you see are many of them wanting in the finished and perfect appearance of a London turn-out, at all events there is no deficiency in point of number and variety.

From the slang drag, the family coach, the town chariot, the travelling ditto, the open landau, the German calash, the light britscha, the voluptuary's luxurious cab, the phaeton, the tilbury and the stanhope; the infinite and innumerable sorts, sizes, and descriptions of four-wheeled *chay*, down to the peculiar conveyance indigenous to the country, and familiar to all, as the Irish jaunting-car. Alone, perhaps, is wanting that bijou of conveyances, the lordly *vis-à-vis*, which, light and graceful, bowls swimmingly along behind a pair of good-actioned sixteen-hands-and-a-half, with sufficient room to stretch your legs—and if you are fond of ease, and like to ride alone, holds invitingly an opposite seat to rest them on—and not heavy as a coach, it still affords room for that double attendance from behind, so absolutely necessary in entering and alighting, to those unable

to rough it with one footman. But *revenons à nos moutons*, if the vast number of conveyances in Dublin streets please, by their crowd and number, still more amusement may be derived from the grotesque and clumsy finery of most of them. Servants pranked proudly forth in some one article, whose bright and brilliant newness contrasts not pleasantly with the old and shabby remnant of their dress; coachmen in coloured handkerchiefs and top-boots—footmen in frock coats and soiled gloves, with gaiters that too short to reach the entire length from knee to heel, thus expose above the latter the broken stocking, through which the new potato peeps. Huge and enormous family

ticularly, Dublin is remarkable; the number of equestrians being incredible, arising from the fact of almost every one keeping horses, not alone for themselves, but also for their children—and this often amongst persons of very limited means. In fact, the love of display is so great that many persons, who live very badly in all other respects, still manage to keep carriages and horses, and livery servants, even if they starve them—and half starve them they certainly must—though, from the habit of the country, except in very first-rate houses, the unfortunate domestics, not expecting much, are contented with the poorest fare; and even shopkeepers, who cannot afford to give credit for inconsiderable sums, and are compelled to run from customer to customer at the risk of losing them by their importunity, in order to raise money to meet their bills, are not content to remain within their proper sphere; but, aping the gentry, they too must keep their car and country-house, though bankruptcy be at hand and ruin stare them in the face. Another feature that tends to enliven the appearance of the streets is the presence of the vast military force quartered here, of which

the different officers commonly throng the more crowded places—whose varied uniforms strike the eye not unpleasantly, although they for ever recall to mind the provincial character of the town, which might otherwise be forgotten. Wandering through this scene of showy poverty, insolvent pretension, and counterfeit wealth, I passed the time until the arrival of the hour when, as I had been given to understand, all the inmates of my new home assembled for dinner—whose circle I soon found was to be increased by the presence of several strangers as their guests, this being, as I afterwards learned, one of the regular days set apart every week more particularly for this purpose—the fare being on such

spirit of contradiction, dyed black with grease), that the ladies and some of the gentlemen were in the drawing-room, and that I had better make haste,—“I have settled a place for you, sir, near the foot, and if you are not in time some of the strangers may get it, which I should be sorry for, as I always stand near there, and could take partiklar care of you; besides, there will be a beautiful boiled leg of mutton and trimmings, which we always considered a top joint at the Saracen’s Head. So you will please to observe, first seat on left-hand side, next but one to a turned-down plete—always make it a rule to mark stranger’s seats in that sort of way; I learned that plan in Liverpool.”

I hastened to thank the worthy Timothy for his useful information, who, if having his very heart in his business deserve commendation, well merited praise, being devoted body and soul to the grand event about to come off, which he spoke of with a becoming seriousness.

“A very large party to day, sir! almost every gentleman has got a friend; a great many more than Mr. Cullen knew of till within these two

hours; he is a very clever man however, and I think if any one on earth can be, he is equal to meet such an emergency. Another quart more of soup, a pair of soles besides the haddock, three fowls instead of two, half a ham instead of the bacon, a few more cutlets in the dish, a nice hash, and the leg of mutton I told you of instead of the loin, has done the thing exactly; to be sure it has brought the leg of mutton two days before its time, so Mr. Cullen is afraid it may be tough; however I says to him says I, never fear that, sir, hungry folks have sharp teeth, and our gentlemen are mostly so; all I am afraid of is, that it mayn't be quite done, but as you'll sit where I told you,

side, within one of the carver, white-hafted knife black ditto fork;" and whisking his napkin he was off, whilst I likewise took my departure, repairing to my chamber in order if not actually to dress, at least to make some slight alteration, from habit rendered necessary, before sitting down to dinner; although as I afterwards found I was in this respect singular, the majority of the male part of the company confining their preparations within the narrow compass of the easily executed operation of depositing their hat upon the hall-table, and committing to its cavity the gloves, whose peculiar dye extracted by the process of perspiration gave a varicoloured appearance to hands not in every case perfectly unexceptionable, if indeed this may have been but in one or two instances. Agreeing fully in the wisdom of that aphorism which declares that delays are dangerous, and impressed strongly with the conviction of the probability that were I to neglect Timothy's advice to make good speed, the place he had so providentially selected for me might be jeopardised, his opinion being in such a matter from his experience and opportunities for observation one

well-deserving weight, I was as expeditious in completing my hurried toilet as I possibly could; but in this as in everything, "the more haste the worse speed." I broke buttons, and tore coat-sleeves, and discomposed my collar, and burst my braces, and put myself first in a perspiration and then in a fever, upsetting basins, breaking tumblers and losing keys in my break-neck haste to get down, which I at last found I had succeeded in accomplishing just in time to be too late—as on entering the dining-parlour the whole company were keeping as exact time with their spoons in eating their soup as any body of infantry going through their exercise. Several stared at me,

door by a sort of *corps de réserve* consisting of several women led on by Mrs. Cullen, were endeavouring to make head as best they could against the pelting of the pitiless storm of impatient and even angry voices exclaiming — bread — beer — pepper—change this plate—get me more soup—I want a spoon Pat—above all rose a voice which I had no difficulty in distinguishing as Captain Barry's, vociferously upbraiding Timothy for neglect—

“Why the divil in hell don't you make haste and change my plate, and not let the leg of mutton cool; here, don't you see the fat is getting set round the turnips?”

When his eye wandering in search of Timothy to whom this was addressed, lighted upon me—

“Holloa, haven't you got a seat Mr. Tarleton? here Cullen, what the divil is the meaning of this, man, to let that gentleman stand in that kind of way, and be not knowing the house; Tim, I'll make room for him here.”

The soup being now finished and nothing immediately going on, all eyes were directed towards me, when Mr. Cullen hastened to redeem his past neglect by saying, “Thank you, Captain Barry,

there's room at the head of the table, next to Mrs. Watkins, you know sir,"

"Be my soul, he'd better stay here if he is wise."

However, in the confusion of the moment Culen dragged me after him, whether I would or not, apologising all the way for my having been so uncomfortable; when I was at last seated between Mrs. Watkins and the lady who read the paper to her, Miss Crossley. The former did not seem inclined, now moments were precious, to waste much time in useless conversation.

"You have had no soup, sir? dear me that's unlucky, for there they are taking it away, and it's much better to day than usual, you had better call

whisper by a young gentleman on the opposite side). "I think this is your first day sir," continued Mrs. Watkins, as she finished her soup; "but you see when there's a crowd like to-day, you must not stand so much on ceremony or you'll be starved. Will you be kind enough to ask that gentleman at the head for a little fish, and just say when he is helping the sauce, to see he gives me a few oysters, they are so very nourishing and give an appetite; dear me now, he has not sent me a single one—will you be kind enough just to make a long arm, and give me a few yourself? but you have not got any fish—now there's Pat, send your plate. O dear me, he is gone!—you must look sharper or you will get no dinner. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Tarleton, a relative I suppose of Sir Charles Tarleton's—O, what an excellent man Sir Charles is! Dear me, all the fowls will be gone; that little ill-natured brat, that Thompson, never to once ask me if I would have any—he is the greatest little scamp in the house, though so young—just ask him for a wing and a bit of the breast, he knows now that poultry is good for me, its so light; and a little bit of ham too, if you

piece. I always require some little refishing thing or other to tempt me to eat—here it is, thank you very much: why he has sent me a leg, and not a bit of the breast, what a nasty boy! I remark he always does that too, and whenever he helps he sends me a part I don't like, and he is so very selfish too, thinking only of getting the titbits for himself,—I always notice that whenever there is anything particularly nice, such as a spring chicken or any thing of that kind, that would do me so much good you know, he sends regularly for a leg and a wing of it for himself before he has finished his soup. You'll not believe it perhaps, but I have

seen him do it many a time, and he is not a bad

not so easy, for at this moment he appeared in a furious passion, addressing Cullen, who stood near him, and gesticulating violently with the right hand, with which he pointed at the gory joint that he held impaled with the carving fork in his left hand, and which ever and anon as he stirred it about discharged more freely the drops of blood trickling from its lacerated sides upon a huge turnip, which was now as red as a beetroot —“Gravy do you say!” he cried, “do you call it gravy? Thunderanounds man, it’s blood it is! do you take me for a butcher that you set me down to cut up raw meat like this, and on a day too when I have got a friend to dine with me? by the Lord, if you are not ashamed of it, I am! What does that troublesome old woman want? Is it mutton you want, ma’am? by Jove, I can send you the whole joint if you like, for none of us here can touch it; it’s raw, ma’am, quite raw. I suppose Cullen takes us for cannibals.”

“O, Captain Barry, don’t speak so, or you will really set me so much against it that I shall not be able to touch it, and it’s the only thing I can eat; and here’s Mr. Tarleton, who has not had a morsel of any thing yet, except his soup.”

"I'll take my oath of that, if he sat near you," said Barry, *sotto voce*.

"But Mr. Cullen," continued Mrs. Watkins, "don't you think there could be a nice broil made. Captain Barry, will you cut a few slices?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Cullen, who trembled for the destruction that now threatened his leg of mutton, and which he prudently considered, if broiled to-day, could not be hashed to-morrow, "indeed, ma'am, I was just saying to the Captain that it's only the gravy." However, at this moment many, who, though hitherto feeling a similar indignation with Barry, had, from an unwillingness to take a prominent part, the existence

Crossley, "Recollect Miss Crossley, four large slices and three small ones—I counted them."

Presently arose from the regions beneath a tremendous noise, which was generally understood to be produced by Mr. Cullen's venting his indignation on the unfortunate cook's head, in which Captain Barry seemed to take great pleasure, observing as he rubbed his hands with a chuckle, "I'm devilish glad of it; that infernal old cook's getting it anyhow. Bad cess to her, the stupid mohawk, that's twice this week she's spoiled the dinner. If Cullen don't change her, I'll change him." At this moment Timothy, whether by accident or with an intention of drowning the noise below and drawing off attention from it in the parlour, or else to amuse the company whilst the broil was going on, contrived to trip up Pat as the latter was passing Mrs. Watkins's chair with an enormous knife-basket full of knives, steel forks, and german silver spoons, which rolling on the ground with an awful rattle, startled me, but frightened poor Mrs. Watkins out of her wits, and threw the company into roars of laughter. "O my God! what's the matter," she cried, "is

the poor boy hurt? he had not the broil in his hand I hope?" Her apprehensions were however relieved by the return of Cullen bearing the much prized dish, which he immediately set down before Barry, who proceeded to help himself and those around him, who had counted mainly for their dinner upon this ill-cooked joint.

Timothy, however, securing for me a share, which upon my pressing Mrs. Watkins to take, "Well now you are so very kind, but you must really make Timothy go and get you some; had it not been for you, they are so selfish in this house I don't think I should have got any, although they all know I'm so fond of a broil, it does me so much.

second course; there will be a nice pair of roast ducks I know, I sent to inquire before dinner, as my appetite is so bad I dine chiefly when there is a second course off any little thing that may tempt me then; but I believe you said you were a relative of Sir Charles Tarleton's,—what a sweet amiable family he has! all except that eldest boy, he is a terrible young man, my dear. I'm told that was a dreadful thing about his trying to decoy Miss Merville away with his bad, vile, abominable associate, that Mr. O'Donnell they call him—what a pity it was he was not hanged; if we had any but a miserable low popish government he would too—but here are the ducks; whilst they are so young as they are now, they are only skin and bone, so just ask Doctor Mulrooney to give me a leg with the wing, and now mind you take care of yourself;" this, however, I found, even had Mrs. Watkins not been my next neighbour, a very difficult thing, as there was a general rush at the ducks, so contented myself with some sort of pastry that was before me, and upon which I found I had a great many calls. Mrs. Watkins perceiving this, although only just finishing her poultry, said in a

whisper to me, "don't help it all away, my dear, I'll take a little of it by and by; but first I want to get some of the things that are farthest off, there's an uncommon nice-looking pudding before that little puppy of a Thompson, but although he knows I'm fond of it, and that it does me good, he is not polite enough, my dear, to ask me if I'll have any, so I must trouble you just to remind him that he must ask us ladies to have a little, instead of eating it all up himself; also with the pudding I should like a little of that jam, it looks very tempting, and does me such good; and if you could reach those custards I think I should like one, it would make me eat, or as the glasses are so

the eatables had disappeared, "my dear, you and I will be great friends, you must sit near me every day, and I shall be able to see that you have your dinner comfortable amongst all these strangers, until you get more used to the place. Now it's so pleasant to sit near a young man that one can see by his every act, is really a gentleman like yourself, not a rude, coarse, boisterous young man, such as some of the persons are whom you see at this table—they sometimes behave very badly to me. Would you believe it my heart, they sometimes laugh at me, and go so far as to say that I eat a great deal, but I am sure you saw what a sickly poor creature I am, and how little I can eat. I expect two nice ladies to take tea with me to night, and I hope you will come up and join us early. I should like to introduce you to them. Don't sit drinking here with these gentlemen, and beware of the ladies, they'll want you to play cards with them, but don't on any account; there's Miss Crossley an excellent creature, but don't play cards with her—I don't tell you why; and Mrs. Poole over the way—"

"The lady with the black hair ma'am?" I said.

"Hair my dear! yes, I believe it is hair, but it's not her own, my dear—it's a wig; she is as old as I am. Mind what I say, don't play cards with her on any account, and I'm not afraid to tell you why—she'll cheat you, positively cheat! I lost seven-and-twenty shillings myself the first night I came into the house, and that's very serious you know, and so I like to caution you. There's Mrs. Windus too, don't be too familiar with her; you see her there with the extremely low dress, how very indelicate! 'pon my word it makes me blush, but she is as bold as brass herself. O, look how she throws her eyes at Captain Barry, the nasty impudent hussy! She says she is a

very comfortable, and the people respect me so much, and everybody's so fond of me, I don't see why I should put myself to the inconvenience of moving on her account. If we can find out any thing, however, Miss Crossley and I are quite resolved to make the house too hot for her; and I think, bad as Mrs. Poole is, she would join us also. Take great care of yourself, my dear, and don't let these gentlemen draw you into their haunts, drinking and going out at night supping, and elsewhere, that's bad you know; take care of your health. They are very wild these men when they get together—they have quite spoiled that young Thompson, who was a very nice little fellow when first he came here; he used always, after he had taken a glass or two of wine, to come up to the drawing-room and take his tea quietly with us; was a very well-behaved boy too, quite a little gentleman—well brought up you know, and made himself very agreeable; he would hold my silk for me whilst I wound it off, and handed the tea and bread-and-butter about; in fact, did every thing that was right and proper for a nice young man to do—was in his bed by eleven o'clock,

and up in the morning betimes. I always gave him the best advice, and paid particular attention to his morals; it was my duty to do so you know, he was so very young, only sixteen, left quite to himself too; but now, my dear, he must play the man, and sit drinking and smoking after dinner as bad as the worst of them; and as for coming up to the drawing-room, I am quite confident he has not made his appearance there—let me see now—no, not for the last three months, except once, about nine days ago, when he came up in a horrible condition, having been made quite tipsy by the gentlemen below, who thought proper to amuse themselves by sending him up to annoy me and

believe he is in debt after all, and from what I am able to learn from Cullen, whom I have questioned particularly about it, I don't think he is paying his bill regularly. I don't like to interfere you know, my dear, but still this is a thing that ought to be looked into. As to what Captain Barry, Doctor Mulrooney and Mr. Hanlon may do, it's not altogether so much my affair; and although I can but disapprove of their goings on, still, being grown-up men, they can act with greater discretion, even if they do frequent such places, and I don't much interest myself in what they do; though to be sure I can't shut my eyes to what I see before me. The world's greatly altered, my dear, since I was a girl; children are quite men and women now-a-days. Mrs. Windus, I think it's time we moved—what say you Miss Crossley?"

"Sure you're not going to run off in that way, ma'am, you have not had your third glass of port yet," said Captain Barry, as he hastily opened the door to permit the ladies to effect the retreat sounded by Mrs. Watkins, and which he was only afraid might not be caught at by the other women. "Thank God Almighty they're gone," he said

as he closed the door, "joy be with them and a bottle of moss! and if they never come back, I think Mr. Tarleton may safely add that one of them at least will be no great loss—the divil a bit you've had man at all to eat with that old crone; I've been watching her all the time, and by the holy St. Denis of France I'll take my bible oath that she ate more than any four persons at the table. Did you mind her Terry," said he, addressing a friend who had dined with him, and who rejoiced in the classical name of Terentius Regan, but was more commonly designated as Terry Ragin. Recently arrived in town from the county of Westmeath to attend to some business,

the amount of perhaps some four hundred a-year, actually to spend, though nominally a much more extensive landowner—a magistrate of the county, and a very good fellow to boot. Tall and thin, with handsomely marked features, a high and prominent nose, a paleness the result of continued dissipation, operating in some degree as a drawback upon his in other respects tolerably strong claims to be good-looking, though in that style which is altogether distinct from gentility, and may even exist with downright vulgarity; not that I mean to say that Mr. Terentius Regan was vulgar, but although a good-looking man he was not a gentlemanlike-looking man. Possessed of unabashed effrontery and great animal spirits, he could talk for ever on every subject connected either with field-sports or county politics, was familiar with the name of every man qualified to serve on the grand jury, and could tell to a fraction what was his rent-roll and what he owed. On the present occasion he was arrayed in an extremely light snuff-coloured frock-coat provided with extensive lappels, lined broadly with cotton-velvet as near to the colour of the coat as the tailor was

able to hit upon, and a black-velvet waistcoat so ample in its dimensions that, were it not too like its lighter-coloured brother upon the coat, composed of cotton instead of silk, it would have formed an extremely costly garment; as it was however, it might well be said of him, that he was clad in velvet. His nether-man was encased in white Russia-duck trousers rather soiled, and savouring strongly of a second day's wear, so that the contradictory nature of his dress would have puzzled anybody in an attempt to guess the season of the year from his costume, as he was one of those persons who, ever anxious to anticipate the arrival of summer, conceive that season to have come

“Ah, never mind the poor old woman, Barry; much good may it do her! But tell us, when do you mean to come down to the country? They have been expecting you at Castle Barry for this last month, and your aunt says it's very ill-natured of you not to come till the races. Why were you not at the assizes? We never had such times; I never recollect Mullingar looking so gay—all jumping alive, sir; dinner parties, balls, concerts, theatricals, and all manner and description of fun; you never had such a loss.”

“By Jove, that's true Terry, that's just what I wanted to talk to you about. Tell me, sir, how do you like your high-sheriff?”

“It's time for you to ask; is that the way you forget your old friends? Ah, by japers, when I go to Lishmakeel if I don't tell them that! But seriously, my dear Barry, it's the opinion of the whole county, friends and foes alike, that there never was a man more fit for that high and honourable office than our own worthy friend, Aurelian O'Reilly, of Lishmakeel Castle.”

“Be dad, 'Terry, you may say that, there's not many like Auralian; but tell us what kind of jury he had for you, and who's his sub?”

“ O Jeremiah Finnegan! who else do you think but one like Jerry, that knows Aurelian's friends, and is able to give them the word in time; we made him swear he'd never cross anything but a white horse the whole of his year. And as to the jury, there was a great change I assure you—a complete claning out of these Englishmen's agents; for says Aurelian, says he, if they don't choose to live here themselves, that's no reason I suppose for passing by the old blood of the county—such as your uncle of Castle Barry, for instance—to put those paid servants over their heads. So sir, we had not one of these chaps high up, and you never in your life saw any fellows look so blue as they

do in other respects, such as his turn-out I mean? That was a beautiful pair of horses I sent him down."

"Prime sir, prime; there has not been the like of them in Mullingar-street since the Flood; but didn't you see the account of it on the paper? That's what comes of not taking the Guardian—it was beautiful, really elegant! it was I that settled that for him too; he wanted to have only one footman, but I got Mrs. O'Reilly on my side, and we had it all our own way; two footmen if you please, and silk stockings and gold-lace and powder, and everything to make an equipage handsome, only I could not prevail on that Bill Doyle (Aurelian's helper, you know he was acting the footman for the day), to reduce those great red whiskers of his; that, and not being able to raise a coachman (as the blackguard got drunk that morning, and so made us have a postillion), somewhat lessened the style—although Rafferty O'Rafferty was kind enough to lend us the beautiful crimson cap that he got over from London on purpose to ride James Walsh's mare at the races, and this with a fine gold tassel, that was on that bag which you know

Lord Swillpunch brought over from *Parris* for Mrs. O'Reilly, and which she stitched on the cap, made him look very smart, only for love or money we could not raise a proper whip. Mrs. O'Reilly was for letting him go without any, but that I knew would never do getting up that damnable hill; so as luck would have it, sir, I bethought me of my own hunting-whip, and I lent him that; but bad cess to the booby! just as he was starting with the judge, nothing would do him but he must begin to crack it, and he actually hit his lordship's right eye, which put the old fellow in such a passion that he swore he would fine Aurelian five hundred pounds; and the worst of it was that Jerry Finnegan

fellow he is too, that said Judge Botherwick, there was no nonsense about him. I can tell you he is the sort of man we want to keep the country quiet—five men left for execution, two of them connected with that horrible murder of Bralligan's, and he took care to tell them right out, that it was to be no joking business of letting them off in the way it used to be in that Marquess of Blarney's time; but says his lordship—I can't pretend to give his own words you know Barry, but it was to this effect—‘ You are all of you abominable, miserable, detestable ruffians, and deserve to be hanged! and you need expect no mercy from me in this world or the next either, and so prepare yourselves to meet your unoffending Creator.’ ’Pon my soul Barry, ’t was very solemn, I never was so affected in my whole life, except that time when poor Dick Galloper was shot in the duel by Mick Quin; poor Mrs. O'Reilly too, when she heard of it was near miscarrying, for some fool or other went and told her that Aurelian would have to hang them himself, and she was not easy until I fully explained that that would be Finnegan's business.”

“ But Terry, talking of that, I was told that this

said business is likely to turn out a good job for O'Rafferty—isn't it true that it was he that brought those men to justice, and not Mr. Lawgiver the stipendiary?"

"Faith it is, Barry, quite true, and I was going to mention it to you when you interrupted me so, which give me leave to tell you is not very good manners."

"O! come, come, Terry, you know I did not mean you any offence,—go on, sir."

"Well then, when I was down at the Courts to-day I met Mr. Cross, the crown prosecutor on our circuit, and he says to me, 'mind, don't tell anybody about it. I mention to you in confidence, as I know

“ Ah now, do you tell me so ; you’re not joking sure, Terry ?”

“ Joking ! faith I’m not.”

“ Well then, I’m delighted to hear it ; he is just fit to hold the office, and if they’ll only appoint such men as him, old intelligent local magistrates, there would not be half so much grumbling. Well sir, but tell me what else about the assizes—had you a ball, and who was there ?”

“ O, a ball ! to be sure ; how can you ask that and you knowing Mrs. O’Reilly so well ? A splendid ball, sir—the whole county and a great many strangers ; of course all the officers, and a great many from Athlone too ; Aurelian even prevailed on the Colonel to let us have the band over, and we had a few of the Lancers too, and beautiful they looked.”

“ Pooh, pooh, these fellows are all alike, foot and horse, mere gingerbread, not men of substance like what the militia used to be. Well, but were the Castle Barry people there ?”

“ O, to be sure they were, in great force too ; I declare I never saw Mrs. Barry looking so beautiful, and her eldest daughter came out on the

occasion. Lord Swillpunch would dance with nobody else, and all the women were jealous of her; they do say it will be a match. To be sure he is a little her senior, and has lived rather hard, but then his rank you know. The Viscountess Swillpunch! how that would sound, Barry; and his fine fortune, though so much encumbered. I'll be bound to say Lord Swillpunch has not a penny less to spend than three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, after paying his mother's jointure, as well as the interest of the mortgage on the King's County property; and his son, you know, would get the property clear of his father's embarrassments, so that if Lord Swillpunch dropped off

avoid if possible, in consequence of all the money sunk in the house, so that his son (if he ever have one) may enjoy it."

"As to that, man, the Barrys of Castle Barry would not think themselves honoured by a connexion with any family in the county; and even although the Drewes got their peerage in 1612, yet the ancestors of the Barrys had larger possessions at that time."

"O, I know that very well, my dear fellow," said his friend Terentius, who appeared somewhat alarmed lest this worthy descendant of all the Barrys might get into a long harangue upon the only subject he ever was known to descant on with eloquence or historical research—"only you are fully aware that there might be worse matches for your cousin than that; however, Mrs. O'Reilly exerted herself to make the ball not only numerous but agreeable, and a pleasanter party there could not be; and I can tell you, I heard more than one pretty woman asking 'where Captain Barry was?' And such a supper! every thing in the first style. Mrs. O'Reilly insisted on the plate chest being brought from Lishmakeel; though of course that

did only for a few, because she said that although it was a public assize ball, yet that it was her duty, as the high-sheriff's lady, to attend more particularly to its details, and when she took it in hand you may guess how it was done."

"Ay, but tell me, Terry, what wines had you?"

"O! champagne, of course."

"Do you tell me so? that's quite enough. I see at once what it was—first-rate of course; what a loss I had!—I wish to the Lord I had known of it. How comes it you would not write to one, Mr. Ragin? but I say, how did the grand jury dinners go off?"

"Capital, sir, capital! I never saw them go off

every man stood to his post, and charged in his turn; and Aurelian, to his immortal credit be it said, as became a man that filled his office, sat to the last, and never flinched whilst there was one to do him justice. I never lived out to see it myself, but I heard from one of the waiters that it was glorious to see him, cool and composed, remain in his seat until they were all disposed of, and, like the captain of a ship, was the very last man to move. That's the sort of man we want for the first magistrate of the county; and if you saw how we toasted him!—the enthusiasm and cheering was beyond anything I ever saw or heard, every man of them seemed actually to love him as if he was his own father or brother. I vow it was positively affecting to see poor, good, honest Aurelian, at about half-past twelve o'clock returning thanks, his eyes actually streaming with tears for joy: but this was nothing to what it was when Sir George Boozer got up to propose Mrs. O'Reilly; I can't describe it, you must imagine it."

"That's just as it ought to be Terry, there's the advantage of purging the grand jury of agents. All that remain have a fellow-feeling and pull well

together. But I suppose Mrs. O'Reilly intends to make a little stir this year. I'll be going down next week for the races, and I mean to pass a little time at Lishmakeel."

"Do like a good fellow, they'll be delighted to see you; but if you can wait till my business is done here at these infernal Courts, we can both go down together, and I flatter myself that you'll agree with Mrs. O'Reilly, in saying that I have given Aurelian good advice, and indeed it was principally owing to her that I was able to persuade him to make the improvements. You'll find the place greatly altered for the better—there are twice as many beds for company as there used

fire, a beautiful horn-lantern which they call a lustre, is to be lighted every evening, so that it will make an admirable barrack-room for bachelors, only that they'll have to go up by a ladder, which I guess won't be so easy for them all after dinner, whatever it may have been before; and although Mrs. O'Reilly said she was afraid that the noise of the horses' chains underneath might disturb the guests, I took it upon me to assure her that all who would be able to get up, would sleep too sound for that to disturb them, and that it would be of use to prevent those who might fall off the ladder from going to sleep in the open air in the yard. The fellow who did the room up, wanted to put a bath in it, as he said it would be quite a sin having water so well at command not to have one (the pump is just close underneath you know), however, Aurelian who, though a first-rate fellow, is not quite so liberal or profuse as the mistress who was all for having it, thought it was not worth while going to the expense, particularly as there was great doubts whether the floor was strong enough to hold the bath when full of water if anybody got into it; and without that, as he very

properly said, there would not be much use in it, so that was given up. Then sir, all the former company bed-rooms have been fresh doctored too, and the drawing-room and dining-room most beautifully furnished; altogether Mrs. O'Reilly is resolved not to let the year pass over without shewing the county that they know how to live at Lisbmakeel, and I'm to be off and on as much as I possibly can, just to assist Aurelian in looking after matters, as you know Barry from his present position it will be quite out of his power to attend as much to his affairs as when he was only a private individual,—in fact, its to be an open house,—do the thing well, or not at all, my dear Aurelian." says I.

on livery for the year, send the boy into the stables, or to attend on the gentlemen in the barrack-room who don't bring their own servants, and I don't think many of them will,"—"Nor I either, by Jove," interposed Barry—"and write up to Dublin at once to hire a proper footman, a regular good servant, to whom you'll give sixteen or eighteen pounds a-year, and do the thing genteel at once, if you must do it at all, it will only be for your year of office. So sir, we carried it; and two footmen you'll find in splendid liveries to receive you in the hall of Lishmakeel Castle; the one from Dublin is not like a Westmeath touch at all, but quite like a gentleman when he speaks, indeed I think he must be an Englishman, as he is so particular about his eating, turns up his nose at good bread and milk, and is not content without bread and butter and tea, which Aurelian said was quite out of the question, but Mrs. O'Reilly and I prevailed on him to give in, as it was only to be for a year; but in my own opinion, once the tea system is introduced it will not be so easy to change it again, as Brennan has insisted upon being treated alike, and I'm told the coachman takes it very hard that

he who has better wages than either should fare worse ; however, that's not my business, let Aurelian look to that himself, all I have to do is to bring him through his shrievalty with credit to himself and honour to the county, of which I have not the slightest doubt, provided only we are fortunate enough to escape any county meeting, or any other occasion that may involve the necessity of his speaking in public, as you know poor Aurelian is no great orator, though indeed if ever this does happen I have arranged with Jerry Finnegan, that he's to take the active part, so as not to 'let Aurelian make a fool of himself,' as Mrs. O'Reilly sensibly expresses it. 'That's the woman! if she

whole of the county Westmeath, and already the Guardian has a flaming account of the great set-out that's to take place at the races, when she is going to have Signora Tantararara from Dublin; and then there's to be fireworks, and either a balloon or a steam-coach, I don't know which."

"Come Terry, I see you are doing me now, but I know what you mean. Mrs. O'Reilly as I always knew she would, means to do herself and Aurelian full justice, and there's nobody knows better than myself what Lishmakeel can do with her at its head."

"Well, Barry, I was joking certainly about the balloon and steam-coach, but seriously, there will be fireworks, and I am myself going to-morrow to know what day during the race-week it will be most convenient for Signora Tantararara, and that other fellow that's with her, Signor Gullofoolo—I believe he is her husband, though they have got different names, which is a fashion those French people have—to come down to sing at Lishmakeel. The money they are to get is incredible, thank goodness Aurelian knows nothing of it yet, as he hates music and abhors foreigners. Mrs. O'Reilly and

I have managed that. By-the-by, I forgot to tell you that at the ball at Mullingar we saw for the first time the new full-dress uniform of the constabulary, as there were some of the police-officers there dressed in it; it's a beautiful thing—very grand I assure you! and Lord Swillpunch declared he took them for Russian field-m Marshals, as he says its exactly the same uniform, and you know he ought to be a good judge, as he has been so much on the Continent, in France and Italy, and all that."

"Ay," said Barry, "they'll never have done dressing these fellows out like monkeys for a show, what's the good of trying to make them look like

tlemen of fortune, never dreamed of any such nonsense as this with cocked hats, and cock-tail plumes, and all sorts of bedevilments. But come Terry, bloodanouns man, you are doing nothing but talk this hour and more, why the deuce don't you mix something old boy? I'll not drink another drop till you have finished that sup, and made a fresh tumbler; now there's a new supply of hot water, come make haste and finish that; I can tell you this is prime stuff—some of Kinahan's real L. L. Why man you seem to be dreaming of nothing but Lishmakeel, and how you can make poor Auralian spend his money and make a goose of himself. Now if I were you my dear Ragin, I'd have no hand in hiring these infernal Italian squawkers; I'm fully sure Auralian won't be pleased. I suppose they are so fine down there now that a plain man like myself could not get a tumbler of punch at any rate."

"O, by no means Barry, Aurelian is just the same plain, honest, and kind fellow as ever, only Mrs. O'Reilly thinks, and I must own that I agree with her, that things ought to be on a little better footing for the year, in fact that he must make a

splash ; as to what you say about a tumbler of punch, I have taken care that there's both brandy and whiskey nicely stowed away in the barrack-room, with plenty of prime regalia cigars—Aurelian don't smoke, but I made him write over to London to Beynon and Stocken, a celebrated house, for a good supply—and splendid soda water from Thwaite's in Sackville-street, so that those who wish for a tumbler of anything of that sort before they go to bed, can have it nice and snug there ; but Mrs. O'Reilly positively insists that there shall be nothing but wine drank in the dining parlour for the year—and now just to give you an idea of how things are to go on—These rights are

insisted on my taking a few to town with me, and you shall try one), and having mixed what we liked, we set to at blind-hookey, and kept hard at it singing and smoking, until the helpers coming to stables in the morning, told us it was time to give over, and we slept as sound as cockroaches until twelve, when I was awakened by hearing Sir George exclaim, 'O my God, the boy is killed!' and at the same instant I saw Ned, who had one foot into the room, both his hands being filled with jugs of hot water for our shaving, suddenly disappear, and from the crash that followed we all concluded he must be dashed to pieces, and as you may imagine were terribly shocked. On running to the door, however, we saw the young rascal lying at his ease on a heap of straw, splitting laughing, with the broken jugs by his side, fortunately not at all hurt, as he would have been but for some straw that lay there by good luck; and on inquiry it was found that the accident had occurred in consequence of the ladder which he had mounted and was just about to move off, being pushed from under him by an old cart-mare that was running loose in the yard scratching her rump against it,

and the crash as we thought of his breaking bones was nothing more than the brand-new best china shaving jugs going to pieces; which was very unfortunate, as they were got expressly for the barrack-room dressing-table, and could not therefore be matched in Mullingar, so I'm to replace them here and take them down with me."

"By my soul, Terry, they havn't lasted very long," said Barry, "and if every thing else goes at that rate, you and your barrack-room will be a dear bargain for poor Auralian, who, if I'm not much mistaken, will at this rate wish before half the year is out that he had never accepted the office of high-sheriff."

“So much the worse for Aurelian, because if he had been so fortunate as to have one of you crack your necks coming down that same step-ladder, I’m inclined to think the brandy and cigars that you keep up there, to say nothing of Thwaite’s fine soda-water, would be likely to last the longer.”

“Faith and that’s true for you Barry, for the brandy is so good, as Sir George Boozer says, that nobody would wish to affront Aurelian by taking the whiskey before it, and signs on it! it will want replenishing soon, and I must not forget that Mrs. O’Reilly particularly ordered me to send down a few more gallons.”

“But Terry tell us, are Boozer and the rest of you stopping there altogether?”

“O no! only off and on, except Sir George Boozer; and as Mrs. O’Reilly says it’s important to get him there as much as possible, as from his being run upon so much in the country, his countenance and support at the beginning will give a style to the whole of Aurelian’s year; and to say the truth (and I feel proud to say it too, considering that all the arrangements have been made under my direction), Sir George don’t seem at all

inclined to move, as he says, although 'twas always a good house 'it's now become,' says he to me (the other morning before he was out of his nest) 'the pleasantest house I was ever in, so free and easy; I vow to God, my dear Regan, Aurelian and the whole county ought never to forget you for having got this room done up so nicely; it's the snuggest thing possible, I only wish I had such another at my place at Ballyboozzer; here we are, all as cozey as you please, no confounded interruption from ladies. A man goes to bed and gets up when he pleases, and his breakfast ready up to four o'clock if he likes it; then that admirable little closet over there by-the-by, that brandy was so good

those great long narrow glasses are, have you seen them yet? about a yard and a half long, sir; there's no danger if you put a good bottom of brandy that half the soda will run over your hands, they're a capital invention. I don't know whether they have them here yet; but those at Lishmakeel I made Aurelian get from London, with many other little things that he'd have never thought of if it had not been for Mrs. O'Reilly and me, and even then he was grumbling about the expense, saying they were not wanting, and could be very well done without, and such like trash; but as Mrs. O'Reilly invariably says, and 'pon my credit I can't but agree with her, 'if the thing is to be done, let it be well done,' as it will only be for the year; though how they'll ever get back to the old style of Brennan and the boy, I don't well know; but that's not my affair, all I have to do you know, is to bring him well through his year as becomes a friend like myself that has a proper regard for his character and standing in the county; but by the lord Harry! my dear fellow, I almost forgot (what a tomnoddy I must be to be sure) to tell you the greatest improvement of all, that great big strag-

gling room you know that Aurelian used to call the library (though the divil a many books there ever were in it), what would you guess that is now? but I may as well tell you, a beautiful billiard-room sir! Aurelian wanted to get a second-hand table, but that I told him would damn him for ever, so Sir George Boozer kindly offered to write over to his brother that's in the Guards and a member of what Sir George calls "Crocky's" (though we none of us know what the baronet means by that), to buy a first-rate table, and it only arrived the week before last—it's a splendid one, spring cushions and all the new improvements, and more than that, Sir George's brother was so very thoughtful as to

little bit of supper served up there every night we play—she's beginning to be a pretty good hand at it herself; Sir George gives her lessons in the day-time, always laying on some small bet, as he says it gives it an interest, and that a person learns much quicker that way, of which I have no doubt in the world."

"But Terry, has Auralian money enough to do all this? I know him very well, but I have no idea what he has to spend; you ought to be able to give a close guess at what he is really worth; this seems an infernal dear office he has got, in the way you describe it."

"Why Barry, as to that I should think, indeed I am quite sure, that the whole of the family estates produce something very close upon eight thousand a-year—that's the property, but what he has got to spend is another question; however I am quite certain that one thing with another he has not got less than four or five-and-twenty hundred a-year clear of every thing; this year it will be a little better, but then it will never cover the year's expenses. I lay it that even to do the thing quietly, if at all genteelly, he'll have to tie another

about on the corner to the tune of a couple of
minutes. Mrs. O'Reilly has bargained for one,
and that I never will never do it. Anselm himself
I believe is foolish enough to fancy his ordinary
income will meet it, but that of course is quite out
of the question. He must enlarge his notions a little,
and as Mrs. O'Reilly says, in which I quite agree,
if will be much well laid out, it will give him
influence with the county members, who are to be
over at Easter on a visit at Lismore with some
ideas of theirs from England, and he wants to
get off a couple of his boys, and these fellows will
be able to send them into the army or something
else, and the mistress is dying to get the second

at laste the deuce a-much more you have done to night."

"Not a drop more my dear Barry," said Terentius, and he shoved his tumbler into the middle of the table.

"Well, what will you do Terry? will you come up and look at old Watkins's friends, and watch Sleekly taking his tea? the divil a better fun a man need have: that old milk-sop would drink tea with any washerwoman from this to France, and I have seen him clear a large plate of bread and butter whilst you'd be saying Jack Robinson."

CHAPTER XVI.

Such is modern fame !

Tis pity that it takes no further bold
Than an advertisement, or much the same,
When ere the ink be dry the sound grows cold.
The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post?

Don Juan.

you come and sit near me to-morrow, at the foot, and I'll take care you are not served so any more. Did you observe, Terry, how she even took the broil I sent the gentleman? it's a burning shame so it is, for her to go on so! but you'll excuse me, Mr. Tarleton, making so free; this is, you see, a selfish sort of a place, we are all for ourselves here, so let me recommend you not to throw away your civility in that sort of a way any more—it's rather hard when a man pays for his dinner that he can't get it in comfort for an old screw like that, who's so rich that she ought to be living somewhere else but in a boarding-house; however, let us go up and see if we can't torment her and her old sister Tabbies, that are come to visit her from the boarding-house in Aungier-street, besides you'll have great sport in listening to Duffy prating about his Morning Post. The fellow can talk of nothing else—he can tell all the fashionable moves, parties, presentations at court, ladies' dresses, and lords-in-waiting, for this generation past—knows the peerage by heart—is intimately acquainted with the instructive and useful mysteries of the Army-list, which he is always studying—can tell precisely,

and on the instant, the names and salaries of all public officers, both at home and abroad—and is, in fact, a mere walking Directory; and, upon my soul I don't hesitate to say, that if the ass had only applied a quarter of the pains and trouble, to say nothing of the time and attention, that he has bestowed in filling his skull with this cursed ridiculous stuff, on any useful employment or profession, he would not be, as he is now, vegetating on a paltry annuity; but as it is, the big goose is fool enough to bother his head about a pack of people that don't even know he is in existence—and if they did, would not give him as much as one halfpenny to save him from starving; then,

he pulled off his boots overnight; in fact no one ever saw him without it, except, indeed, I heard that he was once seen bathing at the Rock, and no glass in his eye for a wonder. At all events, whether he sleeps in the spy-glass or not, there's not the least doubt in life that he takes the Morning Post to bed with him—and they even go so far as to say that he takes the trouble of keeping a regular manuscript register of the leading fashionable intelligence it contains; and I have myself known him to go up all the way to the Richmond barracks in order to make himself familiarly acquainted with the personal appearance of a Scotch baronet in some stupid marching regiment that happened to be quartered there, and he would gladly go without his dinner any day to learn the name of a cavalry officer whom he did not know by sight. I'd bet a thousand guineas that Duffy could identify the whole garrison, provided there had not been a change within a reasonable time. There's not an English person of rank or fortune that passes through Dublin but he contrives to see within four-and-twenty hours of their arrival. As it is, he's breaking his heart to get a peep at some awfully

rich fellow that's over here on a visit with the Lord Lieutenant, but who it seems keeps close and wont shew, being bored to death by a pack of staring and gaping fools, who can't let the man go quietly about his business without annoying him in that sort of way. I forget what the deuce the man's name is, it's Highwayman or something like that; at all events, whoever he is, he seems a more sensible sort of a fellow than most of them that come over here trying to astonish us by exhibiting themselves and their money, which quiet plain folks don't care a straw about, although there are a set of would-be fashionables here who keep fluttering them and paying them court, and

the honour of my company in Ireland quite enough, without being obliged to know you again over here?' and it serves them very right, divil mend them! bowing and scraping to a parcel of rotten blackguards, many of them of not half as good family either. What good is their money to us? we don't want it! and if we did we would not get it. But this gentleman who is stopping with Earl Wigton seems to be a very good sort of a man; they say he is immensely rich; and if he is, he deserves it better than many that are so; for I have heard of several acts of charity done by him that are quite princely, and not done in an ostentatious way either—flaring away in the newspapers—but as I was saying, Duffy can't get a glimpse of him at any price, though I'm told he has been striving to bribe Bartholomew, the state porter—I believe they call him—to put him in the way of seeing this Mr. Highwayman, or whatever his name is; but it all won't do, for he don't go to any of their dinners or so forth, and although there's that old divil of a Lady Rutledge, and all the would-be fashionables, official and non-official, trying to get him to their houses, he won't

go near one of them. There's a knock at the door there, I wonder what that can be — if it's any one coming to dinner, he is in the wrong box to-day."

And the door opening, a what is vulgarly called genteel-looking young man made his entrance.

"Holloa Swanton! dinner's long since over; if that's what you want."

"Thank you very much, Captain Barry, but I do not want dinner. I have just been dining with a friend at Morrison's."

"I'll take my oath," whispered Barry to me aside, "that's a thundering lie."

"And I have only come home to dress for an

he rang the bell, and ordered in a very consequential tone that hot water should be taken to his room, as he was going to dress for a "pawty" at Lady Coogan's in the square, and proceeded as follows—"My laundress has disappointed me in bringing home my clothes this afternoon, and as I was at a great many pawties last week, all my silk stockings are in the wash, consequently I have been obliged to buy a pair expressly for to-night, which is a very serious inconvenience, as I detest to wear anything unwashed, and you will be so good as to desire Mrs. Cullen, when she is paying this woman her bill (which she must please to do, as I don't wish to change a note for the purpose), to explain to her how very much her irregularity in sending home my linen has incommoded me. Here, stop, I have not yet done with you: what I wanted to tell you more particularly is, that it is my wish when the person shall have arrived with these stockings, you bring them up to me at once, and tell him that he need not take the trouble of waiting, for that I shall call at the shop to-morrow: do you hear?" and having thus elegantly, as he conceived, and dexterously conveyed his orders, Augustus Swanton,

esq. quitted the apartment to adonize for Lady Coogan's "pawty" (as he called it) in the square.

"Who may that be in the name of wonder?" asked Mr. Regan of his friend Barry.

"O !" replied the latter, (there having been nobody in the room for some time past except Barry, his friend, and myself), "that's a queer sort of a fish enough, very respectably connected I believe in the county Leitrim, but wretchedly poor ; still the pride of the creature is so great, that he is for ever thrusting himself forward into the houses of people who, like this Lady Coogan, are not much better than retired tradespeople with plenty of money, got it's hard to say how, and who look down upon this

talking fools of this house), I have reason to know he's rather on the cross, and I shall not be surprised if there turns out to be something wrong about these silk stockings; now mark v at I say—what a fool the fellow is to throw away the little he has, and get in debt, in order to mix with such people as that upstart of a Lady Coogan and her friends! Who she is herself, nobody knows—but her husband was an old grocer that made a deal of money by discounting bills, and robbing every poor fellow he could, like a damned jew as he was, and having crept into an alderman's gown, they labelled him for life, and so left the old widow 'my Lady;' and she has got a pack of strapping lumps of daughters sir, that are taking a deal of trouble to try and make themselves pass for fine ladies, with the help of the dressmaker's hands and a French maid to put their clothes on, from whom they have been able to pick up French enough to say 'how do you do?' so as to be understood by any Frenchman that has lived long enough in this country; and what with strumming an old piano out of tune and into tune again, and going to a fashionable church, and riding about on horseback, and flirting with a pack

of officer fellows that only want to get dinners from them, and going in state to the Castle where their father used to take the tea, they have managed to pass muster amongst a kind of second-rate fashionables here, though they are not regularly acknowledged by your great nobs, most of which same nobs being a mere pack of jacks-in-office, are no great shakes themselves, and would be no better than Lady Coogan, if so good, at the other side of the water. But come, gentlemen, I forgot, you don't know each other yet; give me leave Mr. Tarleton to present my friend Mr. Ragin, one of the greatest blackguards unchanged, and the less you

glued to his left eye as the inquiring Mr. Duffy of whom Barry had made such honourable mention below stairs.

“Well, Mrs. Watkins!” exclaimed the shrill voice of Miss Crossley, “will you never have done gossiping there with Mr. Duffy, and come over to your tea, and attend to your visitors; here’s Miss Backbiter dying for her tea, and she has got something particular to tell you about what she saw at Mrs. Dasher’s yesterday, haven’t you now Miss Backbiter?”

“La! now Miss Crossley, that’s not fair; I’ll never tell you anything again, if you go and publish it in that way, besides I don’t know it for certain, I only made my own observations.”

“Shall I cut up your seed-cake ma’am,” said Miss Crossley, again addressing Mrs. Watkins, “or shall we wait for you?”

“Yes, if you please, my dear, that is, cut it up by all means, my heart; but don’t wait on any account, though I’ll be over in a minute; but Mr. Duffy is telling me something very particular—cut it thin, if you please, Miss Crossley, or stay, you had better let it be until I come;” but

this reprieve for the cake came too late, as Barry, having volunteered his services, had already commenced the work of demolition. Meanwhile an expressive motion of the head from Mrs. Watkins had summoned me to her side, when to my extreme surprise catching my hand in both of hers she thus began: "O my dear! I'm so sorry for what I said after dinner to you, it was a terrible mistake, I really did not know at the time who you were, or how things actually stood; and it's only this moment that I have learned from Mr. Duffy that you are Sir Charles's eldest son, that good, and great, and excellent man, God preserve him! and how awfully you have been maligned, and what

better move over to the tea-table? Miss Crossley has been calling me sometime, and the best of the tea is very soon gone here, besides my visitors are waiting for me to cut my cake, a beautiful seed-cake, my dear, and I hope you'll take some."

Approaching the table, Barry most politely insisted upon his friend and himself rising to make room for Mrs. Watkins, and I observed a suppressed titter pass round the whole table, except on the faces of her two visitors, upon this lady's asking where the cake was.

"I never eat a better, 'pon my soul ma'am," said Barry; "we are all very much obliged to you, Mr. Sleekly in particular ought to be so, as he has had more than any of us;" and Sleekly's mild but firm protestations of never having tasted a bit of it, were lost amid the storm of angry reproach that burst from Mrs. Watkins.

"Such ill-behaviour I declare! Miss Crossley, I expressly told you not to cut it—is it all gone? What! is there not a morsel left?"

"Not a bit ma'am," replied Miss Backbiter, looking as black as thunder, "though I dare say it must have been a very nice cake; however, I

did not get any, did you Mrs. Sponge?" addressing her fellow visitor.

"Not a taste," bitterly retorted Mrs. Sponge.

"I really won't stand this any more," cried Mrs. Watkins; "I'll positively leave the house—shameful, it's not to be endured! No gentleman would do such a thing. Miss Crossley, did you have any of it?"

"Indeed ma'am, Captain Barry would make me take a little after Mrs. Windus."

"O, I'm greatly obliged to you, Captain Barry; but when you wish to pay a compliment to any particular lady that you may admire—I don't mean

kind as to await my invitation; for instance, here's Mr. Tarleton, whom I have particularly asked to share it, and there's not a bit of it left for him; for myself I don't so much care, though having made but a very poor dinner, I feel the want of some little thing to my tea; at all events I suppose there is some bread and butter. Is there no gentleman in the room polite enough to hand a lady the bread and butter when she asks for it?"

Here there was a general look round the table in search of the article in question; but, as the saying is, "full bellies make empty platters," and accordingly none was to be seen, although Mrs. Sponge, in her zeal to answer her patroness's call, lifted up a plate upon which there once had been some, and pulled it to her, and turned it over as if she really thought there had been some underneath, when Barry observing, "where's the bread and butter, Sleekly?" a general cry arose, "Mr. Sleekly has eaten it all;" and Miss Crossley observed to herself, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the whole table, "and tea in proportion." At this moment a noise was heard up stairs of a voice exclaiming loudly, "What is that man wait-

ing for? tell him the things are quite right, and that he need not remain; say that I shall call at the shop to-morrow;" and immediately a chamber door was heard to bang loudly. The atmosphere of the drawing-room, though not actually oppressive, was nevertheless, what with the tea and the crowd, sufficiently hot to afford a very fair excuse for Mrs. Watkins (who was pricking up her ears at what had already been heard) to request that the door might be opened. "That is to say," she added, "if none of the other ladies object."

"O, not at all!" "by no means!" "pray do!" "to be sure!" "certainly!" "it's extremely hot!" "quite overpowering!" was circulated simultaneously.

“ Why, he is always going to parties; I wonder what sort of people they are who ask him so much,” continued Mrs. Watkins; “ where is he going to-night, my heart?”

“ O, indeed, ma'am, he is going to Lady Coogan's to-night; there's to be a great party there. Captain Lacely told me all the officers of his regiment were asked, so you may guess it will be a great squeeze, and I am sure I'm very glad that I am not going; but what do you think—Mr. Swanton is to take his guitar with him, and Nancy the housemaid told me that he got her to stitch a new broad sky-blue ribbon to it, with an enormous rosette, and Pat is to carry it to the house for him!”

Whilst this conversation was going on in the drawing-room, a suppressed though very audible dialogue was heard from the hall, and that it was not altogether uninteresting to the ladies was proved by Mrs. Watkins's making a signal to Miss Crossley to discontinue her strikingly well-informed harangue. The voice of Timothy was first heard. “ You had better leave them, the gentleman's sure to call and settle for them.”

“ Be Jasus, but I wont though; I tell you man

I'm ordered to bring back the stockings or the money; but if it's all right, as you say, go and ask Mr. Cullen to pay for them, he can get it from the gentleman;" and then addressing Cullen, who happened to pass through the hall at the moment, "Will you pay for the stockings, Mr. Cullen?"

"O, it's no business of mine to pay for Mr. Swanton's stockings—if I was to pay for what every gentleman in my house orders, I'd have nothing else to do! Go up, Timothy, and tell Mr. Swanton the man says he's ordered to be paid; and do you mind, let him understand that he must either have the money or the stockings."

The grunted Timothy, possibly from a sym-

there silk stockings, says, as how, sir, his master is a very partiklar man, and has given him positive orders to wait for the money."

Something was said again from the interior, to which Timothy replied, "So I did, sir, I told him you would be sure to call to-morrow, but he insists upon it that he must be paid before he leaves the house." A considerable pause ensued, when Timothy's voice was again heard.

"So I did sir, but Mr. Cullen says he's very sorry, but unfortunately he has got no cheenge in the house."

A longer pause again followed, and once more we heard the dulcet notes of Timothy, "very well, sir, I'll go down and tell him so," and he hurried down into the hall. "The gentleman says he's very sorry, but he has got no small cheenge at present in the house, but that he'll be sure to call to-morrow, and he bid me say that he has already put the stockings on."

"He has! has he? the blackguard, the swindler! but be the holy—he shall jump out of them again, so I'll trouble you honest man not to keep me watin here any longer, making a fool of me,

but go up and bring me down the stockings at once."

"O be George!" cried Timothy, "I'll have nothing more to do with it. I'll carry no saucy message to the gentleman,"—and Cullen's voice was again distinguished.

"Well Timothy, is Mr. Swanton going to send down the money?"

"No, he is not," cried the man; "and whoever he is, I'll trouble you to get me my stockings."

"The gentleman has got them on, sir; hadn't you better pay for them Mr. Cullen?"

"I can't pay for them, nor I won't. I have paid for different things already, and I'll pay for no more."

venient for you to pay, and I'll wait for them, sir."

Presently an awful noise was heard produced by a frightful crash of chairs and tables overturned, mingled with loud oaths, and the door being opened Mr. Augustus Swanton exclaimed as he handed out the stockings, "this is most shameful conduct, a most disgraceful transaction, curse the scoundrel, I'll complain of him to his master, and if he don't make him smart for this—never mind, thank you very much Mr. Cullen, I'm extremely sorry you should have taken the trouble of coming up yourself, why did you not send Timothy? You must be so good Mr. Cullen as to tell Pat I want him immediately to clean my dress-boots;" and Mr. Swanton proceeded to place outside his door the aforesaid dress-boots, being however a good strong heavy pair, very muddy and rather wet, but as he was only the possessor of this single pair, they therefore could not fairly claim the peculiar denomination he had applied to them, being obliged to act both for dress and undress. It might be both amusing and edifying to chronicle the observations, and describe the expressive countenances and

gestures of the different individuals, witnesses—somewhat unfairly perhaps—of this unfortunate mishap to a man of Mr. Augustus Swanton's fashion, however to do so would require powers that I am not so vain as to pretend to the possession of, and therefore hopelessly relinquish the essay of so proud an achievement. Barry, who despite all his roughness I began to think in the main a very good-natured fellow, as soon as the first burst was over succeeded in turning the conversation and attention of the whole party into a different channel by addressing Duffy, whom he asked "Well Duffy any news stirring, who dined at the Palace upon last Tuesday?" but Duffy, who

“Why man this rich Englishman that’s stopping with Lord Wigton.”

“O! I suppose you mean Mr. Highbred, who is and has been for some days on a visit with His Excellency.”

“Ay by Jove,” cried Barry (winking at me), “that’s exactly what I do mean, that’s the very chap. Have you seen him yet Duffy?”

“No, Captain Barry, I have not.”

“Ay Mr. Duffy tell me, my dear, all about this gentleman,” said Mrs. Watkins. “I want to know all about him, who is he, and what is he doing here? there seems to be a great fuss made about him.”

“Indeed there does, ma’am,” observed Miss Crossley: “for he’s not a peer nor even a baronet, and although he is immensely rich, I can’t understand why he is thought so much about.”

“Nor I either,” said Mrs. Watkins; “can you tell us Mr. Duffy, my dear?”

“Indeed ma’am, fully to explain to you what it is that in particular has drawn public attention, as well as admiration in so unprecedented a degree upon Mr. Highbred on the occasion of this his

short stay in our capital, I cannot pretend to explain, as I quite agree with Miss Crossley that mere wealth could not have secured such a reception to a commoner not distinguished either in politics, or what may be properly called, strictly speaking, the really fashionable world; for the appearance of his name in which, on his arrival in this country, I in vain sought in its proper and legitimate journal, I mean the *Morning Post*. Having some experience myself in this matter, I found with pleasure that the well-founded nature of my surprise was borne out by the remarkable fact of my being unable to discover his name in any of the leading parties since my attention was

respectful consideration of our leading fashionables. He is rich, more so indeed than is commonly to be met with in England, and has vast possessions in this country; but all that would avail him nothing if he were a '*novus homo*,' or a country boor; but, madam, Mr. Geoffrey Highbred is neither. True, I have already told you that I have sought for, without success, any trace of him in the modern walks of fashion; but by pushing my researches further back, I have been enabled to discover him revolving in the very highest circles of ton, not unknown either in the political world, at the same period that his career as a man of fashion was run. The *beau ideal* of good breeding, Mr. Geoffrey Highbred was the man that drove Brummell from the field. It was in Mr. Geoffrey Highbred that the most polished, elegant, and refined monarch of modern Europe found not only a friend in whom to repose his confidence, but a mentor to instruct, and an example to attract him from the gaudy and ill-bred coxcombry that was verging fast into vulgarity, and taught him to exchange the dangerous path of familiar popularity, from which indeed his own natural good taste revolted, for the more

worthy pursuit of a high and dignified seclusion. The shewy fopperies of fashion made a trade of, and merely followed as a business, were never suited to the refined mind of Mr. Highbred, and from the moment that Parvenus were tolerated in society, Mr. Highbred made his bow to it, and quitted the drawing-room; simultaneously with which, terrified at the march of popular license, which he was unable single-handed to stem, and which he was resolved never to sanction by participating in, Mr. Highbred quitted the administration, and committed to a distant relative the task of attending to the county interests in parliament; and pronouncing London no longer fit

(although he be, as Miss Crossley in a misapprehension of their weight remarks, neither a peer nor a baronet; and here I may in passing observe, that Mr. Highbred respectfully declined an earldom when it was almost forced upon him by the friendly solicitude of George the Fourth), I will now, my dear Mrs. Watkins, endeavour to satisfy your request to know who he is, and this I can best accomplish by referring to that most admirable and important national work, you will of course at once understand that I mean ‘Burke’s History of the Landed Gentry;’ from whence—conceiving it possible, my dear madam, that the laudable curiosity which you have now manifested concerning so distinguished an individual, would probably be exhibited—I have, from a wish dictated by a sense of duty to be in a matter of such paramount interest more than commonly exact, though usually able to trust with tolerable safety to a practised and not unfaithful memory, made a short written extract, and which, if I correctly interpret your silence into a permission to do so, I shall proceed to read to you.”

And here Mr. Duffy, to the great delight of

Barry (who was punching me with his elbows, and pinching his friend Terentius Regan, who, though fond of speaking himself, was, as is not uncommon to such persons, but an indifferent listener, and having therefore fallen asleep was now most probably dreaming of the improvements in the domestic economy of Lishmakeel Castle, so sensibly adopted by its facile proprietor, on his recommendation and that of its amiable and accomplished mistress), thrust his right hand into his left hand breast-pocket, and having drawn therefrom several carefully-folded memoranda, proceeded to select from number one marked with red ink, "Extract from Burke's Hist. of E. G. Guelphs. Highland 1814 original 1814

than the nails of a Chinese, went on to read audibly as follows:—“(Highbred, Geoffrey, Esq.) This family is descended immediately from the Delormiers, who came over with the Conqueror, and having obtained grants of land in the counties of York, Durham, and Cumberland, intermarrying with the celebrated Saxon family of Hinghibraid, (who were connected with Hengist, and pushed back their descent to a very remote origin, and were in that time held in high respect by their countrymen), adopted their name, which by a corruption has been converted into Highbred, that now borne by the head of this ancient house, whose immediate ancestors have been since 1400 seated with great dignity in the county of Durham, where their immediate direct descendant holds as his residence the immense chase known by the name of Straffington, and continuously occupied as their regular abode by all the successive heads of the family since 1683, when it was first adopted for this purpose by Gilbert, who transmitted it to his son Emlyn, whose descendants have continued to reside there in great splendour. The landed possessions of the Highbreds, though curtailed from

their ancient dimensions, embrace vast tracts of country in the counties of Durham and Cumberland, and extend largely into Yorkshire. They also hold by the intermarriage in 1505 of Oswald, then chief of the Highbreds, with Norah, daughter of Gorman MacMurrrough, Prince of Glensheela in Ireland, immense estates in that country, situate in what is now called the province of Munster. The Highbreds have at various times intermarried with the leading ancient noble families of England, the Blood Royal of Scotland, and are connected with some of the great families of Languedoc and Burgundy, the ducal houses of Middle Germany, the princely stocks of Lombardy, and the blood of

“First—Oswald Plantagenet m. Barbara Priscilla, youngest daughter of John, first Marquess of Mulgatawney, but died leaving no issue.

“Secondly—Sarah, now sole heiress of his vast estates, m. Richard, twenty-third Earl of Gilsland, and by him has issue two sons.”

“And now madam,” said Duffy, as he concluded this magniloquent extract, “having endeavoured to give you some faint idea of Mr. Highbred’s birth and parentage, which even I should hope my friend Captain Barry will admit is respectable,” and so saying he turned the whole of his head, including his glass, towards Barry, “and will I trust satisfy Miss Crossley, even though he be neither a peer nor a baronet; his being unprovided with either of which distinctions, considering the rareness and discretion with which they have latterly been dispensed, has naturally enough tended to draw from Miss Crossley, if such a thing were possible from one so amiable, a sneer at Mr. Highbred for being only a commoner. The only other point, my dear Mrs. Watkins, upon which you have requested information from one so little capable of affording any, as in my ignorance I feel conscious that I am,

has reference, if I recollect aright, to the reasons of this distinguished gentleman's being now in this country: a question which none of us can be for an instant blind to, as to our complete right of meeting, unless we are fully prepared to forego (what I imagine none here present are, and I venture to include your amiable and lovely visitors, Mrs. Sponge and Miss Backbiter)—that inalienable right to all persons of inquiring into and canvassing the private motives of others, and assigning to them those which after mature examination appear rightly to be theirs, however much they may be disclaimed by them; as in the present instance we must all at once see that the sole motive of Mr. Highbro's visit

whose industry their wealth mainly springs. It is such considerations, and such alone I am convinced, that could have induced a man of Mr. Highbred's habits and notions to relinquish the comforts and conveniences of that magnificent solitude at Straffington, in which it has suited the peculiar bent of his ideas and disposition to indulge, and which, however strange and eccentric it may appear to some less conversant with the disgusting emptiness and vanities of life, yet adorned as in his case it has been by a liberal participation with his less fortunate neighbours in the affluence he possesses, cannot surely merit censure or be exposed to ridicule; but which when the paramount voice of duty and propriety called, this excellent and amiable man has not hesitated to temporarily lay aside in order to obey that call. In so doing he must of necessity (I grieve to say) expose himself to the rude collision with those coarser-minded individuals that, infesting the ordinary walks of life, are to be found even in its most elevated positions, wearing upon the hideous form of innate vulgarity the gilded trappings of that livery of titles, rank, fortune and even consideration, with which fashion clothes

her servants, unfortunately permitting to stand not only on the steps and in the vestibule, but within the very penetralia of her temple, individuals who, unfitted by their want of that finished polish of internal elegance of mind which the real exclusive like Mr. Highbred so eminently possesses, endeavour to make up for it by insolent assumption and gaudy display. These ideas, my dear Mrs. Watkins, may possibly sound to you and Miss Crossley, and even do so to myself, somewhat paradoxical, accustomed, children of habit as we are, to look no farther than the outward appearance of wealth and rank and power, and thus hoodwinked, we too often

gross ignorance and manifest error under which I have, in common with many others alas! so long laboured, and which almost induces me to resolve never more to read this newspaper. It is not, it cannot be, my dear Mrs. Watkins, that fashion consists in the possession of a nickname called a title, because do we not now every day behold it achieved by plodding lawyers, successful soldiers, brawling politicians, sordid capitalists, and unlettered country squires? Surely the possession of countless thousands which a shopkeeper may attain to, and having attained may create himself lord of manors innumerable, and thus commanding counties and filling boroughs, reign lord paramount of politics—is not the avenue of refined Mode! In fine, madam, to surpass in an insolence that unfeelingly tramples on others, is not what the courtly Chesterfield conceived; nor can the borrowed merits of the humble dependents we employ, when with an arrogant injustice transferred to ourselves we trumpet them forth to the world through the columns of a newspaper, with all our moves, pursuits, and private amusements, for an instant place the followers of such a course upon an equality with

the exquisite and surpassing good taste of men of Mr. Highbred's school, who conscious of possessing all these advantages, prefer, strong in that consciousness, to hide them from the public gaze, and restricting them to their own immediate circle, disdain to astonish by ostentation or display."

I was poor, but had I been poorer, and had those big purses and broad lands of which Mr. Duffy spoke so disdainfully, been offered to me at the moment,—in a word, had Mr. Geoffrey Highbred consented to change places with me on the instant, and were he capable at the same time of imparting and breathing into me the all-glorious spirit which Mr. Duffy attributed to him, I think

wonder with which Sleekly, open mouthed, seemed to devour the eloquent and exquisite Duffy, as though he had forgotten all the bread and butter he had eaten. A dead silence reigned when Mr. Duffy had concluded his address, which was first broken by Mrs. Watkins exclaiming, "What a wonderful memory Mr. Duffy has! how very clear he has made that! Don't you think so Miss Crossley? one understands all about it now."

"O! indeed ma'am. Yes it was very clever of Mr. Duffy; but I didn't quite understand somehow what it was that brought this gentleman over here."

"Why my dear, did you not listen to what Mr. Duffy said, you know he was particularly clear about that part sure; and he said that this gentleman is come over to lead the fashion and cut a dash, my heart,—he'll be all the go I suppose; of course the Lord Lieutenant will give some grand dinner parties in compliment to his friend; and I think it is very likely there will be a ball at the Mansion House, and a grand review in the Park."

"By my oath Barry, cried Mr. Regan, "I would give a trifle if we could get him down to

Lishmakeel. Aurelian would be delighted to see him, and Mrs. O'Reilly would be very much pleased to have him at her first 'At home.'

A deep groan was heard, and Duffy exclaiming, "Heaven defend us, this is too, too much!" sunk apparently senseless in his chair; and in his mortal agony, the worshipper of Highbred suffered his spy-glass to quit its hold and roll to earth: this and this alone recalled him to his self-possession, and picking it up he was heard to exclaim, "would Geoffrey Highbred approve of this?" and I am credibly informed, that from that day forward Mr. Duffy was never again seen to wear one.

"My gracious! Mr. Duffy, my dear," said Mrs.

“O! ’pon my soul, my dear fellow, I don’t know one from the other, horse or foot, they’re all alike to me; only it was such a splendid set out I wanted to discover the owner’s name, and I thought you could tell me, as the horse would suit Lord Swill-punch.”

“As it always, Captain Barry, affords me great pleasure to be of use to or to oblige any one, I shall endeavour to guess at the individual you mean, though upon the very loose data of his being an officer, it is almost too great a trial of my knowledge in this line. There is in the —— regiment of Fusileers now forming a part of this garrison, and temporarily lying in the Richmond barracks, but about to be transferred into the royal barracks on the 25th instant, upon the departure of the 156th Highlanders for Liverpool, *en route* for Bolton, a certain individual holding the rank of Lieutenant, and I believe likely soon to carry an unattached company, who does frequently appear about town in the manner you describe; if the officer of whom you speak be the same person that I refer to, it then happens that I can have the satisfaction of correctly informing you of his name

as you desire. He is no other than the son and successor of the late well-known Lieutenant-general Sir Washleather Crossbelt, Bart., G.C.B. who commanded the gallant 112th at the battle of Bulletsfly, and subsequently held the high post of Lieutenant-general, commanding the troops in the Windward and Leeward Islands. The present baronet, as you have no doubt observed is a very young man, being still a minor, and a person not likely to follow the army as a profession, for he is an only son; he is also nephew to his Excellency the Right Honorable Protocol Crossbelt, (now ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte), upon whose

lately in command of the southern district at Cork."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Regan, who seemed to be joined with Barry in the good-natured occupation of making a hare of Duffy, "but perhaps you could tell me when the 19th Lancers are going to leave Dublin, as in the regiment reported to succeed them there is a friend of mine."

"The 19th Lancers, sir, will not leave Dublin at the usual time for the cavalry-reliefs this year, and consequently it must be uncertain at what time the corps to which your friend is attached may arrive. I presume it is the 24th Dragoon Guards, being next for Dublin duty;" here Regan who could not command his muscles as well as his friend Barry, burst out into a horse-laugh, which the latter, ever (to do him justice) unwilling to give offence, adroitly enough accounted for by remarking, "for God's sake Miss Crossley tell Mr. Sleekly not to snore so loud, as it gives Mrs. Watkins a pain in the head," whilst in a whisper he said, "be asy Terry, be quiet, and give over your laughing—it's a shame; and 'pon my soul, if

it was not for his bothering himself about these foolish nonsenses, I'd feel a great respect for him, he's such a divlish clever fellow, and has got such a wonderful memory too; by my oath Terry, if you had only heard him talking about this Mr. Highberry's ancestors whilst you were making a haste of yourself going to sleep, you would have been delighted, faith I never thought there was so much sound sense in him before. I'll get him to see what that book says about the Barrys of Castle Barry, and then talk to me about Lord Swillpunch, and I'll make him give you chapter and verse; so now my gay fellow what do you think if you and I and Mr. Tuckerton went out and bought a pig and a hen, and

the door, "she can't help meddling in what don't concern her; she wants to make it appear that this lad is a perfect Don Juan, only because he would not allow himself to be made of use by her when he found out what an old pest she was, although in reality I believe him to be a great spoony. I know when I was his age I was not as steady a fellow. But come, let's be off." So putting on our hats we turned out, and under Barry's guidance walked to a shop with which I was not myself acquainted, where it appeared to be not only the habit to vend cigars to ordinary chance customers, but moreover to afford the convenience of a room for their consumption to such persons as from expending a great deal of money in these necessities were honoured with a more than common familiarity by the proprietor; whilst the shop itself, which was on our entrance so crammed by different persons smoking and lolling about the counters as to be excessively disagreeable for the purposes of traffic, was a place permitted to be made use of by less profitable customers, and those who were total strangers, although the majority of the persons then congregated therein appeared to have a sort

of acquaintance by freemasonry, from being frequently in the habit of encountering each other in the same place, and which acquaintance very probably was of that peculiar character that did not extend itself beyond this particular locality; so that, however thick they might be overnight whilst enveloped in the folds of that cloud they were all partners in the production of, they would very likely on the following day pass each other in the street without any other recognition than that expressive kind of look which means to say, "we have met before."

Here I found that Barry was a very well-known man, and his friend Trevelyan, not an altogether

honours in the barrack-room of his worthy friend at Lishmakeel Castle. The collection, which was very numerous, was also very remarkable, from the extraordinary and somewhat contradictory admixture of persons. There were young men already well-established on town, younger ones putting forth the bud of promise to the same effect; old men who had passed the heyday of life, and were therefore fond of talking of what they had done, and men like Barry in the prime of vigorous manhood. There were the exquisitely turned out dandy, the negligent sot, and he who drank and smoked for fashion's sake. There were those who frequented it in order to have company, and those who did so because they had no other place open to them at so cheap a rate,—the town coxcomb, and the country bumpkin, the respectably connected, and those of questionable lineage, the pauper enacting the prodigal spendthrift, and the careful economist in good circumstances, men of superficial knowledge, who talked it well, and others better read but less companionable. In the same moment there struck upon the ear the mellow richness of the Munster brogue, the Connaught

twang, the bastard Scotch of Ulster, the Dublin sing-song, and the Cockney drawl.

"I say Wilson," exclaims a youngish man in a pea-jacket and a red neckcloth, addressing the man who stood behind the counter busily engaged in serving the different orders he received, "half-a-dozen of Queen's, and tell your man to get another bottle of ale. You'll take share of this other bottle, won't you Jones?"

And Jones, who was a man about fifty, greatly the cut of a "bonnet to a hell," and who was evidently sponging on his younger friend, most readily acquiesced saying,—“Certainly, the ale

“O anything you please Jones.”

“But didn’t you appoint to meet him? it will look cursed odd if you don’t go, and that fellow Johnson will say he has frightened you.”

“Well let him, it’s better than losing my money.”

“Ay, but is it better than winning your own back and some of his to boot? and you can’t be always losing, luck must turn.”

“By George that’s true, Jones, and I should like to give that fellow a plucking. Do you know, I have half a mind after all to go and have a shy.”

“Well now, don’t let what I say induce you, but I always think that when a man feels that he’ll win there’s something in it.”

My attention being for a few moments drawn off, I lost sight of this pair, and on again looking for them they were gone. Our own stay was not very prolonged, and after having had supper in a low tavern, low in every sense, the ceiling of the room which we sat in not more than clearing our heads, and flared with the smoke of the lamps—the only remarkable thing which occurred there being a gentleman who had expressed a wish for

a light supper selecting for that meal, "beefsteaks and marrow-bones"—Barry and I took leave of his friend for the night, and found ourselves once more beneath Mr. Cullen's hospitable roof. Here to my great surprise, although it was now past twelve o'clock, we found all alive, the ladies and some few gentlemen being hard at work at unlimited loo, with the exception of Mrs. Watkins, who possibly from some suspicion, whether well founded or not I cannot attempt to say, did not share in the amusement; if this term do not amount to what the lawyers would call a misnomer, when applied to an occupation that, as in the present instance called into play all the worst passions

deserving the exercise of all the talent, skill, and cunning, which short perhaps of actual cheating, is allowed to pass current for good play ; so that not alone their money, but their reputation at stake, the struggle for a very few pounds was carried on with all the zeal and earnestness—all the concentrated abstractedness of thought, the fixed and immoveable gaze, the hard-drawn breath of practised gamblers; here, too, the involuntary play of the muscles that exhibits itself in the convulsive working of the mouth, the affected carelessness under loss, the scarce repressed triumph that sparkles in the eye, but, conscious how soon the revolution of the wheel may turn it into loss, dares not to shew itself further; the kind good-natured and cheering condolence of the winner—and the forced courtesy of the loser—all, all exhibited themselves here around this paltry table, as much as in the still and quiet drawing-room of some veteran Greek pigeoning his unwary victim of thousands: and, in addition, was there here that noise of angry discontent which, however it may be felt, must not exhibit itself in the salon of the polished robber. Disgusted with what I saw,

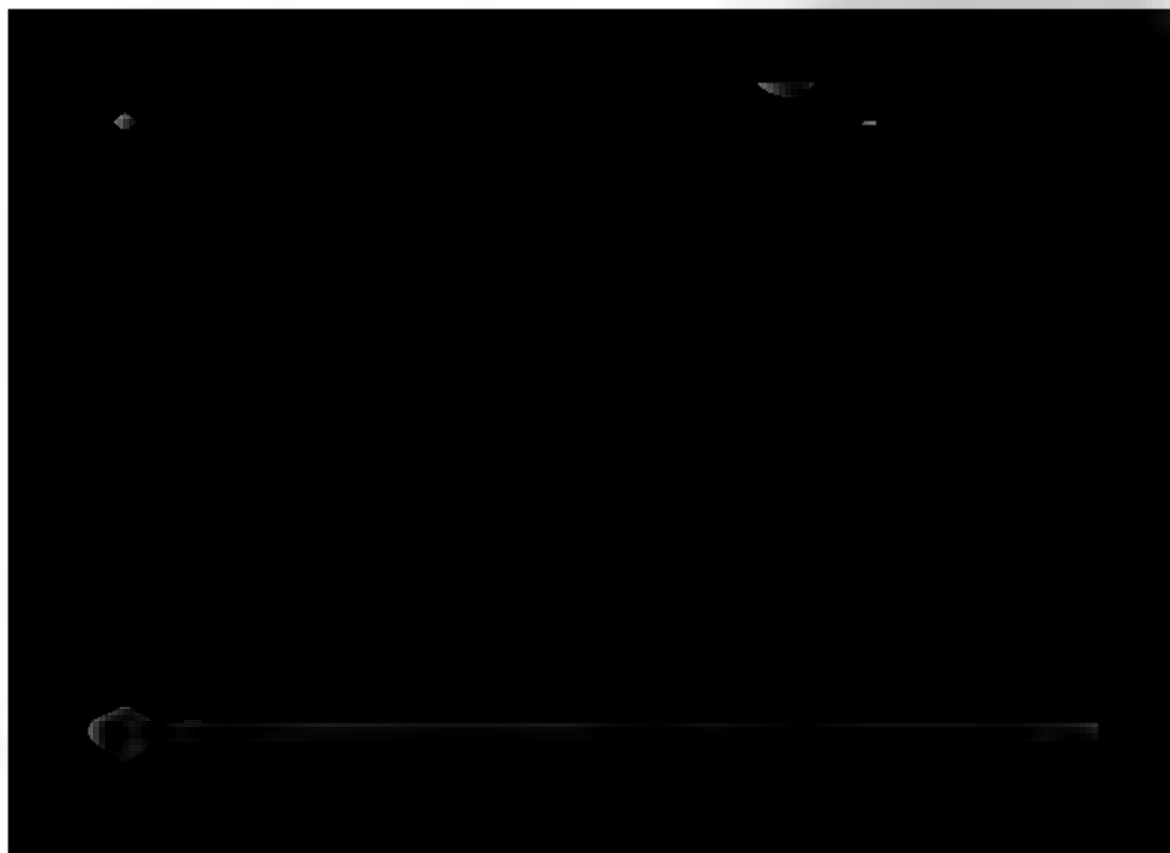
myself, my hopes, my present and my future, I retired, in one of those moods of gloomy melancholy that lay wait for us when, by plunging in society we seek to escape them; but which, in the solitude of one's chamber, forcibly recur—and here, the past arose before me, portraying to my view that portion of my life already sped to come again no more—retold the tale of early hope, now nipped to never bloom again—recalled, and placed before my eyes, her that was gone—her, for whom the tribute of a first but hopeless love had sacrificed the brilliant promise of a brighter life, now cold, and dull, and wan—gone, too, like all the rest, to greet my

I had ever formed of happiness on earth? All, all were in the dark and narrow grave! and poor O'Donnell! he too, like me, where were his hopes, and where was he himself?

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed by Manning and Mason, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.



IRISH LIFE.



IRISH LIFE:

IN

THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE
COUNTRY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Good Company's a Chess-board—There are Kings,
Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, Pawns,—The World's a Game;
Save that the Puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.

Don Juan.

VOL. III.

LONDON :
HOW AND PARSONS, 132, FLEET-STREET.

1840.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HARRING AND GASON,
177 LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

IRISH LIFE :

IN

THE CASTLE, THE COURTS, AND THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king!
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
'Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride, from morn to eve:
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Pope.

IN this course of companionless company and ill-assorted though amusing society, the few days passed away that intervened between the period of my becoming domiciled within the establishment

of Mr. Cullen, and that indicated to me as the probable time at which the looked-for arrival in Dublin of the Movilles was likely to take place, varied too by the agreeable occupation afforded me in the not easy task of endeavouring to arrange with very slender means heavily embarrassed circumstances, in the course of which was allotted me the luxurious enjoyment of conciliating the insolence of tradespeople, who had before with crouching and servile solicitation procured the favour of my custom upon those usurious terms of exorbitant charge that, in the enormous profit it supplies in the cases in which they are paid, if not

affirmative, to my great satisfaction, replaced the dry and barren negative that had on so many occasions replied to my inquiries "if the family had arrived," accompanied too with the additional intelligence that they had come to town the night before, so that I had to curse the volubility of tongue of Mrs. Watkins, which had kept me for ever so long that morning listening to her descanting on the affairs, moral and worldly, of our different fellow-lodgers. Thus that couple of magic hours or more that glide away immediately after breakfast in easy familiarity upon the termination of this morning meal, and before thinking of luncheon, or ordering the carriage or horses, or getting ready to go out, or preparing to do any of the other hundred and fifty-five serious businesses of the affluent male and female idlers' day, and which said couple of hours pass in tuning the harp, or breaking some of its strings or putting on a new one, or turning over the leaves of a music-book, or any other part of what young ladies call practising; or emptying a work-box of silks and bits of ribbon, and the different little nothings that under the name of work constitute a variety

of rags so multifarious as to baffle in their description any one short of an experienced and veteran Parisian *chiffonier*; or in playing with a pencil which is called drawing, or in making a mess with stained water denominated painting; or speculating as to whether last night's party or that of the preceding night was the pleasanter, that is, like "*lucus a non luccudo*," the more uncomfortably crowded; or in leaning on the mantelpiece and arranging the chimney ornaments; or winding a musical box, or having appended one key or perhaps two to the end of a bit of long black ribbon, twirling it over the forefinger of the right-hand,

instead of being passed in the society of Emily Merville, as they might have been had I been more on the alert. So that on my calling, I found with great disgust a carriage at the door that I knew was not Sir Morton's. This equipage differed widely indeed from Lady Rutledge's, which I have before described as having met me under similar circumstances at the door of Mrs. Halford's house. Less shewy but equally well built, the chariot was rather of the now antique school of the Prince of Wales's time, when Leader led the van of coach-makers; its colour dark, almost approaching to blackness, with hammercloth to match and servants' livery alike, contrasted well with the light and dappled greys, that in plain and unmounted harness drew it. The coachman, a youngish and rather thin man, not being of the class of red-faced Dorchester ale-butts, craned up (for mount they cannot) into the box, was however improved and steadied in appearance by a well got up wig, not ill-corresponding with the powdered heads of his two hopeless pursuers; whilst the beardless face, snowy neckcloth, and well put on silk stockings, proclaimed the decent condition of his

master, and throughout the whole from first to last there ran down to the smallest minutiae a cleanliness, elegance, and good taste, that to guess from the number of remarks made by the passers-by appeared to be unusual; for during the short period of my ascending the steps, I heard one or two well-dressed persons passing by observe—"what a beautiful carriage! magnificent horses! splendid turn-out!" But not being much in the mood to admire the equipage of the visitor or visitors, whose presence made any private conversation impossible, I rather in dudgeon turned my back upon it, and followed my name up stairs, where I was cordially received by Sir Morton

speaking eyes there was that eloquence of heart that bid me truly welcome; and as frank, open, and sincere, she kindly pressed my hand, and in no unmeaning phrase of ceremony, asked me "how I did?" there was I felt, at once sincerity and truth. Paler and less stout than when I last saw her, there was a more settled character in the expression of her face, it wore the look of sadness, but of grief resigned and tranquil—of grief that knew of hope—not the stern and fierce composure of that wild tranquillity despair affects at times of counterfeited peace without, but inward war and strife.

"What Emily!" I said in a half-whisper, not loud enough to be heard by Sir Morton, "where is your second self, your good-natured shadow—the gentle Mrs. Oswin I mean? have you already got rid of her? and am I to condole with you for being like the shadowless Peter?"

"O no!" she answered laughingly, "I have not yet had that misfortune. Mrs. Oswin has accompanied us to town, but being rather fatigued she has not yet appeared; and to tell you the truth, we are none of us very sorry for it, for myself you

may be sure of its being so; but even papa dropped a few words that lead me to think he will not be very sorry if she do not come down until dinner, or at least until after this gentleman shall have gone, who it seems papa thinks would not be much taken by Mrs. Oswin, being he says, a very particular sort of gentleman."

"Why who is this gentleman Emily?"

"I really can't tell you; I just caught his name as he was introduced to me, but I could not make out exactly what it was; he, however, appears to be a very old friend of my father's, an English gentleman, and I think papa said distinctly, connected with my poor mother's family."

with the slightest greyness; and the upright and slim nature of his figure gave to his whole person an air of juvenility which he did not own, and to which the grave and thoughtful expression of the countenance gave no appearance of any intentional tendency to falsely lay claim. Gifted with a particularly composed and tranquil visage, his features wholly undisturbed and in repose did not seem capable of entertaining any of the stormier passions, and without attempting to robe itself either in borrowed smiles, or that intended to appear intentionally assumed grin which a civility that wishes to let the object of it understand is forced and unnatural, and therefore put on expressly out of compliment to its object, ever affects, yet wore the smooth and agreeable amenity of a man desirous not only of appearing, but of wishing to appear, and of in reality being pleased himself, as well as anxious to please others; whether natural or adopted it had however become so habitual as to give to the gentleman in question a semblance of good temper and easy good breeding that, were it well-deserved or not, was eminently prepossessing. At this moment turning from Sir Morton, to

whom hitherto his conversation had been solely directed, the stranger addressing Emily in the bland and smooth tone of an old and familiar acquaintance, rather than with the stiff formality of a recent introduction, observed "I believe after all it is to you my dear Miss Merville that I must have recourse to enforce from my old friend here, the boon which it does not seem likely anything short of your influence can command. I have just been remarking to your father, that since chance, or rather let me say good fortune, has at the same moment drawn us both from our retirement, and so arranged it that we should unexpectedly en-

able upon my part, to say that it thus becomes his duty to join me in my return to England; and it is in the attempt to obtain his assent to this proposition that I have to solicit your kind co-operation, which if you shall vouchsafe to grant me, so far from despairing of success, I shall build so largely upon the weight which your interest ought, and I am persuaded does, carry in that quarter, that I shall sanguinely anticipate the best results from our combined and united efforts."

"Come now Geoffrey, you are rather taking an advantage of me there, besides Emily would be afraid of the sea."

"Not at all, my dear papa; and as I have been asked, you must let me answer for myself, and I will at once say that I should be delighted to go over; and you know you have been a long while promising me that I should go and see the Clif-fords;" but as she spoke, perceiving a cloud gathering over the stern and strong features of her father at this sudden reference to a name associated with his earlier and happier years, that conjured up to view the angelic and fascinating parent of his Emily—the recollection of whom was

now brought home to his memory, dressed in all the radiant charms and attractive graces of girlhood, by the presence of that friend in whose company he had wooed her—Emily quickly added, “provided, of course, my dear papa, you have no objection to going yourself, for I assure you, however anxious I might be for making a visit to England, I should derive no gratification if I thought, or even fancied, that our going was contrary to your wishes; and indeed it was thoughtless of me to forget, in the wish to indulge myself, how completely moving so far away would upset and interfere with your habits and amuse-

about going; I see my anxiety and silly wish for change has mortified and perhaps annoyed you, in exhibiting your daughter as of so light and fickle a mind as to sigh for pleasure and variety, and so mulish, headstrong, and selfish, as to wish to carry her point against your will."

Her father gazed upon her as she finished with that look of fond devotion into which a parent's love can alone resolve itself, and a tear stood glistening in the old man's eye, as with a look of triumphant pride—pride, holy, consecrated and pure, exchanging glances with his friend, he imprinted a kiss upon the fair high forehead of his daughter, and remarked, "No, my love, I was thinking, not of what you supposed, but of another: there is a great likeness Geoffrey, is there not?"

"From the first instant of my entering the room I was struck with it Merville, and I almost felt myself carried back to old times. What a pity it is, that the frivolities and follies of life hurry us away to so seldom recur to what we have been! but come, Merville, I will take no excuse, *malgré*, of course, your being really disinclined; and if you are so, I am not, you know,

the man to feel offended at his friend's candidly saying that he would rather not come; the silly vulgarisms of unnecessary excuses, you know, I have always disapproved of; freedom is my motto, and if you will permit me to hazard an observation upon a subject that you have no doubt yourself long since maturely weighed—and one to which nothing short of the long and intimate friendship that has existed between us could warrant my at all referring, I am disposed to think, my dear Merville, that it would be not only right, but desirable, that Miss Merville (or if the relative of her poor mother may be so allowed to call her),

disposed to conform to it, Derwentwater seemed anxious that the Duchess should present her old friend's daughter. So you see, Merville, it is really incumbent upon you to do what I from experience know is somewhat difficult, which is to break away from your accustomed haunt, as I have been obliged to do in coming over here; and I can assure you, I have with pleasure discovered that the gratification arising from the consciousness of performing a duty more than counterbalances the inconvenience and trouble of the task, which I have learned are not by any means so formidable in their actual encounter as they appear when contemplated beforehand, and at a distance."

"Well, I must leave this to you and Emily to arrange, but you have not told me yet how you like us Irish folk, and if your visit pleased you. I should think you must have found the accommodations rather rough in the country parts?"

"Why as to that it cannot be denied, my dear friend, that you are, more particularly as you observe in the remote districts, vastly behind us at the other side, in all the trifling but important minor details which constitute solid comfort, although

in your metropolis at least, the external appearances are not inferior to what London was when I was acquainted with it, but this is now so long ago, and so many alterations in the state of society have since occurred, that I have been confidently assured by some of my old friends who have more recently been there, that I should scarcely recognise it as the same place; however, as for any slight inconvenience I may have found myself exposed to in the more distant southern Irish provinces, I was I assure you amply compensated by the kind and assiduous attention and civility which met me everywhere, and made sufficient amends for the

mutton chop and roast fowl of an English inn prevented my turning up my nose at their beautiful freshwater fish; and if the horses occasionally boggled at a hill, the ready wit of the postboys in accounting satisfactorily for the disaster, "which never before occurred," completely disarmed me; the most ludicrous instance of this was the somewhat naïve request of the boys driving my own carriage, who besought me to allow the leaders to be taken off, the lad at the wheel remarking that he could get on as well again without the others; then the fine frank demeanour of the peasantry wherever I came in contact with them, their manly appearance, and wonderful, indeed quite marvellous vivacity and flow of spirits, interested me excessively, and could not fail to make me sympathise most deeply in the hard and severe course of life that has been allotted them,—their cheerfulness under not only the complete privation of all that is usually considered conducive to the comforts of life, but even the spare and narrow supply of its actual necessities, made me feel a mingled admiration and regret for their heroic endurance of evils so appalling. It is really painful to behold whole

families eking out the scanty pittance that is theirs, and which is barely sufficient for the sustenance of so many human creatures. With the gentry I had not an opportunity of making myself much acquainted, which I particularly regretted; however Merville, I can assure you, that although the complaints that brought me over turned out in the result to be so much exaggerated as to leave my agent's character wholly unimpeached, either on the score of humanity or justice, I nevertheless found the immense benefit derivable from personally examining into the management of one's property, which I am more than ever convinced is an actual duty incumbent on its owner, and that

nothing of shooting you if they were ordered so to do by their priest—call these wretches a fine peasantry, and sympathise in their sufferings! this is what I have heard fifty times from men who are strangers like you; but I want to see some sympathy and feeling for us resident country gentlemen, who live in the midst of a lawless banditti, exposed to all the horrors of war in the midst of a so-called peace, surrounded by men who, deriving their daily bread from your pocket, are ready not alone to refuse to reciprocate the advantages they derive from you by co-operating politically with the owners of the soil—not content either with the savage and brutal fights which they wage between themselves, in what they call their factions—but are prepared on any good opportunity to cut your throat, and burn and sack your house,—no no, Mr. Geoffrey, from such sympathy as yours good Lord deliver the Irish resident gentry say I for one! and not without sufficient reason either, I think you will be disposed to admit.”

“Ay, there you go Sir Morton, hot and impetuous, jumping at general conclusions from particular premises. I don’t mean at all to say that

you have not reason to complain; but if an insurrectionary movement, the result of bad government for years past (I don't talk of this government or that government, for you are aware that I have had no share in any for many years), has been brought about, and has at last exploded, and that your accidentally being located within its focus exposes you to suffer from the consequences, is that to be a general argument against your countrymen at large? But do I not find even in this very transaction, my dear Merville, ground, and more than enough, to refute your insinuation against the Irish character! Are you not yourself a living witness of the geur-

whose mind is constituted so loftily as I imagine his must be, namely, the disgrace and infamy that would attach to him, if engaged with the persons who attacked your house? and of his being so engaged his immediate arrest within its walls formed a *prima facie* case against him, that has continued its hold upon the minds of many prejudiced and ignorant persons, notwithstanding the honourable and proper acquittal that terminated the affair."

During the latter part of these observations an effect much more powerful than could at all be imagined by the speaker was produced upon his auditory. Sir Morton knitted his brows, bit his lips, and nearly poked all the coals out of the grate, while poor Emily, her eyes fixed upon the ground, changed colour rapidly and incessantly, until at last almost overcome and scarce able to articulate her thanks to me as I opened the door, she hastily flew from the apartment. The gentleman still continued to direct his conversation in the same strain to Sir Morton, without appearing to notice anything particular in Emily's retirement, of which indeed there was not in his manner any perceptible proof of his being at all aware, although it could scarce escape

the remark of so quick-sighted an observer that her leaving the room had been occasioned by indisposition, but of which to have seemed even conscious would have been in his nice and strict code an unpardonable Vandalism; when Sir Morton interrupting him, said "No more on that topic if you please, for I shall have no chance against you all, and as you appear to be so warm an admirer of this Mr. O'Donnell (whom I certainly am far from thinking ill of, although I suppose your friend the Lord Lieutenant would strike my name out of the commission of the peace if he heard me say so), you must give me leave to introduce to you his

particular friend Mr. Terleton. Terleton is

when it is understood that they are going to be civil, even if they do not exactly themselves mean so much—but on the contrary, Mr. Highbred possessed the rare tact, not alone of setting you at ease, but of actually seeming gratified by your acquaintance; and proceeding to apologise for having so unceremoniously referred to (though he trusted not in disparaging terms) the character and history of my friend, concluded a most complimentary dissertation by a peroration which would, in the eyes of Duffy, have conferred a greater glory on O'Donnell than the possession of an imperial diadem, for his last expression was, “ Mr. Tarleton, I should hold myself honoured by the acquaintance of your friend; and by the way I do possess a sort of indirect knowledge of him, having many years ago met with a gentleman I believe closely related to Mr. O'Donnell, I mean the late Sir George Green, who has recently died abroad, a martyr, as far as exile can make one, to the political extravagances of earlier years, but who at the period of our meeting, which was even farther back, stood justly esteemed for his rare convivial acquirements and conversational powers with all the frequenters of

Carlton House, and with none more than his Royal Highness, to whom it was always matter of deep regret that a man so eminently endowed by nature should have permitted himself to be betrayed into the gross absurdities of a heated and intemperate party strife, which I always myself attributed not so much to any want of loyalty upon Green's part, as to the culpable vanity so common with men of genius, and which prevents their aiming at distinction by any of the ordinary routes that would legitimately conduct them thither; thus Sir George Green became a malcontent for pretty much the same reasons that made the wonderful intellect of

borders of the Lago Maggiore, and my information is derived from the unquestionable authority of a letter received by my friend Lord Wigton from his second son, who was on his way to Milan previously to the general rush to Rome for the Holy Week, and he particularly referred to Sir George Green's death, as probably having interest for his father, he being now connected with this country. I have heard that his property, which is not inconsiderable, devolves upon your friend Mr. O'Donnell, though I am not at all well informed upon this point."

"Do you really say, my dear Geoffrey, that Sir George Green is dead? Why his property, that you speak of as not being inconsiderable, is I can assure you what we here call a very fine fortune. Sir George Green, besides large funded property, into which he converted his family estate at the time of that unfortunate business he was mixed up in—I suppose for the purpose of avoiding its threatened confiscation—has also purchased extensive property since the amnesty, and independent of the ready money, which, though nobody knew exactly what, was in receipt of rents not under eight

thousand a-year; so you see that, with us poor Irishmen, Sir George was thought pretty snug, although it is only bread and cheese for such a fellow as you, with your two hundred thousand a-year. But I never understood that this young man was to inherit the property. If it be so, I trust that the government will have the good sense to forgive and forget, and not drive the man away to foreign parts, but allow him to come quietly home again and spend his money here where he ought; and I'll be bound for it, a man with from twelve to sixteen thousand a-year won't give them any further trouble by burning his fingers with the mad, unsensical trash of liberty and popular rights.

more respectable representative of the Sovereign than his predecessor Lord Blarney, who, whatever else he may have done, certainly contrived to insult us resident gentry as much as he could. However, he is gone now, and like all other nuisances there has been an end of it."

"As to that, Merville, you will excuse my at all entering upon the subject; I have a very sincere regard indeed for you, and should be sorry to risk it by canvassing the acts of a nobleman with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance, as I have not of late felt that interest in politics to draw my attention to his vice-royalty, but I must admit that you who were on the spot are better adapted to judge. My friend, Alfred Wigton, with whom I am now on a visit, is, I think, as likely a man as any to give satisfaction, if honour and honesty of purpose at all conduce to that result, though I believe this is far from certain. With respect to the other duties of his office, which are, I have been told, of great importance, and to which you refer, he seems to have made up his mind to submit, with singular fortitude; and having put himself in what I should conceive a very disagreeable position,

appears resolved to go through the thing with a good grace, and bears all the encumbrances of the imitation of royalty very patiently. He receives deputations, makes speeches to Lord Mayors, gives audiences to Privy Councillors, entertains stupid people, of whom he knows little or nothing, to dinner, and goes through evening parties as tiresome as they are crowded; exhibits himself in the streets of your city in a sort of formal cavalcade the requisite number of times every week; takes off his hat as often as is necessary, and makes a point of being extremely civil and obliging to everybody he comes in contact with, though I

tation of the monarch who is within a few hours' reach perhaps performing the same ceremony in the original), borders so closely on the ridiculous as to be unpleasant; and I certainly cannot imagine how he reconciles himself to one thing, which is, dressing himself out for public exhibition as a sort of masquerading, harlequinading field-marshal. This, for a civilian as he is, appears so eminently absurd, that in truth I cannot get over it; and Wigton himself seems heartily ashamed of it, but he says it is the usage. However, I have suggested the adoption of a dress, purposely intended for civilians, and which, without borrowing the hardy veteran's honourable costume, is still sufficiently remarkable to please the lovers of display, and Alfred is resolved for the future to appear on these occasions in the Windsor uniform."

"But, Geoffrey, you seem to forget that we deputy-lieutenants, though civilians, wear a uniform not at all unlike that you speak of, and I never heard any one object to that as being absurd; on the contrary everybody was greatly pleased with it."

"As to whether dressing out country gentlemen in a cocked hat and feathers, and gold lace, like

their servants, be a wise measure or not, I am not prepared to argue; but the distinction which you have overlooked lies in this, that this latter (I was going to call it livery) uniform is essentially a dress intended for civilians, being deputy-lieutenants; the former is a military apparel, worn indeed by the sovereign, as *de facto* the head of the military force of the kingdom, (having in olden times himself invariably taken the field at their head), but which individual and particular military capacity the sovereign cannot alienate and denude from his own proper person to transfer it to his representative, not being a military lieu-

“ Perhaps you may be quite right, Highbred, but I am anxious to know how you like the Castle festivities and the Dublin hospitalities? No doubt His Excellency has been fêting you.”

“ To be candid with you, Merville, I did at first suffer a good deal from Wigton’s kindness in that way, who forgetting that I visited him to have the pleasure of enjoying his society as an old friend, received me with so much state and pomp that we scarcely were ever able to meet in private, except with the tiresome formality of a regular private audience; for it seems that not alone compelled to assemble almost daily at his table persons not invited as private friends, custom made him also conceive himself obliged to invariably have the company at meal-times of some of the gentlemen attached officially I believe in some way or other to his suite—equeries, or something of that sort—and you know, however agreeable their society occasionally may be, it became a great bore to be for ever commonplacing it in one’s conversation, so he has agreed at my request to curtail this royal appendage, and omitting their attendance upon him in our tête-à-tête dinners, restrict it to those

occasions when necessity obliges him to enlarge his party by general invitations; when although I have each time hitherto been fortunate enough to meet with some one sensible, quiet person, yet the majority of the company appear to regard Wigton with an air of respectful awe that is quite ludicrous, and impressed with an extraordinary idea of the sanctity of majesty at second-hand, sit drawn up in two stiff rows, like a regiment of soldiers magically spell-bound when at "attention," and for ever rendered incapable of obeying the order to stand (or rather in this case sit) at ease; in fact these public reception-days I have found amusing

greatly altered, you would much rather avoid it. To-morrow there will not be anybody, so I indulge the hope of tempting you to join us, therefore you must not take alarm at receiving a sort of invitation card by deputy from Wigton, which as it savours a good deal of that official formality I have been complaining of, might perhaps seem to you unfriendly, did I not thus explain it to you; but Wigton tells me, his wording it otherwise would be considered incorrect; however he requested of me to entreat you would not consider the ordinary command it involves at all compulsory upon you if engaged elsewhere, and that in such case you must be so good to name your own day."

"Lord Wigton is excessively kind, and I shall be delighted to do myself the honour of obeying his commands, and I feel greatly obliged to you for being so friendly as to come to me in this unceremonious manner, that is what I call the right way of doing."

"You are quite right Merville,—what is the meaning of any absurd procedure of visitings and invitations between people who know each other? it is all very well for a man to be afraid of in-

truding upon persons whom he knows to be so ill-bred as to feel tenacious of telling him that his coming would be inconvenient; this is no doubt a wholesome rule for those very genteel people that are always afraid that what they are doing may be thought rude, and thus contrive to wrap up the common courtesies of life into an inextricable maze of forms and rules, composing that sarrago of nonsense, of which what is vulgarly called fashion consists,—the followers of which, in their utter ignorance of the art they are impudently pretending to, lose sight of the great fundamental maxim, that simplicity is inseparable from grandeur, and that good-feeling and judicious candour really

whatsoever, having on my passage through before found that from the hospitality of your countrymen I should be kept in continued motion driving about from house to house, and so far you will say with a tolerable chance of variety; although I by no means could discover any, for at each house there was to be met with, as regularly as the turbot and saddle of mutton, the very same set of faces, so much so that after the third day I could have repeated by rote the list of your official *beau monde*; and for this reason having as I have said formed the resolution to keep quietly at home, it was only upon Wigton's requesting it as a personal favour that I agreed to accompany him to the house of a gentleman, who having most kindly repeated his invitation so often as to render it positively ungrateful to refuse, I found myself obliged to give up the point, and most reluctantly permit myself to be dragged to the ordeal of a large dinner-party. There at all events the polite and courteous attention of our host certainly laid me under obligations to him, though I should rather have remained away; for a more agreeable, amiable man than Mr. Halford I have seldom met."

"Halford!" interrupted Sir Morton, "what Pertinax Halford, of Merrion Square, do you mean?"

"Yes, I should think it must be the same; and now I recollect, Wigton did say the square was called Merrion, or something of that sort—a very splendid square by the way; the houses indeed smallish, though that we were in was a very fine one, but had not what I have remarked as particularly distinguishing your good class of houses here—I mean a fine entrance hall, one or two of which in other houses I have been greatly struck with."

"Well, go on; I am anxious to hear what you think of Halford's turn-out, for he is a first-rate

own, together with a hint from Alfred Wigton to the same effect as the remarks you have just made, induced me to pay more attention and as it were look with a critic's eye upon the performance, than I should otherwise at all have permitted myself to do in the house of anybody who had been good enough to ask me to his table; but as in the house of a picture fancier, an examination of the paintings that decorate the walls, is not only a justifiable curiosity, but almost a task enforced by politeness, so at the board of this Lucullus of Dublin a more than ordinary examination of the works of art produced from his *atelier*, was wanting for the discharge of the duties incumbent on a grateful guest. It also in this instance formed a refuge from the heavy conversation of a Most Reverend prelate on my left, whom I had met at every dinner in every house I had hitherto been at in Dublin, and who was no doubt as tired of seeing me as I was satisfied with the opportunities I had had of communicating with him, as also from the even less inviting chat of my other neighbour, a moustached young man of about two-and-twenty, an officer, whether of dragoons or infantry I cannot say,—but who at

all events spoke to me of nothing but horses and hunting, smelt intolerably of tobacco, and swore terrifically, but being the eldest son of a newly-manufactured Marquess, was particularly selected, from his great rank, to meet Wigton. Thus with little temptation to talk much, I was able as the vulgar phrase has it, to think the more, and my thoughts running chiefly upon what was going on, I think I am, as far as very slender knowledge of the subject permits, in a condition by describing what I saw and what I could not see, to answer your question. First of all then, the goodly trio that I have described and of which I formed an unworthy member, might I think be not unfairly

tiously to remark, that were "King Arthur's knights to dine with him, they should come at twice;" but fortunately not stopping at the fatal baker's dozen, they falling short perhaps of what a cattle-drover would call a score or two, certainly exceeded one very considerably, but in consequence of pressure for room, being obliged to sit one in and one out, much in the manner of cogs upon a wheel, I was not able at any part of the meal to ascertain with certainty the exact number we were, the common mode of counting one side, doubling it and throwing in the carvers, could not be brought into play here, as I observed at the far end a group of persons forming an arch of a circle round the corners, of course with great hazard to the stomach of the individual in the centre. However, though to be sure a little squeezed, we contrived to manage pretty well, taking it in turn to one half lean back whilst the others ate; but I could perceive some inconvenience produced by the over-generous extension of Mr. Halford's hospitable invitations, as from his service of plate, which was very handsome though badly cleaned, only extending to twenty-five covers, a good deal of activity

was required to effect the manœuvre of catching up the first soup plates at liberty, and washing them for a second charge. In all other respects there was a good deal of regularity, evidently the result of frequent practice; the attendants appeared well trained, and seemed to possess a very great advantage in the full and intimate acquaintance they had acquired of the persons of the guests, so that no confusion arose as I have at times seen occur in communicating with any particular individual. The dinner too was well cooked, and had the merit of being served hot, a little too elaborate in quantity and variety, not sufficient care I thought having been bestowed on the quality and selectness of the

astonished to find the exploded exhibition of large castles of pastry, whipped creams, trifles, and such-like civic delicacies. The dressed lobster was hot with cayenne, and hard as shoe-soles,—the turkey pouts so heavily larded as to be uneatable,—and a green goose as I think, nothing but skin and bone. Attempting the fondu, I unfortunately discovered myself eating a leather breeches,—cheese properly prepared by hot water, though possibly not wholesome, I do sometimes allow myself to be tempted with. The omelette soufflée had by accident or mismanagement fallen, and there were no goffres handed round. Meanwhile although wine was in great abundance, there was not a drop of water to be got at, but we were deluged with that execrable stuff “effervescing champagne,” which phizzing on all sides, was cannonading the ceiling as bad as at any race ball, grand-jury room, or military mess; though not admissible at dinner, I think at lunch occasionally, a glass of still champagne is not bad. There was some of a remarkably fine Stilton cheese carried round, but upon my venturing to ask (as I had hitherto had no dinner), for a little thin oaten bread and anchovy butter, I found I could not make myself understood.

“There was next the usual business of a quartetto of congealed cream and water, which some people have the temerity to lay as a substratum for claret, but unaccompanied by any sweet wines; they were however replaced by two remarkably fine pines, off a slice of one of which, with a captain’s biscuit, I made my dinner, meaning to counteract its coldness by a little of the brandy from the macédoine, which I fully expected, but waited for in vain; and as a *pis aller* fell back on the preserved ginger that I conceived myself in great good fortune to espy near me, but on tasting it, was horror-stricken to find a mere home preparation made of carrots! After supper there was a good deal of wine drunk.

half-eaten piece of plum-cake; the negligence of the servant having sent me a dirty cup. The *liqueurs*, embracing the richest descriptions, such as Maraschino, Parfait Amour, and Eau de vie de Dantzic, did not however contain within their list that simplest of all, and the only one I ever take, namely, a little plain pale brandy. Altogether my dear Moville, the entertainment with the exception of an offensive, oppressive, and distressing system of gas-works, instead of the old-fashioned wax-candle, was sumptuous, costly, and well served; not so disagreeable in company as might have been expected, but as a specimen of pattern dinners could not in my humble judgment afford ground sufficient for risking the unconditioned opinion of its designer Mr. Halford being a proficient, though indeed a very kind, good-natured man; nor would it entitle the artist to whom he may have committed the execution of his plans, to the designation of one who had taken a high degree, far less as having any pretension to the character or distinction of a "Cordon Bleu."

"Well I am glad Pertinax don't happen to be here, for I am sure the discovering a flaw in any

range within the Castle, I beheld not alone the carriages, but a large body of dragoons of some sort, carrying immense long poles with little flags at the end of them, all drawn up, evidently as appeared to me watching the carriages, with an intention of escorting them. At first, indeed, I imagined it might possibly be the posse of soldiers that are for ever posted at the entrance-gate, and who have, since my arrival, inconvenienced me very much whenever Wigton and I go out together, as, from the infusion of royalty he possesses, their running out with drums, and all that noise and bustle of a guard turning out, at first so frightened my horses that I was apprehensive of some accident. Recollecting, however, that those guards consist of foot-soldiers, I at once saw that I was wrong, and that this assemblage of horsemen must be for some other purpose; as indeed I became speedily convinced, from Wigton's on entering replying to my question, that this was the customary guard of honour, and it was not, I can assure you, without some little difficulty that I succeeded in prevailing upon him to dispense with them, and of course to thank the gentleman

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in command for being so very good to come, and to apologise for his having been kept waiting; for this treating gentlemen as mere attendants, I altogether object to, by any individual short of the blood-royal; and therefore the carrying to this extent the right of the sovereign, by his mere temporary representative, cannot, I think, be justified on any grounds of keeping up the semblance of regal state; and the system of obliging the gentlemen forming his suite to line their coat tails with some fanciful colour or other, by way of forming a kind of private household uniform, is really carrying the joke too far; though I am credibly informed that, many years back, some

military dress, at such times. Alfred having dropped me a hint, in private, that his interfering on this point would give great offence, as the young men themselves were very tenacious about it, and the day before yesterday I was, I assure you, very near seriously suffering from it; for whilst riding in the Phoenix Park, I accidentally dropped one of my gloves, and Lord Thomas Featherhead, who was in-waiting upon Alfred, would insist upon himself dismounting to hand it me, without waiting the coming up of my groom as I requested; and shocked at the idea of permitting a gentleman to do such an office for me, I immediately proceeded to get off my horse; but Lord Thomas being a younger and more active man, had already secured the glove, though in stooping for it, the great weight of his plume capsized the cocked hat, and the wind blowing pretty fresh at the time, sat full in the crown, and immediately carried it off with a violent rustling noise, which would not have been the case had it been a plain round hat, and so frightened my horse that, what with my being half dismounted, I lost all command of him—and it was not until

I had nearly reached the high-road that I was able to stop him, when Wigton and Lord Thomas, together with Captain Waltzer the other attendant, coming galloping on to meet me, made so formidable a cavalcade, from the clattering of their swords, as to very nearly again set the animal off, and I have in consequence vowed to ride on horseback alone for the future, Wigton not conceiving himself at liberty to go unattended. So, to answer your question Moville, we had no military escort going to Mr. Halford's, a matter that I heard more than one person remarking on after our entrance into the drawing-room, and which was much dwelt

on by my unattached neighbours at dinner and

you out. I think you said your dinner hour was seven, and lest I should forget to mention it, I may as well now tell you, that to-morrow you will get your dinner at an exact quarter before six, which means being at table at six, Wigton having very fairly come half-way to meet me—he usually dining at eight, and I at four.”

CHAPTER II.

The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three sealed rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown.
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

Pope.

He gave himself no haughty airs.

and in the conversation that on Emily's subsequent entrance passed between us, I heard of many amiable traits in this somewhat peculiar gentleman's character, and having had the honour of being asked to meet him at dinner, at which there was no other guest, I found him an amazingly agreeable companion, full of anecdote enriched by his own quaintness of humour, and particularly distinguished by the scrupulous exactness with which he avoided ever saying anything offensive or unkind of any one. In Mr. Highbred's dress there was not anything very remarkable—studiously plain and self-adapted, (the omission of this latter qualification being by-the-way the great fault of those ill-dressed men called Dandies, who conceive it necessary to follow the mode of the day instead of consulting their own figure and complexion). In this as in every thing, goodness and plainness were with him the essentials; he usually in the morning wore tight web pantaloons and Hessian boots, in the evening his shoes, being made high instead of low, formed, at a first glance, the only distinction from most other people (Mr. Highbred's shoes being worn to protect his feet and not to exhibit his

stockings); though on a more minute examination there were other points of difference. He always and at all times, except when travelling (with him a rare occurrence) wore a white neckcloth. I have said there was a distinction in his evening costume not at first apparent: it was, that although he wore a dark-coloured coat, a good deal of the ordinary shape, it was almost wholly without what horses wear in drawing, namely, a collar;*—a slight fold of the cloth, free in this part as in the entire of the garment from the slightest sort of padding, was the only approach to it; moreover, his coat though dark was made of an exquisitely fine description of

should be good of its kind, and therefore invariably had his silk stockings, of which by-the-by his under chausure was always composed, specially prepared, so as to ensure their being silk, and not cobwebs like the general run, one pair of his outweighing a dozen of the common kind. In his linen too he was somewhat particular, and with a view at once to gratify himself and encourage improvement, gave an annual premium for the best specimens of that article produced within an Ulster county, where a small portion of his Irish estates lay. In other respects, considering internal elegance above external show, the only piece of gaggery he indulged in consisted in a pair of solid gold brace-buckles set curiously with precious stones of immense value; his remaining personal jewellery was summed up in the badge of widowhood, a wedding ring almost as thick as a hair, and an immense turnip-looking silver hunting-watch, which the elegant Magrath, of fruit-shop memory, would have contemptuously termed a warming-pan, but in reality containing within this ungainly outside an interior that might without exaggeration have been cited as a *chef d'œuvre* of British mechanism, and was in itself an

inestimable treasure; this, unadorned with any chain similar to those worn by civic dignitaries and their daughters, and imitated in Mosaic by young men about town, was provided with a little piece of black ribbon intended for use, at the end of which was suspended a small plain gold watch-key, that would have been dear at half a guinea but for the solitary brilliant set in it, which might almost have rivalled the brightest jewel ever owned by any of the Portuguese monarchs; next to which was an ordinary Brahmah, the only key of which Mr. Highbred was the master, but which commanded locks innumerable, he having but one sort of lock

except indeed upon the occasion of what he called the latter's improvident marriage; and this other instance I shall mention, as it is characteristic of my worthy friend. His son, his only son, Oswald Plantagenet, (you must have seen his name and death, my dear reader, in the short genealogical extract of the refined and exquisite Duffy)—well, his son Oswald having been for a short time to London, thought proper to provide himself with an extraordinary sort of new-fashioned gaberdine, made, I am told, of Indian-rubber, and recently invented by a man with a Scotch name, the principal properties which distinguish it being that when perfectly dry, it produces a reverberating and not unimpressive sound as you move, like what would proceed from a covering of tin, or very distant thunder, or that bridge of brass that some king or other built over some town a few years ago, during the period when Jupiter and Co. were in vogue, so as to let his subjects know when he took the air; and, when it is wet, it becomes capable of emitting a very powerful odour, which as the man said, 'may be wholesome, but is tar-nation strong.' Well, young Oswald Plantagenet

Highbred having purchased one of these new dresses, (which have also the advantage of being universally worn by every coachman, guard, and market-going hobnail in England, as it is undoubtedly in wet or cold weather useful to persons actually obliged to expose themselves thereto, forming, if a disagreeable, certainly a tolerably efficient though not altogether waterproof sort of penthouse against rain, and by confining the evaporation of the various secretions of the pores, causes a kind of warmth, if it be an unhealthy kind, and for these reasons, I suppose, it is also very frequently adopted by gentlemen when in covered carriages),

fully trained as it was, pricked up its ears, never before having seen such a thing, as it had been bred in quiet old-fashioned magnificent Straffington, and, making a *demi volte*, left the high-born Highbred the elder, seated on his mother earth. A good deal stunned, he was for the moment insensible, when the loving son, with affectionate and tender solicitude bending over him, returning animation was again chased away by the sight and smell that met the father's recovering senses, so that the succession of fainting fits was only stopped by the prompt arrival of the eminent physician domesticated at Straffington, who, in an instant comprehending, from intimate knowledge of his patient, that the well-intended assiduities of the son, who in an agony of grief hung over his all but lifeless parent, and fondly pressed the cold and clammy hand of death as he supposed, were, in reality, the cause of the continued illness of Mr. Highbred, respectfully requested Oswald to disrobe himself of the unwonted garb that had originally produced the calamity, and an immediate improvement at once was visible, returning consciousness being at first announced by the poor

sufferer's exclaiming, 'Good God! am I alive, or do I dream? have I not been in the grave? Methought I smelt the charnel-house! Was not Oswald Plantagenet here? or did my senses wander? I saw him, as I thought, enveloped in a peasant's smockfrock; but thank God, here is my boy, safe and sound, it was only the effect of stupor from the fall. Is it not strange, Doctor Pill, how completely both senses were deceived? As I live, Pill, I saw the sight, and I smelt the smell,'—and it was when in solution of this strange double error, an exposition of the real cause was necessarily given to make the explanation clear,

reputation she had become very desirous since her domestication in Sir Morton's family), to adopt all the die-away affectation of a languishing female-exquisite, who, in robust health, having dispatched at lunch, oysters and cold meat *ad libitum*, with bottle porter and sherry in proportion, vows at dinner-time that she is unable to endure the vapours of that meal, and existing only upon the support of her scent-bottle, shudders at any grosser nutriment than that of the graceful skimmer of the lake. But sooth to say there was in Mrs. Oswin's forced and newly attempted sustainment of this part, a vast deal of the harsh and clumsy awkwardness of the novice, so that in her reception of me now, in my downfall, there was the stiff and repulsive insolence of a conscious superiority, that rendered her society more odious to me than it had appeared even upon the former occasion of my meeting her at Morton Castle, when she not only pronounced sentence of excommunication against poor O'Donnell, but not content with this, had devoted him unceremoniously to the hangman. Whereas having by some casual hint, or passing reference accidentally dropped in conversation during the course

of this evening, become apprised of the different condition of his present circumstances, she, addressing me, remarked: "I trust, Mr. Tarleton, that when you last heard from your friend Mr. O'Donnell, he was quite well. Poor fellow! he has been a most injured man, sadly ill-used, and deserving of sympathy; a little mistaken or so perhaps—that you know no one can attempt to justify—still, even in this there are matters, that if duly weighed would tend much to palliate the enormity of the guilt of rebellion; his extreme youth, his romantic turn of mind, and the peculiar circumstances of his family—I assure you, I feel

obtained from the government. This gentleman, (pointing as she spoke to Mr. Highbred), who seems to be a most singular man for his position in life, and who really any one accustomed to good society would never, for an instant, suppose to be of the calibre that I am told he is, has great influence with his excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and I mean to make my cousin Moville get him to interest himself on behalf of Mr. O'Donnell, who, I am positively assured is this moment in possession, by Sir George Green's death, of property to the amount of at least five-and-twenty thousand a-year. Persons who are not nice in what they assert, would tell you thirty thousand, but I, who make it a point never to exaggerate, and always to speak within compass, am perhaps rather under the mark."

On returning home revolving the different transactions of the day, there somehow or other arose in my mind a sort of undefinable suspicion of the motives that actuated this amiable person in so zealous a recommendation of Gerald O'Donnell to Emily's good graces, for I well knew that she must have had some personal object in view from

following such a course; as even the advantage to her relatives of securing a man of his now large fortune, would not command her disinterested advocacy of his claims, far less would any kind and friendly consideration for Emily's well-known feelings of preference for O'Donnell have influenced her, and that over and above such patriotic intentions there must have been something to gain for herself, to have led Mrs. Oswin to the commission of any act, even distantly tinged with good nature; and the idea of her proposing to set her cap at Sir Morton himself, became forcibly impressed upon my mind, from the increased

county town of ———. Of this, Emily herself, I afterwards learned was not altogether unsuspicious, and for this reason as well as others, she was anxious that her father should avail himself of Mr. Highbred's invitation, as from Mrs. Oswin not being included therein, an easy opportunity presented itself of breaking up the ambuscade in preparation for the capture of the old baronet; and accordingly Emily's interest prevailing, the resolution of accompanying Mr. Highbred upon his almost immediate return to Straffington, was decided on, and put into execution before the lapse of many days.

CHAPTER III.

As thus. "On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
Present, Lords A. B. C., Earls, Dukes by name.

Don Juan.

The party might consist of thirty-three,
Of highest caste — The Brahmins of the ton
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.

Don Juan.

While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Swift.

on his way to the Viceregal abode; and as may be conceived, the unusual appearance of an equipage such as his, produced an effect not inferior to an electric shock upon the nerves of the astonished and astounded Timothy O'Neil, who having allowed me to enter, neglected for the moment all further attention to me, whilst he literally devoured with his eyes, as far as the gas-lights and carriage lamps would permit him to do, the superb turn-out that dashed rapidly on, the coachman driving as it were with an increased velocity from so unwonted a stopping-place, and the very horses seeming to disdain the plebeianism of the quarter; nor was it until the flashing of the spokes of the hinder-wheels ceased, as rattling round the next corner they were lost to sight, that the enraptured Timothy so far recovered from his amazement as to find vent for words, when I heard him, still standing on the steps, exclaim, "English! English all over! a London touch that! couldn't match it anywhere else—no, not even in Liverpool, the mayor's coach was a fool to it;" a deep sigh followed, and rousing himself from the wide field of enlarged and profitable speculation, to which the

indulgence of such thoughts was not unlikely to give rise, the hapless man returned from the proud and lofty imaginings of Liverpool and its mayor, to become again sensible of, and alive to the lowly lot that belonged to him, and nerving himself once more for the dry details of the waiter of a boarding-house, he put his napkin under his arm, and turning into the hall, made amends for his temporary indifference to my entrance in transferring to me some portion of the lustre reflected upon my pauperised self from the splendour and style of the carriage and its attendants, by bowing with much more obsequiousness than usual, in which Mendingham he was now assisted by Collier.

the leading topic to be one, with which recent occurrences had as may be conceived very much familiarised me, being nothing less than a dissertation on the late entertainment given by Pertinax Halford, of Merrion Square, Esq., to His Excellency the Right Honorable Alfred Earl Wigton, K.G., and his friend Geoffrey Highbred, of Straffington, in the county of Durham, Esq. On this subject, replete as it was with interest to the individuals whom I beheld collected on this occasion in the drawing-room of Mr. Cullen's boarding house, they descanted, as might have been expected, with all that correctness of information, accuracy of knowledge, and precision of detail, which might reasonably be looked for in persons whose attention was drawn into this channel by the natural and proper course of events. Turning therefore their thoughts and fixing their minds upon matters of such public moment, and (as a natural consequence in this country) of such vast importance and all-absorbing interest to them as private individuals, they with that singular good sense and remarkably good taste, which most commonly characterises the unprivileged admirers of haut ton,

chose to busy themselves in the movements of the great people alluded to, with whom there was undeniably a connexion so apparent as to form the best possible reason in the world for the utter and complete neglect of their own affairs, in order to speculate upon the acts of strangers, who kindly reciprocated this unmasked attention, by the most supercilious indifference and contempt. On my entrance Miss Crossley was in the midst of a long paragraph from the "Dublin Evening Post," giving a flaming account of the whole affair, which she read aloud with a rapidity of enunciation almost incredible, and a vehemence of inflection that was

from the grand saloon to the banqueting-room, but unfortunately in her anxiety to produce effect she made sad havoc with the sense; turning colons into commas—periods into semicolons—and her interrogatories were put with the admiring tone of this peculiar note; running through the close fences of well punctuated print, like the dare-devil *employé* of a London horsedealer, improving the prices of his master's cattle at the expense of humanity and his own neck in a steeple-chase across a stiff country. By good fortune, she had not proceeded beyond the first sentence or two when I arrived, and was at the words,—“This magnificent and sumptuous banquet, though nominally intended for our beloved Viceroy, was rather a delicate compliment worthy the well-known taste of the amiable and accomplished host, paid indirectly to his Excellency, by being particularly in honour of his distinguished visitor, who we regret to say is in a few days about to quit this country, for his splendid and enchanting residence in the north of England. The Viceregal party left the upper Castle-yard at an exact quarter to eight o'clock, when the customary guard of honour

were as usual in attendance, under the command of Lieutenant Sabretash of the 199th Lancers, the escort being furnished by this distinguished and noble corps. Their attendance however was dispensed with; the carriages, two in number, proceeded at a rapid pace *down* Cork Hill, *up* Dame-street, *across* College-green, *through* Grafton-street *into* Nassau-street, *along* Leinster-street, and *out* of Clare-street, *into* the Square, and reached Mr. Halford's fine mansion at precisely four minutes to eight o'clock, where owing to some mismanagement on the part of the man stationed as a look-out, intelligence was not given in sufficient time to enable the worthy host to be in attendance at the

Thomas Featherhead and the Honorable Captain Waltzer. Some other of the aides-de-camp, and several members of the Viceregal household, also had the honour of being included in the invitations to meet his Excellency.

“The company consisted of the following distinguished personages:—The Lord Primate, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Marquess of Mapletop, the Earl of Polesworth, 59th Hussars, Viscount Kilmainham, Lord Sandymount, the Commander of the Forces and one Aid-de-camp, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron, the Under Secretary of State, the Bishop of Maryborough, Judges Botherwick and Jumble, the Provost, the Judge of the Prerogative Court, the Deputy Adjutant General, the Recorder, the Deputy Quarter Master General, Sir Anthony Rutledge, Bart. Judge of the Admiralty Court; Colonel Redcloth, C. B. Military Secretary; Master O’Shaughnessy, the Attorney-General; Sir Fireball Cannon Colonel commanding the Artillery; Mr. Alderman Figtree, the Surgeon-general, the Solicitor-general, Mr. Ser-

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individual of his immense wealth and high character, who has during his short stay in this country become fully convinced of the tyrannical nature of the vile Orange faction, that has been so long rampant in this unfortunate land, and they cannot fail to see in the close and intimate friendship of such a man with our excellent and esteemed Lord Lieutenant the total frustration of all the hopes of winning him to their side with which they had, building on his easiness of disposition, flattered themselves; and thus without his being aware of it, renewing, if not all the sanguinary horrors of the times of John Claudius, yet at least establishing a system of savage restraint and coercion sufficient for ever to destroy even the nominal liberty that the Relief and Reform Bills have as yet conferred upon us, which are to be but the beginning of an end; and there will no doubt be found matter of rejoicing to all moderate men like ourselves, in the princely festivities we have just been describing, for is there not a glimpse of an opening era of moderation heretofore unknown in this unhappy and distracted land, when we behold men who, however personally kind-hearted, have

allowed themselves to be ensnared in the wily meshes of Tory domination, gradually awakening from this unhealthy stupor, and who like Mr. Halford (for whom we have ever entertained, despite political opposition now we trust for ever passed, the sincerest personal respect, as at all events having the merit of spending with liberality at home the affluence he so justly possesses), are now allowing the scales to drop from their eyes. Mr. Halford has done good service in placing the Earl Wigton by the side of one of England's wealthiest sons, who has not hesitated to add to his name a truer nobility than that of titles, in championing the popular cause in

Castle of Dublin, and accompanied him to the various residences of our nobles, but now since his return from his tour in the South, what has been the course adopted? Has not Earl Wigton, with a sense of propriety and good taste that does him infinite honour, refused as a Lord Lieutenant to notice him publicly, though as the friend of his youth he may feel himself compelled to receive this most excellent, though greatly deluded gentleman, in a private manner. Let our opponents only look at the dinner lists, and deny it if they can—we challenge them to the trial, and strong in fact we point to the change: and why is this we boldly ask? Is it not to be found in his recent tour? The Tory gentry abandoned and neglected, their invitations despised, and the wretched peasantry, the miserable and priest-ridden scum of the earth, alone honoured by his notice, no doubt a likely class to be selected by the late victor of the dandy-monarch Brummell, and the once-cherished friend of the courtly Regent.' But henceforth no more of this; look to the dinner of yesterday, is our reply; if that be not a public demonstration, we ask what can be more so? Let any unprejudiced

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“Why ma’am, I was anxious to see a good account of Mr. Halford’s dinner, and I was told that there was a capital article about it in this night’s Post, otherwise you may be sure I should have had the Mail as usual. But how comes it Mr. Duffy, that after all you told us about this fine English gentleman, this Mr. Highbred I mean, being so mighty grand a person, that he should go and take up with those Papists?”

“Very true, Miss Crossley, my dear, that is just the very thing I was going to remark to Mr. Duffy, when the driving up of that carriage put it out of my head. I wonder now what that could be, and who it is that can be coming here in a carriage at this time of night. I must not forget to ask Timothy about it in the morning: but what have you got to say about this gentleman, Mr. Duffy, in answer to what Miss Crossley says? for my own part I all along thought from his coming over to visit such a lukewarm sort of a Protestant as this Lord Wigton, that he could not be anything very great. I dare say he is one of those would-be liberals, as they call themselves now a-days, and I’m only sorry to see such an excellent good

man as Pertinax Halford is, and always has been disgracing himself and lowering the good cause by rubbing his skirts against this Lord Lieutenant, and his friends. It will damage him greatly I fear, and it don't ruin him altogether; which will be a great pity, as Mrs. Halford is such a nice sweet woman but still he is so uncommonly well off, and is a good-natured too, and so very hospitable, that I hope all his friends will look it over this time, and I have no doubt it will be a useful lesson to him in future, not to endanger his reputation by mixing himself up in any way with this government."

"I perceive Mrs. Watkins," cried Duffy, in

and proper test for the mental qualifications and natural bias, not alone of us its natives, but even form the touchstone wherewith to try all who visit us, and for this purpose they at once fuse those strangers in the alembic of paltry Irish politics, heated over the supposed fires of that fierce and glowing furnace, which is created by our internal dissensions, and in the fumes rising from this crucible, are thus sublimed all their amiable and endearing qualities, which detached and rarefied, dissolve themselves in the air, and are lost to our sight, only leaving behind, in this our sectarian and political transmutation, a metal which if not coinable into the currency of either of the two parties, is at once regarded by both as merely a base alloy. In this manner, with this accomplished and distinguished gentleman, who wafted to our shores on the gales of a pure and elevated benevolence, has with an enlightened mind, unswayed by the preponderance of passion and free from prejudice, examined into our social system for the sole purpose of endeavouring to do good, as far as was within his power, and extending his search no further than the fair and legitimate circle of his


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ing against him, and pouring upon him their united attacks, —thus verifying what I have endeavoured figuratively to convey to you, my dear Mrs. Watkins; unless indeed it shall happen as I myself think most probable, that already ineffably disgusted at being dragged forth involuntarily and without provocation into the contemptible arena of our paltry party politics, he shall by a rapid and immediate secession, free himself from the repetition of so monstrous an injury, as is the being exposed to the inconceivable nuisance of having his private acts regularly chronicled and commented on by newspapers, and converted into their stock in trade by obscure scribes.

“Thus, obliged to relinquish all his plans for the amelioration of the condition of those depending on him in this country, in utter hopelessness of achieving any good, this high-minded English gentleman will retire from amongst us, withdrawing along with him those benefits which, from the immensity of the sources that feed them, and the liberality that gives them vent, are so extensive as to have already been sensibly felt by even the large funds of our public charitable institutions

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turous sailor, invite commerce, and afford occupation to a peaceful marine force in the pursuit of the scaly prey, but now only fished in by English trollers; her valleys of abundance, and her hills of plenty walling round their inland seas; her undiscovered products which (sleeping wealth!) still lie hid within her bowels, as yet an untouched treasury; her hardy sons who, rich in an intellect surpassing in brilliancy the mental possessions of any other nation, present a race which, unequalled in patient endurance, are still proverbially the boldest of the bold, the wisest of the wise, the most gifted of the gifted—bear witness the names of Wellington, Castlereagh, and Burke! attest it Grattan, Sheridan, and Flood! Let Europe and Asia, let America and Africa, tell of what her sons have done, have suffered and have planned; let the waters that hug her shores, and soothe with their loud lullaby this favoured child of nature, call to their elemental brothers which lave the wide limits of the earth, to say, if the step of her sons has tottered on the last sinking plank—if the craven cry of despair has from her children quailed before the tempest's loudest rage—or one fear, as they



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Mr. Duffy, in thinking that all these charities of his turn out to be but 'smoke from the crucible,' as you so justly and cleverly expressed it."

"Indeed Mrs. Watkins, so I think too ma'am," said Miss Crossley; "and although I did not quite comprehend all that Mr. Duffy said, yet as you have briefly explained it, I fully concur with him and you, in thinking that it is such persons as this Mr. Highbred, who produce absenteeism, and as Mr. Duffy remarks, it's not at all to be wondered at, siding with the Papists as he has done; and if it was not for this, I would venture to say, that there would not be so many absentees to be seen every day in Ireland."

Having perpetrated this tolerable specimen of our national figure of speech, Miss Crossley continued to persecute poor Duffy, who reeling under the twofold calamity of a total misapprehension of what he had said, as well as a complete conviction of his pearls having been thrown before swine, replied with greater brevity to her interrogatories than usually distinguished this, even in the worst of times, polite and well-informed gentleman.

"At all events," said Mrs. Watkins, "it is some

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fellow ; and as my cousin Edward Hardup, of the hundred-and-first, said to me to-day, ' Polesworth is a good fellow, but Crossbelt's the man for my money.' But, Mr. Duffy, you have not told us what dress his Excellency wore ; I suppose, as usual, his military uniform ? ”

“ By no means, Miss Crossley, the Viceroy was attired in plain clothes ! ”

“ What, Mr. Duffy, my dear ! ” said Mrs. Watkins, “ like anybody else ? nothing to distinguish the representative of Majesty ? dear me ! it makes one shudder to think of it ; if things go on at this rate the Church and State will soon be upset. Do you really mean to say now, Mr. Duffy, that Lord Wigton could not be distinguished from the rest of the company ? ”

“ Pardon me, my dear madam, I did not affirm quite so much ; the Lord Lieutenant wore a decoration that I imagine no other of the company could imitate. His Excellency, my dear Mrs. Watkins, had on the ribbon of the Garter, besides his insignia of St. Patrick.”

“ However, Mr. Duffy, it can't be denied,” retorted Mrs. Watkins, “ that it was very wrong for

the Lord Lieutenant to go without his escort, and thus expose himself to what it seems did occur; I mean, of course, the omission that took place of that great and most important distinction appertaining to royalty, the being met at the door by whatever individual he honours with his presence, instead of being received by a pack of servants, like any nobody getting out of a hackney coach. That's not becoming, in my humble opinion, for one who fills the high station of Lord Lieutenant. It did not use to be so, my dear, when I was a young woman, but since then things are altered, every thing turned topsy-turvy; and no one can

much of it may run out any fortune; and besides that, I must own it grieves me to see him squandering his money entertaining our enemies in this sort of way. I should like to know what Mrs. Halford thinks of it; there is no doubt, a truly pious woman such as she is, cannot but disapprove of her husband sanctioning these infidel ministers; the head of them, Lord Mowbray himself, though perhaps a very clever man, has strange notions I am told; and certainly the last two bishops he made may be very good anything elses; but upon my word and conscience, Miss Crossley my heart, they are not Christians; and I know Mrs. Halford is of that opinion too, or else she has made bad use of sitting so long under the ministry of that dear, sweet, good man, Doctor Thumpcushion; and yet you see there was one of them (that Bishop of Maryborough) at the dinner. I vow and declare, the more I think of it the more I am convinced that there is something wrong in the whole business, and I am afraid that Pertinax Halford is selling himself to the devil. I wish I knew either him or Mrs. Halford, and I think I would be able to shew them how wrong they are in giving dinners to

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have just been, as you see, chatting a little about this grand dinner of Mr. Halford's. Did you know Sir Charles Tarleton was there?"

Somewhat disgusted at the troublesome curiosity of my excellent friend Mrs. Watkins, I turned the conversation into another channel, and took the first opportunity of retiring for the night.

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sir; there is a servant, a livery servant, waiting in the hall; he says he is come from Miss Merville, daughter of Sir Morton Merville, and I was anxious to bring it up myself, sir,—the gentleman, that is, I beg your pardon, sir, Miss Merville's footman, sir, is waiting below."

Opening the door, I received the missive from the hands of Cullen, who, breathless at once from the rapidity with which he had ascended the staircase and the flurry caused by so important and fastidious a visitor at so early an hour. Though not participating in the great respect with which the personal claims of the ambassador had inspired my host, it nevertheless occurred to me that the bare and cheerless hall of this house would be a not very comfortable place for the man to wait in, I therefore asked Cullen to be so good to allow him to sit in the kitchen whilst I examined his despatches.

"The kitchen, sir! O no, dear no, that would never do, sir; I have already asked him into our own parlour, and Mrs. Cullen is making him a cup of tea; I knew you would not wish him to be stopping in the hall, it's not what the likes of them is accustomed to, sir;" and Cullen shook his head

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these horrible newspapers. I knew nothing of it until papa returned last evening from dining with the Lord Lieutenant; so you may conceive in what a bustle I am. You will be glad to hear that we get rid of dear delightful Mrs. Oswin, but it is about yourself that I wish to see you. My father saw Sir Charles yesterday. How anybody can be so unrelenting I cannot conceive. How shall we fare hereafter if we can so little forgive here! but do not fail to come. I think it would be important for you to again meet Mr. Highbred. There is no knowing what his interest might do for you; at all events, there are other topics on which I am most anxious to speak with you, so you will I trust come early. I know you will excuse my being so importunate, and I fear me, far '*trop de matin*,' why, why do you not give up your late hours?

Yours sincerely,

E. M."

Having finished the perusal of this letter, I completed with the least possible delay the operation of dressing sufficiently to enable me to appear in public upon the staircase, without danger of shocking the delicate refinement of any of the

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which thus incomplete and abortive, would in the eyes of the acute and correct Timothy have required so much filling up, that in the large calls it would have made upon his poetic powers, and doubtless have received, all semblance of the original had been lost, ere yet it had poured itself into the ponderous mind of Cullen; where, caught within the suction of meeting waters, it would have sunk in their whirling eddies, amid a confused chaos of the ghosts of legs of mutton and sirloins of beef, to be from thence reproduced no longer recognisable. Conscious of these perils to messages, told by A to B, and B to C, and by C put in a course of circulation round the alphabet, like a good-natured story in a fashionable club, I resolved to run down stairs myself and tell the man that I would not fail to call very soon after ten; but that I could not breakfast there, as I had made an appointment with a person on important business a little before that hour, and I reserved the more tedious depilatory operation indicated by a long pole, until after I had sent the man away. Running quickly down stairs, I could hear the loud hahas! of jolly boon companionship coming

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you know the *sperrits* is all the same, and it is so handy, or perhaps she was afraid the morning air might be too raw for poor Mr. Shoulderknot; at all events, she recollected that the Countess of Routgoer's own footman always declared "upon his honour as a gentleman, that though he did not like drinking not by no means, specially neat liquors, still he always found a glass of summut short early did him all the good in life, but particular in this here country, which being dampish, requires 'a morning,' and this here whiskey being made only of hoats, must be good, as my lord says as how they makes all their bread of it in Scotland."

The time I found running rapidly away, although at first I thought it so early, and I found I should have sharp work to be ready by ten; including as that time had to do, an interview that ended in being a very stormy one with a tradesman, who had a claim upon me, which though not very large I could only meet by a promise of what was to come, that did not seem to satisfy him much, as he left me in a very menacing manner, and turning from him, I hastened to swallow my breakfast, during the course of which, short as was its dura-

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It is expected that they will embark this evening about eight o'clock. The Lord Lieutenant it is understood will attend his distinguished friend to the beach. A great many gentlemen, including almost all the wealth, rank, and fashion of Dublin, intend leaving their names at the Castle this day, as a mark of respect to Mr. Highbred, and in proof of their unfeigned regret at his departure, under the peculiar circumstances of the case. A good deal of bustle was excited at an unusually early hour this morning in the district adjoining the quays, and a vast concourse of persons, considering the time of day, were assembled at the North Wall, to witness the embarkation of the carriages, horses, servants, and heavy baggage, on board the City of Dublin Steam-Packet Company's fine, fast sailing vessel the William Huskisson, taken up expressly by Mr. Highbred for the conveyance of his establishment. She will touch at the Head to discharge the three travelling carriages, with four footmen, as also that belonging to Sir Morton Merville, for the use of Mr. Highbred and his party, after their arrival at that place. Thence she proceeds with the remainder of her

cargo and passengers, consisting exclusively of Mr. Highbred's domestics, for the small port of ——— contiguous to Straffington.

“The number, style, and elegance of the equipages, comprising not less than eleven carriages, of different kinds, including two belonging to Sir Morton Merville, excited universal admiration, and the surpassing beauty of the splendid animals composing that portion of his steed brought over here, drew forth murmurs of applause. The saddle horses, to the number of fourteen, were particularly remarked; and the eight pair of grey carriage horses, formed a very noble collection; but one

nience being produced by the bustle generally going on in this quarter at a later period. A serious, though we rejoice to say not dangerous, accident occurred to one of the porters engaged. A small plate chest, containing Mr. Highbred's private breakfast service, having been appended to the hook of the crane by a rope not sufficiently strong, fell with great violence on the left shoulder of Darby Houlahawn, and bearing him to the ground, apprehensions were at first entertained that the unfortunate man had been crushed to pieces; most luckily however, a coil of the ship's cable laying on the deck received the whole weight, so that Darby Houlahawn, though apparently lying under it, escaped with slight injury beyond a bruise on the part where he was first struck, and was quite consoled under his misfortune by a prompt assurance from the head coachman, that his master would see he wanted for nothing; in proof of which he at once handed a five-pound note to Darby, who, it is believed, made more of his accident than it really required, assuring however the coachman that he and his master should never want for the prayers of the whole race of

the Houlahawne in this world or the next. Howth has not been for many years so gay as it is likely to be this day—immense crowds are flocking out, even whilst we write, to view the beautiful craft belonging to Mr. Highbred, and which, as combining the elegance of the sailing vessel with the perfection of machinery in a manner before unknown, may be considered a master-piece in her way, having been built after a design altogether peculiar, and adopted as an experiment by Mr. Highbred; her deck not being disfigured by a chimney, as the smoke by a particular arrangement of tubes is carried out a considerable distance

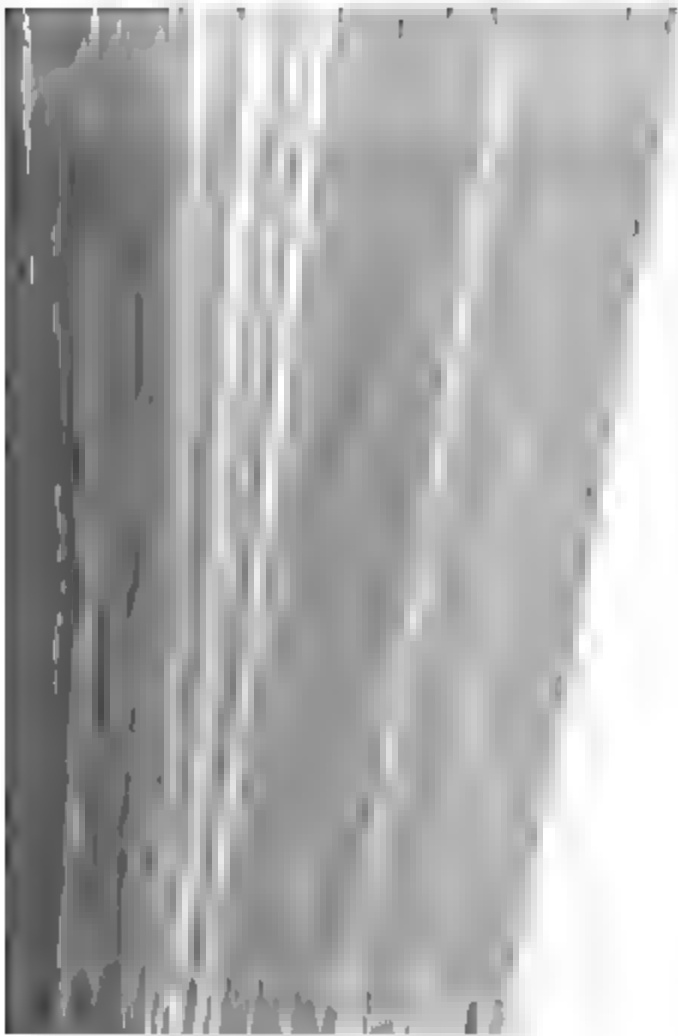
we recommend all of our readers to avail themselves of this opportunity of getting a peep at the Straffington."

My homely meal coming to its end almost simultaneously with the conclusion of this piece of important intelligence about a man who really would have much preferred being permitted to move quietly about unnoticed, and without the bestowment of any particular attention by the public at large upon the conveniences and comforts which his affluent means enabled him to command. I left the room for the purpose of preparing to fulfil my engagement with Emily Merville, without waiting for the shower of commentaries which was doubtless at once discharged from the lips of the female coterie assembled, with their usual sensible and proper attention to anybody's affairs but their own, and was suddenly stopped by Captain Barry, who was about to enter, catching my arm. Taking me aside, he observed to me, "I beg your pardon Mr. Tarleton for making so free, you must excuse my taking the liberty of meddling in your affairs, but I have just this minute seen two deuced ill-looking fellows asking Timothy if you were in?"

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offence, sir, I hope; but reely sir, you see, there are so many of all sorts comes here asking for one lodger or another, that I always thinks it the *seefest* plan to call them all gen'lmen; but as for them there chaps, I knows very well what they are up to, and I was just looking out for a hopportunity of telling Mr. Tarleton here what sort of daws were on the chimney, but I suppose your honour knows all about it, so I may speak before you. Mr. Tarleton, you must not stir out, sir. Them's bailies, and they has a horder against your person for forty pounds, at the suit of that fellow Shears that was with you this morning; the head fellow let me see it—and, by the same token, he tipt me a bob, saying, says he, 'You know, young man, what is to be must be, and so now is as good as then, and if he be in, you may as well tell him to show.' But sir, I was too wide awake for that, and so pocketing his two tissies, says I to myself says I, I wish you may get it; and I told him that I would be all on the square with him, and that the gen'lman slept out last night; but, though he went away, I think he twigged that it was all over the left, for coming down stairs I craned out of the two pair

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CHAPTER V.

“ ‘ Have you no friends ? ’ — I had — but by God’s blessing,
Have not been troubled with them lately.

“ ‘ ’Tis not,’ said Juan, ‘ for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past — I loved a maid.’

“ But to resume,
’Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much.”

Don Juan.

I DID not fail to thank Captain Barry for his extremely kind and friendly interference on my behalf, which I could not but appreciate, and which, displaying itself in the simple and unaffected guise of a rough and unsophisticated sincerity, was as acceptable as a more polished and refined exhibition of friendship. Poor Timothy too manifested an interest, which whether springing from that innate love of resistance to those myrmidons of the law, existing in the minds of almost all the lower order of Irish

people you meet, and indeed I believe of all countries, or caused by anything approaching a wish to serve me, was nevertheless agreeable, and if not actually amounting to a consolation came at least fraught to a friendless and cast-off wretch, such as I was, with a refreshing and wholesome sweetness, like as does the verdant aspect of resuscitated nature to the eye of one long immured in the busy haunts of active trade; to whom, when in some chance hour snatched from the dismal toil for wealth, and looked upon as lost, the green-clad earth (whose elastic rebound seems strange to feet long used to tread the sullen thoroughfares of gain)

the sturdy rustic's thrifty loans, and, impartial parent! decks for her poorest children's lowly but delighted gaze, the trees, and hedges, and humble lanes, with beauties as fair as sweet, more graceful and more lovely, than the careworn son of bloated wealth can nurse within the walled enclosure for his own sole selfish use. Is this an hour lost? call you those moments wasted? O! narrow-minded votary of yellow gold and filthy trade, doth not thy soul expand, and rising higher than is its wont, turn towards those skies wherein is set the throne, the living throne of Him thou thinkest not of in the narrow cells of thy city prison-house, but who now speaks trumpet-tongued in the inaudible course of growing life around thee, holds over thy head that glorious canopy upon whose dazzling jewel the eagle and thyself alone of all animated nature dare look, and beneath thy worthless feet of crawling clay, spreads a rich carpet, in which the thousand opening flowers thou treadest upon, are woven with an elegance, a beauty, an infinite variety, a boundless profusion to which thy costly rugs are but coarse daubed sackcloth! Hast thou a soul? and seeing all that supports, gratifies and

animates thee, thus supplied free of cost, almost unasked, canst thou refuse the act of honest and of grateful worship to that Being whose air thou breathest, whose blessed sun cheers and warms thee, whose fruits subsist thy body, whose streams can quench thy thirst, and whose flowers delight thine eyes. Were one or all of these changed or denied thee, were but the green grass another colour, how would thy wearied and averted gaze long for its accustomed hue; and canst thou call an hour that brings such thoughts as these, moments lost or wasted? So with myself; the unsought, the unexpected kindness of a stranger,

there exist those who can be disinterestedly kind, how fleeting are they! how rare! and like the involuntary devotion wrung from the avaricious drudge by nature's converse, soon, too soon, forgotten!

The difficulty however (now that matters had come to such a crisis), was to decide upon taking some step; for, however pressing any claimants had been, none had ever appeared inclined to go to this extreme length, which usually arises from some well-founded apprehension of dishonest intention on the debtor's part, though no doubt occasionally resorted to, like *la peine forte et dure*, for extorting a satisfaction, that nothing short of such severe measures was likely to obtain. Such I afterwards learned were the motives that had influenced this man, who it seems, without imputing even distantly the slightest want of principle to me, nevertheless speculated upon the probability of his strong remedy of incarceration operating upon Sir Charles Tarleton's pride, and thus procuring from this feeling, a liberality towards me in the settlement of his own individual claim, that mere generosity, the man well knew, would never effect

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been so numerous, and had all passed off so well, that I began to think that either there had been some mistake, or that Timothy's diversion of the enemy had succeeded, and accordingly gaining fresh confidence from these thoughts, I walked more boldly on, and musing upon what Emily had said, as to the possibility of Mr. Highbred's influence availing me, I thanked my stars for having at all events delivered me from an arrest, that by preventing my meeting him would of course defeat the slender chances there might be of winning him to interest himself for me, when wheeling into the street that opens into the east side of Fitzwilliam-square, a dirty-looking fellow with a haggard whiskey-drinking face, unshorn chin, and straggling whiskers, whom I took for a genteel beggar, touching his hat accosted me.

“Beg your pardon Mr. Tarleton, got a little thing against you, sir—Mr. Shears, forty pounds—very sorry, sir, how would you like to go—shall I call a covered car—or will you walk on—not afraid to trust a gentleman like you, if you prefer it?”

Here the full conviction of my misfortune flashed upon me in a way not to be mistaken.

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fast pulled up without any signal from us close to where I stood.

“Jump in sir,” said Mr. Grady, and perceiving me hesitate at seeing the car already tenanted within, he added, “it’s all right, it’s only Tom.”

When we were all seated, Tom observed, “I told the driver Mr. Grady to make for Sackville-street, and you could settle with the gentleman what he would like to do before we got that far.”

“Just so,” returned Grady; “well Mr. Tarleton, I have got very nice apartments, just fit for a gentleman like you, I suppose I may as well tell the man to take us there?”

A mere novice, a complete tyro in the once fashionable calamity of being arrested, I still had so far mastered its rudiments as to be aware that the proffered hospitality of Mr. Grady, dictated doubtless by motives of the sincerest kindness, involved an accompanying expense more than proportioned to the comforts and conveniences he boasted of in his residence, and therefore civilly but peremptorily declined availing myself of the invitation, insisting upon being taken direct to the Sheriff’s Prison, being the place indicated for my

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own; still sir, there is a nice peep at the ball-alley, and if it was not that you almost always see the same faces, you might fancy it the street. The air sir, is extremely pure; and during the last fever we had, when poor Lord Uppingham died, the Surgeon-general declared if we had only had him in this room from the first he would have done nicely, but somehow sir, the Court of Chancery kept him so tight that he could not stand the price, but sir, when 't was all too late, like a would-be widow who has made sure of her husband, and when he is half-dead kills him with kindness, they came down very liberally at the end. Ah, it was a sin! it was a shame, sir! I felt for him—'pon my soul I did; a fine fellow sir, and a fine fortune round the corner. However, one of our regular fevers gives us plenty of room; sending him here was like a gentleman of fortune allowing his son to go to the West Indies. Bad work, sir; very bad indeed."

Making my bow to my new loquacious landlord, I was left to myself with leisure sufficient to contemplate the beauties he had pointed out. Small but not inconveniently so, two wagon-roofed but

curtainless beds occupied opposite corners, covered, the one with a counterpane, whose colour might be delicately termed a French white, improved in different parts into a more decided yellow by various casualties, such as the upsetting of a dish of greasy pan-cooked beefsteaks, the light breakfast of some lazy prisoner, who unwilling to relinquish the luxuries of his couch, indulged in a protracted snooze; the other bed boasting no such superfluous ornament, was contented with the simple protection of a pair of mustard-colour blankets, that in proof of their antiquity were now quite bald, all the hair which in the form of their native shaggy wool they once possessed

had between the enormous bars without, of the squalid and depraved countenances of the group of debtors who stood around the fives-court.

Turning from thence to the next attraction, the fireplace, I beheld a miserable little grate with rusty iron bars, and which, though scarce large enough to contain sufficient fire to boil an egg, had by my last visitor been much dwelt on as one of the items, the greatness of the expense of ministering to whose necessities he seemed to mainly rely upon as a justification for charges which he admitted to be "a little dear or so, but still the usual price." My thoughts, with little in these objects to attract them, naturally reverted to my own condition—a prisoner within this filthy den, for a sum paltry in itself, yet to my poverty so great as to leave but a slender prospect of its immediate discharge, besides the probability of this example being followed by others, who, unwilling always to take the initiative in such a course, never hesitate, when it has been once adopted by others, to follow it up themselves. As very commonly occurs, it happened also that at that time Mr. Browne, who was the only person that I could at all consult as to the

best course for me to adopt, was absent from Dublin, and not likely to return for some days. As I had not any other channel through which to communicate with, or seek assistance from, Sir Charles Tarleton, as would have been natural, there was obviously nothing upon which to ground the smallest hope of benefiting in any degree from his superfluities—a hopelessness confirmed by the failure of Sir Morton's mission as a peace-maker. Further, the prospect of emancipating myself from the repetition of similar disasters was now put an end to by the impossibility of escape, that my inability to quickly meet the present demand produced, and in addition, there was the temporary

unwisely timed upon his part, as to compel me involuntarily to wear the appearance of neglecting, by the omission of the common courtesy of leave-taking, the friends at whose hands I had experienced so much disinterested kindness, and thus destroying every hope of their bestirring themselves on my behalf, with the same earnestness that otherwise I might have expected, but which I could not persuade myself would remain equally zealous, as naturally my absence and breach of appointment would more or less, though not actually perhaps giving offence, be regarded as ungrateful by Sir Morton, and unkind by Emily. Finding the indulgence in these bootless imprecations of vengeance upon Mr. Shears caused only an increased irritability and unquietness of mind, I endeavoured to dissipate such feelings by a stroll amongst my fellow-starlings, and relinquishing the comforts and luxuries of the wretched apartment, whose sole proprietorship constituted in the opinion of Mr. Michael Shea, the head-turnkey, the unattainable means of preserving the life of the heir apparent to an ancient earldom, and its princely appanage, I sauntered out into the corridor or

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who disquiets himself for nothing, and the calm and placid countenance of him who, long an inhabitant of its walls, remains a voluntary prisoner. His pale wan features tranquilly behold unmoved the accustomed scene around, sallow from long confinement and sharpened in their contour, you may mark an unexcited smile reposing on the lips, though the graver expression of the eyes and forehead speaks of more serious thought; his shabby black coat buttoned to the chin which, not shaved, leans upon the breast, his hands thrust into the pockets of his threadbare and discoloured trousers, grey cotton stockings, and shoes half converted into slippers, his hat placed rather upon the back of the head instead of slouched—you behold his thin form move briskly backward and forward upon the same beaten path, that at the same hour he has for the last fourteen years daily trod, until the very stones worn by his feet testify the unrelaxed constancy with which his resolution has borne him up against the scarcely fair demand of the debt he has incurred as surety for another. Further on, the sudden start and unequal step of a middle-aged and respectable-looking man proclaim the agony with which, forgetful of his own

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CHAPTER VI.

—His beaver is cock'd: pray, Madam, mark that—
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle.—

• • • • •
Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.

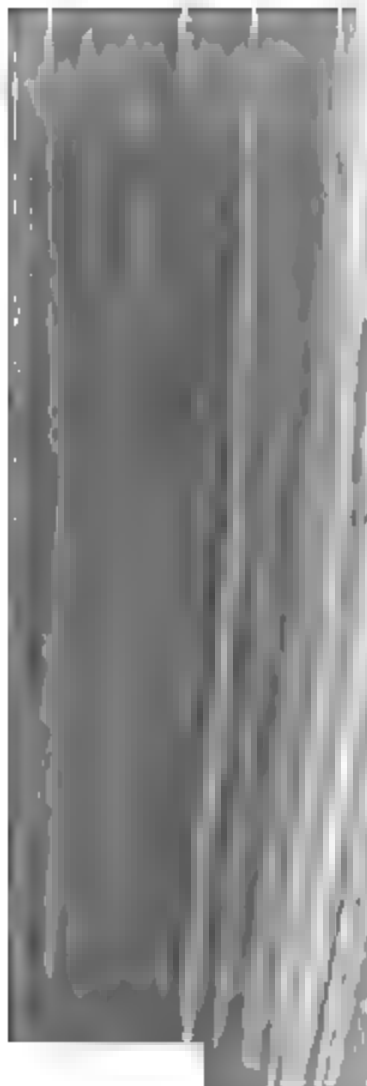
And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.

If I had expected so worthy a guest—

'Lord! Madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest:
You banter me, Madam; the kingdom must grant'—
You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!'

Swift.

IF, early the next morning, none of the merry accompaniments of breaking day ushered in the return of light, I was yet aroused from the uncomfortable stupor that had possessed me instead of sleep by the busy hum of the thickly-peopled hive in which I was placed. Though not compelled to

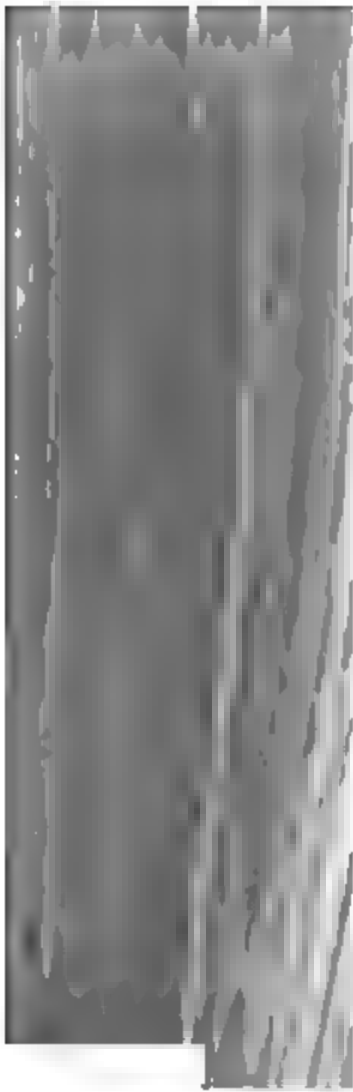


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and pleasure, I received a most unexpected visit from my newly made but most worthy acquaintance and friend Captain Barry, whose jolly face was lighted up with a smile altogether unadapted to the associations of the locality in which we then were, which gave him the appearance of anything rather than of a man come to condole with a caged and captive debtor. Nor was there in the tone of his voice any of the assumed sympathy so often superadded to sincerely-felt grief by this sort of external adaptation of our deportment to the calamitous condition of the sufferer we visit, too frequently also the only species of commiseration in reality entertained at heart by him whose step is the lightest in the chamber of mourning—whose words the most solemn—whose aspect the most woe-be-gone—and whose deep drawn “windy suspirations of forced breath” the most poignantly affecting. Alas! for hypocrisy; well, well was it said,

“O! for a forty-parson power to chant thy praise, hypocrisy.”

But, on the contrary, in Barry's manner, look and voice, there was the cheerful vivacity of gratified self-satisfaction and delight, as shaking me most



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pass by the two fellows that Timothy pointed out to me as the beaks—and not seeing them molest you, I concluded they were at fault somehow; but when I found you did not come as I said, I guessed at once what was the matter; so, sir, knowing nothing could be done last night, I kept myself quiet until this morning, when, getting up early, I went down to the sheriff's office, where I saw the head-fellow of those bailiffs; and, on asking him if he had anybody of the name of Tarleton in his clutches, he opened a big book, and putting his thumb, in a jiffey, on your name, said, 'O yes, William Tarleton, I recollect it perfectly, sir; the poor young gentleman, I am very sorry for him—he was in early yesterday.' So taking the liberty, which I hope you will excuse, of inquiring into some of the particulars, as I thought I might perhaps be able to be of use, I found it was that blackguard rascal Shears—the devil scald the old scoundrel! that had arrested you for forty pounds; and when I remarked to the bailiff that it was odd, a rich old fellow like that should go and do such a thing, when he must know that his money was safe, sooner or later, the chap observed, 'Why,

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with him, and by the Lord I let the fine goold-laced coachman of his understand that his master was no better than himself—for, without much ceremony, I desired him to come along with me at once to his attorney, and give every facility for your discharge; for that, if you were not as free as air in an hour's time, he might take his chance for his money; and with that, sir, I shewed him a beautiful bran new fifty-pound note, and may I never stir, sir, if it had not as much effect as the needle 'that the fairy,' or whatever she was called, 'used to shew Sir Piercie Shafton,' for the minute the old ruffian saw it, off goes his hat, as civil and as humble as he used to be when he was measuring you for a pair of breeches,—and begging if my honour would condescend that I would get into his car. We set off at once for little Pettifogger Raisethewind's house in Middle Gardiner-street, and down they came here with me; and now I'll just trouble you to come along, as quick as you can, for every thing is settled; and if you take my advice, you will go down to Kingstown at once, and not shew in Dublin at all, but be off in the packet to-night at the latest."

Barry's cutting short the acknowledgments which, unless I were insensible and ungrateful, must have been most heartfelt and sincere, deserving truly that highest flight of after-dinner oratory which, preferring the eloquence of silence to an insufficient attempt at a speech, declares "that all that is felt on the present occasion may be more easily conceived than expressed," requested me "to be so good to hold my tongue, and not to talk such nonsense as that, but to come along at once without losing time." Being of opinion that it would be better taste to reserve for some future opportunity the proof of my gratitude, I omitted any very lengthened assurances of how much

with the exception, of course, of my personal expenses of lodging and board, with which an honourable delicacy prevented my kind-hearted benefactor at all interfering; and upon my pressing the necessity of some legal acknowledgment of the debt, Barry positively refused to hear anything of the sort, remarking, "Pooh, pooh, man! there is no need of that kind of thing between gentlemen in a small matter of this sort. If it were as many hundreds, and I had them to lend, then indeed I might take your note, but to go peddling with securities, for at the utmost, as you will insist upon having it, forty-five pounds, would be all very well for old Sleekly's methodical work, or for a greasy money-lender to talk about, but between you and I, the only question was, you wanted the cash just for the moment, and by some good fortune that don't often happen to Sam Barry, he had it to spare, and unless you wish to deprive me of the pleasure of thinking that I have been able to get you out of a nasty hobble, you will not say another word about it, until it is quite convenient to you to give it me back; and all I have to say is, that it is lucky that the first fellow that caught

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beyond the difficulty of getting the driver to understand that it was my pleasure to remain there, without giving him any reason for so doing, the slightest intimation of how long I should remain, or any information as to where I was next going, questions which put in a thousand various shapes he continued to plague me with, until at last I was compelled to threaten to leave his vehicle altogether, unless he chose to keep himself quiet, and rest satisfied with the assurance of being sufficiently indemnified for his loss of time, at which, as he grumbled out something about the place he took me up at, I was so far irritated as to begin to lose my temper, which had the effect of drawing on us the attention of different passers-by. Perceiving this, I quickly drew in my horns, preferring to pocket his insolence to making myself conspicuous; this however had no other effect than to increase his impertinence, and in the midst of a not very civil speech from him, Barry drove up, and asking what was the matter,—I explained my unwillingness to draw attention, and the fellow's having presumed upon that.

“O! is that it?” said Barry, “very well, how much is owing to you my good friend?”

"Six and sixpence," said the carman surlily, as with the quick apprehension of his class he saw there was something about us that made us wish for privacy, and in consequence he was led to think he might extort as much as he pleased; but prudence was not one of Barry's characteristics, so throwing him four shillings, he said, "there, that is more than your fare."

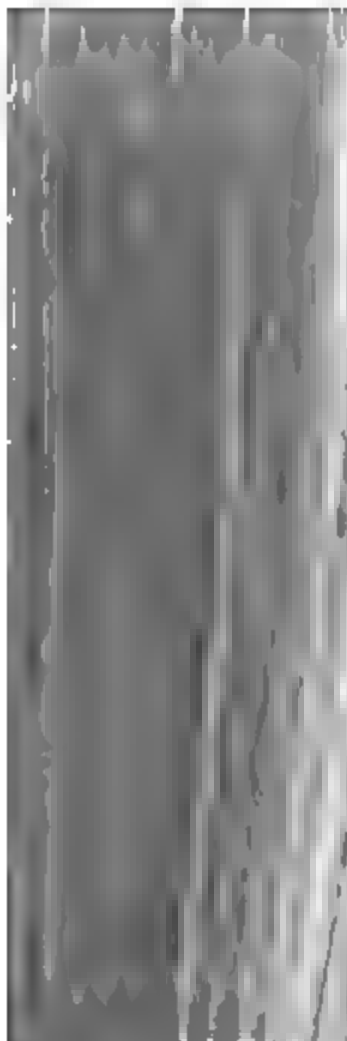
"You are no gentleman," replied the other.

"Perhaps not," said Barry, "but I'll shew you what I am;" and seizing the whip out of the hand of the man who had driven him up with my luggage, he began to lay on the saucy rascal most

fear which she did not feel, the carriage stopped—and the coachman, the footman, and the little pale elderly gentleman inside, all exclaimed together, “Captain Barry! it’s the Captain, holloa Barry!”

This at once changed the face of affairs. The policeman no longer talked of the station-house, the refractory carman forgot the Sheriff’s prison, and the mob cried out, “success Mr. O’Flaherty!” for it was indeed no less a personage than Flanagan O’Flaherty, Esq., of Flummery Hill, that had thus opportunely come to our rescue, and being a well-known man on the road, his recognition of us at once turned the tide of popular opinion and civil authority against the individual who had been the primary cause of the whole disturbance, and who was now glad to sneak away from the certain condemnation that would have awaited him, before the justice-loving justices, if opposed by a man, backed by the popular, rich, and respected Mr. Flanagan O’Flaherty.

“What on earth Barry are you doing? Heavens! Mrs. O’Flaherty is fainting, get water Thomas. Open your eyes my angel!” but before John, whose name was Thomas, had started for the



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"Well then," replied she, "do not speak of it any more, for I cannot bear it; you know Mr. O'Flaherty how delicate my nerves are. Captain Barry, I hope you got home safe last night, the night was excessively dark, and I felt very uncomfortable lest any accident should occur to our friends. Thank God! however, I have heard of none; at all events, Major Wheedler reached the barracks safely, for he has been out to breakfast with us this morning."

"Ay, that's true," interposed Mr. O'Flaherty. "I quite forgot; Barry, you must positively go to lunch at Flummery Hill, the Major is gone on to take a ride, and returns to lunch; and Mrs. O'Flaherty goes back again immediately after she has set me down at the Courts. Is it not very kind of her to come out so early with me?" and as he spoke, he fondly pinched her cheek.

"Yes, Captain Barry; but would it not be better for you to come to dinner? besides it is very uncertain whether the Major will return, and it would be so stupid you know, Flanagan my dear, for Captain Barry to be with me alone."

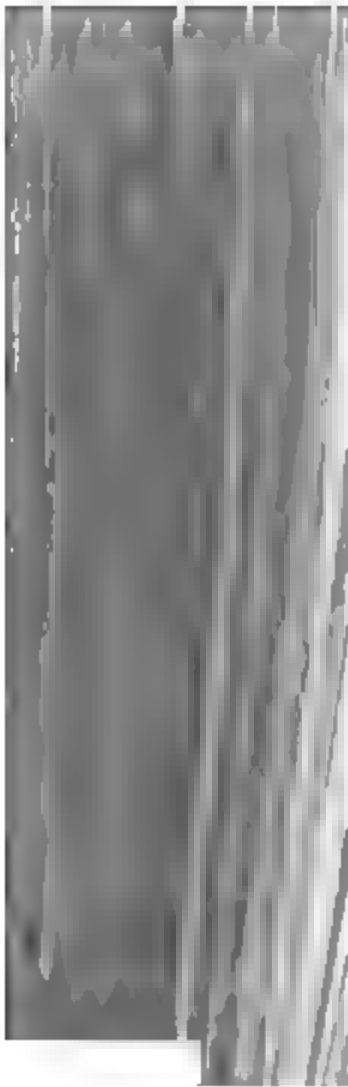
Barry, who did not seem as partial to the lady

as he was familiar with her lord, repudiating to poor a compliment to his gallantry, declined however either invitation, as, pointing to me, he remarked that he was otherwise engaged.

“What difference can that make Barry, my dear friend, if this gentleman will do us the honour of accompanying you. Mrs. O’Flaherty and myself will be delighted to have the pleasure of receiving you both!”

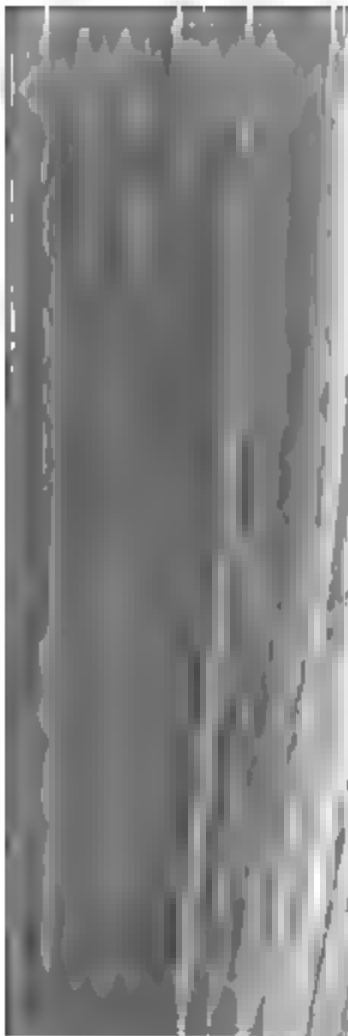
This being of course quite out of the question was politely declined by both Barry and myself, and in a few moments, urging the necessity of my making haste as a traveller, we parted, but had not separated many yards when we again stopped in

for instance I met him there yesterday at dinner, and you see he has been out to breakfast this morning, and then back to lunch, and though she says it's doubtful whether he'll come there or not, I have no doubt of it myself; and then the pack of people that she asks there. Why sir, yesterday, though it was not intended for a regular party, and O'Flaherty only said his wife had asked a few friends, we sat down not less than fourteen, and principally people that Flanagan did not know, so that instead of being a pleasant quiet family affair, ecod sir, it was a regular state business, as formal and stiff as you please, and between you and I, divilish uncomfortable too, though that was not poor Flanagan's fault; and very expensive also I can tell you: a regular two soups and two fishes concern, ices and grapes to boot, and though Flanagan has got a fine situation of it in these courts, not less than fifteen hundred a-year, and a good eight hundred of his own to back it, without any family either, yet every-day work of this kind, is going too fast; it is not so much the dinner you know as the quantity of wine that is drank, and rather reerawish too, for as Flanagan don't pretend



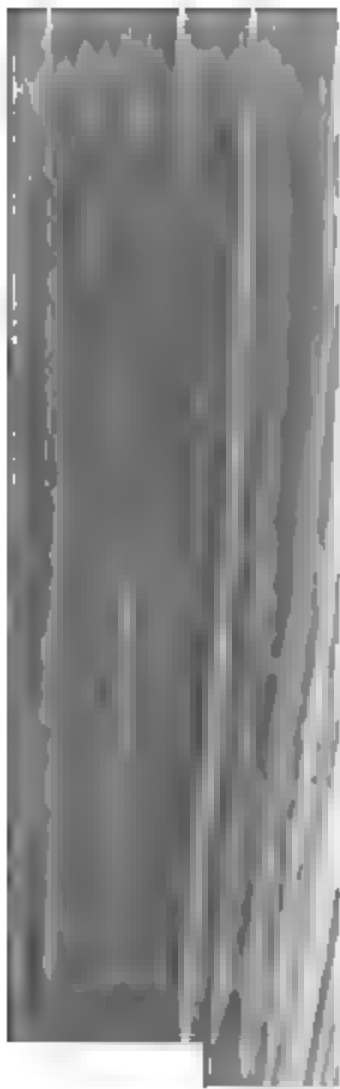
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think there is the like of her in the whole world; in fact she does as she likes, he leaves it all to her; and though she has an eye to the main chance too in case anything were to happen to him, yet she makes him spend his money most foolishly, entertaining such people as we had there yesterday. There was a jackanapes of a Lieutenant of Horse who kept us all famishing till after eight, when taking no more notice of Flanagan than if he was not there at all, he began flirting with Mrs. O'Flaherty, and wanted to ride the high horse with us all, but, by George! I soon put him down when he began shewing his airs to me. At dinner sir, he drawls out in a lisp, 'Captain Baurry do me the favor to drink a glauss of wine.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'if you will allow me to take water with you;' and without giving any offence I looked at him in a way to shew him that I did not value him a pinch of snuff, and by Jove sir, he was very polite to me afterwards, as were also two gentlemen from Oxford over here on a tour, that Mrs. O'Flaherty fished up, heaven above only knows where, who were pitching it awfully strong. We also had some fellow who I believe is private secretary to that Sir



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was served not long ago when he went over to London. There was quartered here in the 20th — Dragoons one Captain Goldspur, no great shakes I believe as to family, but very well off for money, and this chap was dining day after day at Flummery Hill, riding out with Mrs. O'Flaherty, and bringing all his regiment with him too. Well sir, who should Flanagan meet with in Regent-street, just at what I call Half-pay Corner, among the shoals of blue frocks and black stocks that are always about there, but this same Captain Goldspur, and as he was passing by, Flanagan who did not think he was seen, most good-naturedly stopped him, saying 'How are you Goldspur?' and the other fellow looks at him sir, through a spy-glass like Duffy, just as if he had never seen him before in his life, and says 'You really have got the advantage of me.' 'What!' says Flanagan, 'don't you know me? O'Flaherty! Flanagan O'Flaherty of Dublin, you know?' 'Ah,' replies Goldspur, 'Flarty, Flarty; yes, I believe I do recollect; how do you do? Good morning Flarty.' And away he walked with that dirty rotten self of his into the Club round the corner. Faith, Mr.



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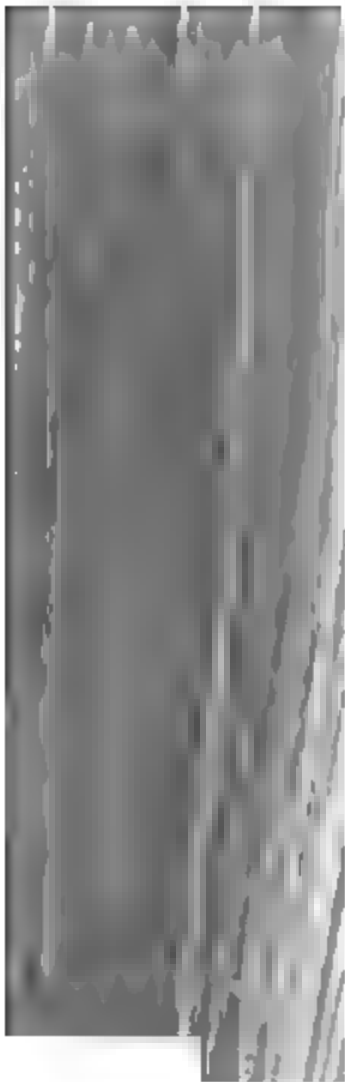
and drinking him out of house and home. He has got the two county members and some friends of theirs from England, and bad luck to her folly ! but Mrs. O'Reilly must have a new open carriage for the occasion, spick and span new from Hutton's, besides the coach that was got for the assizes. It went down yesterday by the Mullingar canal boat from Stoney Batter. But by japers, I quite forgot to tell you what a fuss there was at Cullen's yesterday about your not being able to be found. There was a servant of Sir Morton Merville's looking for you two or three times, and wanting to know particularly where you were, which of course no one could tell him because they did not know ; but Mrs. Watkins as usual poking her ugly nose, like an old pest as she is, into everybody's business, was all on the *qui vive* about it, and Cullen and that drunken wife of his, were paying as much attention to the footman as if he had been Sir Morton himself. It made no small stir I can assure you."

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this splendid harbour, which merits right well the royal appellation that has replaced its former paltry name, whose vast importance can only fully be appreciated by the seafaring community, familiar with the shoals and banks that advance unseen like skirmishers in front of the terrific line of headlands which dot the iron-bound coast of Wicklow—maritime brethren of the grand and mighty piles, which proudly grouped through the length and breadth of this Western Switzerland, stand in all the fantastic beauties of natural irregularity, fondling in their laps the rich and fertile valleys that with parental care they shelter from the blast, and irrigate with their thousand streams; a vanity not criminal casts o'er their rough and hoary heads, touched by the setting sun, a smile that plays on their rugged aspect with a gladsome lightness, as conscious of their children's charms they look down well satisfied upon the young and beauteous cherubs who number in their list the fair Avoca.

But its magnificence, as an artificially formed haven, may be estimated and admired even by those who are not cognizant from actual experience of its benefits of protection, and the vast efforts of



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worthy of this honour, but of late years, and that under the prolonged sway of ministers whose solitary boast was "Justice to Ireland," conceived fit only for the reception of a miserable Tender, sent to make use of its inhabitants by enlisting its able-bodied seamen); surely if too municipal for military occupation, the harbour of Kingstown ought to be an emporium of commerce, second only to the choked and dirty Pool which floats an amount of treasure so costly that the greatest arsenal of the world, which it laves, seems but a poor and insufficient safeguard for its traffic. But here all that one sees may be briefly summed up in the short list of two or three steam-packets (for even in this branch of the service the stations are pertinaciously confined to favoured England); some half-a-dozen yachts of the smallest class, in most cases belonging to strangers; a few wretched deckless fishing-boats, interspersed with here and there one or two light gigs belonging to amateurs; occasionally a revenue cutter; at times more rare, O happy consummation! supremely blest in the presence of a convict ship, when the spirit-stirring desperation of Barry Cornwall's fine wild song,

"Row us on, a felon band," alone breaks the dull monotony of the air, loaded too at such seasons by the yells and curses and empty execrations of the hapless and deluded wretches she contains, criminals in this country, more than in most others, by political infractions rather than by moral breaches of the law. Such are the objects of marine industry that greet the eye; such the sounds of that contentment, peace and happiness, elsewhere concomitants of labour, which in this distracted and impoverished land strike hardly on the ear. From this train of moralising thoughts and reflections, caused by our lonely promenade amid the huge blocks of granite, that strewed about the

pletely forgot romance when the stiff formal waiter, shewing us to our room, inquired when we wished dinner to be served, and receiving an order for immediate action from Barry, whose appetite was sharpened by the sea breeze, the usual noise and rattle of plates, dishes, dish-covers, and sauce-boats immediately ensued; at the same time chairs being set, covers raised, bread handed, a whole batallion of empty fish-sauce bottles moved up, and the indispensable essential of inn dinners, a brigade of pickles marched to their support; the presiding high-priest in this sacrifice, having received from his subordinate, plates hot enough to have melted the butter of themselves, inquired as he presented Barry with a silver fork, whose prongs worn down by long use into a semi-circle disclosed their copper foundation, "What malt liquor will you please to take gentlemen?" and this knotty point, involving the relative merits of "Guinness's XX." and "Thunder's threepenny," being satisfactorily arranged, was succeeded by the usual rather limited "*carte des vins*," enumerating ports and sherries, divided and sub-divided into pints and half-pints; and with the dessert, consist-

ing on the present occasion of whiskey punch, came also what he of the napkin and light shawl thought as indispensable as what he styled "the materials," namely, a Dublin daily newspaper, which however was by us, naturally enough not without subjects of conversation, left to lie unemployed upon the table. In the course of time, however, Barry having finished the first supply, and disposed of a portion of the second jug of boiling hot water, declared with an oath that he felt extremely hot, which was not wonderful under the circumstances, as in addition to this internal process of steaming, our little back-room unprovided with a fireplace was situated with a charm-

had recently taken place—"Worse and worse," roared out my perspiring friend, "egad they will stifle us, too!—I say my fine fellow," he added, addressing a waiter, who had just entered, "it seems you have got a perfumer's shop below there, how came you to put us in such a cursed furnace as this? Be hanged, but the smell is intolerable, it is enough to knock a horse down."

"Very sorry, sir, I am sure," replied the simpering plate changer; "but all our other rooms are engaged: we generally consider this a very snug little room, and never had any complaints before, sir."

"Before or behind," retorted the infuriated Barry, "I tell you it stinks most infernally;" but fortunately the man had disappeared immediately on delivering his apologetic encomium, upon what he jocularly called "the snug little room." "That," continued Barry, "is what these rascals always have the impertinence to tell you. If they never had any complaints before, how does that remedy a nuisance that I object to at present? the heat of this room flogs all I ever felt in my life; yesterday at Flummery-hill I thought nothing

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stroll for ten minutes, and as you are safe out of the way here, I think it would be as well for you to remain, if you can manage to stand it at all, and amuse yourself with the paper."

Upon my agreeing to this proposition, Barry, promising to be soon back for a cup of coffee, left me alone, when more from idleness than curiosity I glanced over the journal that lay on the table, in which I unexpectedly pitched upon a passage that interested me a good deal, being as follows:—
"In the course of yesterday afternoon, a great sensation was produced by the unexpected departure for England of Mr. Highbred, and considerable anxiety was evinced by a great number of the more respectable part of the community, who thronged the Clontarf-road on horseback and in carriages, including also not a few of the fair sex, to witness the occurrence of an event that is universally deplored, in consequence of his munificent donations to the various charitable institutions of this city, as well as the great amiability of his character, which has so justly endeared this gentleman to all who have had the honour and good fortune to have possessed his acquaintance during

his recent visit to Ireland, and his unluckily too brief sojourn in our metropolis. From any comments upon the causes that in well-informed quarters are generally supposed to have led to this regretted abbreviation of his stay amongst us, we are resolved to refrain, more out of respect to the well-known feelings of the distinguished individual in question, who with that retiring and unobtrusive desire for privacy that usually characterises persons of his exalted rank, is, we have reason to know, averse to being made an object of public attention, than from want of ample ground for attack ; and shall therefore confine ourselves strictly to the bare and formal announcement of this occurrence.

not speedily or easily forget. But we had almost forgotten, and had well nigh suffered ourselves to be seduced from our duty, by the ineffable contempt and disgust that such conduct must necessarily produce in every well-regulated mind throughout the empire.

“ At exactly half-past six, two of his Excellency’s private carriages drew up in the Castle-yard, both drawn by four beautiful greys, driven by postillions dressed in jockey-caps and blue jackets; soon after which the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by Mr. Highbred, entered the foremost one, the aides-de-camp in waiting, riding in the second. Both carriages then proceeded at a rapid pace, preceded by outriders, in the direction of Fitzwilliam Square, where stopping at the residence of Sir Morton Merville, Bart., this excellent gentleman, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who were in readiness, at once joined the Viceregal party. His Excellency and Mr. Highbred both alighted to personally assist Miss Merville into their carriage, upon which the cavalcade set off direct for Howth, followed by two other carriages containing the servants and attendants of Mr.

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to the right, standing for the Head, whilst far behind, rising as it were from the houses of the town, the pillar of smoke her fuel produced hung heavily in air, an object of more distant contemplation to those who paced her deck, than to the friends to whom they had some moments before bid adieu on the Irish shore. His Excellency returned direct to town amid the heartfelt though sorrowing applause of the vast crowds that had lined Howth's venerable hill, which looked as if it thought old times were come again. Altogether a more animating scene, or one of deeper interest we have seldom witnessed. The Viceregal carriages reached the Castle at a quarter to ten; the Lord Lieutenant did not join the circle that evening in consequence, we are privately assured on the very best authority, of the grief and mortification which the abrupt and almost involuntary departure of his valued and early friend, not unnaturally excited in the manly and honest breast of our beloved Viceroy. The occurrences of yesterday will long live in the memory of all sincere well-wishers of their country, who cannot fail to see in the result of the vile persecution of this gentleman by the

myrmidons of Tory fanaticism and Orange tyranny, a heavy and sore discouragement to the championship of liberal principles. Alas ! that there is that to be seen an instance of a man so eminently gifted in mind, endowed with means so vast, and above all, imbued with the love so true of Ireland, driven from amongst us by the coarse and brutal attacks of those who pant and thirst for a revival of the sanguinary scenes of old ; who have insulted and implacably pursued, until they have hunted from our shores one of the wealthiest Englishmen that has ever shewed any disposition to feel kindly towards us, only because he refused to follow their

so grossly outraged; and it is because the consequence of that insult has been his retirement from Dublin, that we so poignantly grieve for his loss, and indignantly proclaim our unmixed abhorrence of the villany that has so industriously assailed the name of one who will long be cherished by all true patriots. May health and happiness be his! may peace and plenty be ever as now, at his command! and may he through a long series of years to come, look back with joy upon the career of independence he has run; and may he at last, in the eternal repose of a hereafter, reap the rich reward his virtues (and these not his bitterest foes will gainsay) so well entitle him to hope for!"

As I concluded the reading of this high-flown panegyric on Mr. Highbred, and by him in reality so little merited, as far as the slightest tinge of political interference was concerned, Barry returned; and to my casual observations upon the absurdities of the paragraph, he remarked, "O, it's all stuff; I saw in another paper, a long story, the exact opposite of all this. Hang them all! they would have done better to have left the man

alone, instead of annoying him in the way I have done. All I know is, that he did more good than any fellow I ever knew of over here before, and I dare say he did not care two straws about any of them. However, it is the way with the cursed papers, cutting each other's throats; in fact a man in a high position cannot stand neutral, whether he will or not, they are sure to, one or other, make their money of him. However, the devil take them all, say I! Protestant, Papist, or Presbyterian; I would as soon have the Pope or the Prince of Orange, for I am sick of that trade upon my soul. Mr. Tarleton, I half wish I

Auralian's Sub is a particular friend of my own, I don't know that he could pass you by, if it came to a push; so, sir, though it don't look friendly to shove you off in this way, still I think we had better swallow our coffee and walk down to the packet; and going early, you can, by keeping down in the cabin, avoid any observation."

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face ;
Till luckless love, and pinching care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Tickett.

the scene of misery it generally contains a veil, adopted like the splendid decorations of a dentist's reception-room to hide from view the torments that await you. Here we remained seated calmly amid the pelting of the pitiless storm of carpet-bags, portfolios, hat-cases, dressing-cases, great-coats, cloaks, sticks, umbrellas, and irritated passengers, which last were the most troublesome, squabbling with the agent for berths and sofas, far beyond the number that the boat could boast of; when the supernumerary equally-paying traveller contents himself with the soft repose of a mattress on the floor, whereon reclining with a basin by his pillow, he ruminates (if bound upon a pleasure excursion) on the unadulterated delights of its opening scene. In addition to the ordinary clamour of these quarrels for lodgings, an occasional one of a different character diversified the scene, when some economist more chary of his sixpences than his peace of mind, at bay here in his last place of retreat, turned to face the pursuing car-driver and porters, whom he has unwisely disappointed of a trifling portion of their plunder, which often repeated in the course of a longish journey effects perhaps the

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burst every instant; whilst, in fitting chorus to this infernal machine, the shouts and oaths of the various actors, with the bumping of boxes and the rolling of luggage, the coiling of ropes, the stamping of feet, and the rattle of carriages, produce in their mixed and mingled noises a deafening clamour, similar to the fearful crash that fancy may picture to itself as likely to attend the dissolution of the firm-set earth and its composing elements, as creation, tottering to its base, heralds returning chaos. Suitable presiding genius of this coarse disturbance, the skipper's hoarse and angry voice thunders from a paddle-box his loud commands, with all the imperiousness of tone, if not the dignity of mien, wherewith the only tolerated despot in this free empire dictates his ukases from the quarter-deck of a vessel of war; or running in mid-air upon the slender bridge which traverses from side to side the fiery gulf, whose nauseous smell, or let me say intolerable stench, would, like Avern's lake, forbid the passage over its mouth of any biped plumed or unplumed save one who has graduated in its greasy school, and, wildly gesticulating, he dances with rage, invoking curses on the infernal

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reck the degradation that awaits you, when, from this mountain stream, the childhood of your class, ye long for that growth of size in depth and breadth that constitutes the prime and manhood of the full-grown river !

“ Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush ;
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish.”

Alas ! is not the analogy true throughout nature, all things ripening only to destruction ? The oak is not felled until it has come to maturity. The grass grows only to be cut. The corn swells in the ear only for the flail. In animated creation it is the same. The sheep and the ox live on for the shambles alone. The horse is ignorant of the torture that barbarous man has in store for him, until he has reached his prime ; and man, the sovereign of all, finds in all around, if he will not disdain to learn it, a full and pregnant lesson of the evanescence of every thing earthly, and judging by the increase of woe which tracks his own onward course through life, and presses him down the steep descent of its nether arch, cannot but perceive that the perfec-

tion he pants for is not, if to be lasting or durable of this world; but that he must rear his thought on high, and as he alone is formed to look upward it is thither that he must raise the eye of hope and thither waft the wishes that woo complete fulfilment. At last, the ringing of the bell and the increased hurry-scurry overhead announced the arrival of the mail-bags, which cutting short Barry adieu, compelled him to a precipitate retreat; in effecting of this his utmost agility was required and the creaking of the ship's timber gave me to understand that I was at last off, and free from the trammels of persecuting duns. My intention

great many of what portrait painters would call striking likenesses to my unfortunate valise. The only casualty that distinguished my journey being, what was in my limited state of finance, a serious though fortunately not irreparable calamity. Having nursed with a solicitude so tender, and a care so unremitting, as to have completely prevented my sleeping for ten minutes together on the whole road, a little bit of printed paper which I had received upon paying my fare, with strict injunctions to preserve the same, under the severe conditions of, if lost, having to pay again, I had yet lost this important document, which contained also a vast variety of rules and orders for conducting oneself correctly, in what, considering that the public pay for them, are coolly called the company's carriages, as well as a most formidable array of pains and penalties against the unwitting transgressors. This I had looked at over and over again, removing it from my hand to my greatcoat pocket, from my greatcoat pocket to my under-coat pocket, and from thence to my waistcoat, but by some most unpardonable and guilty negligence, found I was without it on re-entering the carriage at one of the

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ticket, was the securing the proprietors against loss, a performance in my opinion scarcely fair to entail upon people who, paying very well for their conveyance, have nothing on earth to do with the proprietors, their profits, or their loss; matters no doubt of deep interest to the broad-brimmed monopolisers of railways, but about which the generality of travellers are most properly utterly careless.

My selection of London as the immediate terminus of my journey, arose not from any particular business that called me thither, or from any friendly connexions there whose hospitable and kind reception temptingly induced my visit to it, but because London is the high-road to every place, the certain rendezvous for meeting everybody, the proper place for every undertaking, the usual resort for all whose condition is calamitous, as well as the correct pleasure-ground of those whose circumstances are the reverse; in fact bound on whatever errand, or in whatever quarter a man may be, it almost always happens that he goes to town, and for this reason, I suppose, for it would puzzle me to assign a better, or even another, I too had come to London, though wholly unresolved

as to what my next step should be, as my original intention of proceeding to Paris in search of Gerald O'Donnell was now rendered useless, by my having learned that he was most probably elsewhere; and my other former plan of looking for a renewal of association with him upon terms of old companionship was even more completely defeated, by the knowledge I now possessed of an utter unfitness for what is commonly called being friends, in consequence of the total alteration in our relative positions. Few of the intimacies which most closely cultivated and uninterruptedly prolonged, originating in a similarity of taste and an equality of means (the most common, if not the

being altogether impracticable under the consequences of the twofold alteration that had occurred in our relative positions, by, on the one hand, the transference to O'Donnell of affluence so great as to have restored to him in the opinion of his fanatical and vulgar-minded political persecutors, a reputation and character never forfeited in any other quarter, and, on the other, by the exile of myself, as a fugitive debtor, only rescued from confinement by the noble and generous disinterestedness of a comparative stranger. What course therefore to adopt I had not by any means decided upon, and half intending to remain, and half to move to the Continent, and in no condition to take up my quarters in those parts I was used formerly to frequent, I for the moment contented myself by retaining a bed-room at a gallery house in the city, from whence I could make a descent upon the other end if I pleased, and contrive to spin out my slender means through the instrumentality of those cheap places of refreshment which stud the neighbourhood of Rupert-street, wherein the decayed gentleman may secure his dinner for a shilling, enlivened by the farce of life performing

around him. A vastly genteel fellow, who some two hours before declined joining a jovial party at some expensive hotel, in consequence of an engagement most provokingly ungetoffable in Berkeley-square, is now placed behind a little table, to which with a geographical skill derived from an habitual acquaintance with the various parts of the low-ceiling apartment, he has on entrance unhesitatingly sailed up, and scanning a morning paper which has been brought him to quiet his noisy clamours for an evening one, eyes with a practised glance the many-stepped advance of the waiter, detecting at once, whilst even in the doorway, whether the small pyramid of tin-covers that

single potato steams its invitation, the attendant, replaced by a boy (*chargé d'affairs* from a neighbouring pot-house) passes on to repeat the same ceremony at the next table, or perhaps enumerate the delicacies consumed by its thrifty occupant, summing up each particular part of the evidence furnished by the destroyed—one beef, one cabbage, one bread, one cheese, etc. etc., with the same unerring precision that distinguishes the judicial arbiter of lives and fortunes. The scanty and uncomfortable meal nearly over, another member of the intended convivial party, sneaking in he hopes unnoticed, beholds with amazement him of the Berkeley-square dinner-party looking at him over the rim of a pewter-pot, a mutual recognition takes place, “Yes, I found myself so ill, this deuced cold is so heavy upon me—ehem, ehem, ehem! obliged to give it up,—sent Sir Philip a note, he’ll never forgive me, I know he wont, it is most provoking.”

“So it is my dear fellow! I’m delighted I met you. As soon as I found you could not come, I cut the concern too; it will be an infernally noisy, drunken business; I was very glad to get off, and

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that you proceed according to the enclosed, to the head-quarters of the 133rd regiment of foot, in which corps you are to understand that you hold a commission, which was obtained for you by purchase several weeks back by Sir Charles. The reasons of his not having before communicated this fact to you, he desires me to say are such as he deems sufficient, but with which he conceives it unnecessary to furnish you. The enclosed is the official letter from the Adjutant-general, ordering you to join at Portsmouth, on or before the 20th inst. You are also to understand that upon presenting yourself at the Army Clothing Establishment of Messrs. Discount, Plunder & Co., Regent-street, you will be supplied with whatever military appointments are necessary, instructions to that effect having been forwarded to them by me. Sir Charles thinks it right to further apprise you, that the debts fraudulently contracted by you in Dublin prior to your visit to Morton Castle, will be arranged in course of time. Any further difficulties you may contract, will therefore be met as you may think proper to provide; Sir Charles not conceiving that a due regard for the interest of

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years, you will be a wiser and better man, as you will undoubtedly be an older one.

I remain, my dear Sir,

By Sir Charles's direction,

Your faithful Servant,

EDWARD BROWNE."

"P. S. (*Private.*) My dear Friend,—I assure you it gave me great pain to write you the above, only be prudent, and I think you will do very well.

Yours very sincerely,

E. B."

This was a startler: here I was, as red a lobster as ever came out of the pot. What was to be done? New South Wales! Convict ships! Thirty years abroad! I was dumbfounded, and not knowing exactly what I did, broke the fish's head as he held it above water, and by the address of "Lishmakeel Castle," at once saw that my excellent friend Captain Barry had left Dublin.

It began:—

"DEAR TARLETON,—Here I am, as you will perceive, come down to my uncle Barry of Castle

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it be, for the love of heaven sell immediately, for he tells me that they are going to Botany Bay, so unless you wish to be transported act accordingly. I only hope this may come in time to put you on your guard, for this same Ernest Adolphus has got in my opinion into a horrible mess himself. His mother has been dying this long time to see him in a red coat, and what did she do but persuade poor Auralian to invite the two English chaps that have bought the county seats, to come and stop here with a pack of their friends for the Easter holidays, who, members and friends, appear to me to be little better than shopkeepers, and sir, she has been bothering these two fellows for a commission, unknown to Auralian, who would not condescend to ask a favour of such rabble, and only agreed to let them come on a visit in consequence of his own public capacity as Sheriff; and what do you think they have done? As a mighty great favour indeed, by Auralian's fobbing out four hundred and fifty pounds, Ernest Adolphus (what a deuce of a name he has got!) is to be allowed to go and die of yellow fever at Sierra Leone. Auralian is as mad as thunder about it, but Mrs. O'R. says

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Mother Watkins would have killed me with questions about you, so by way of a joke I told them that I believed you were gone over to England along with Sir Morton Merville, on a visit to Mr. Highbred, and if you had seen how Duffy looked when I said so, and the booby could not keep himself quiet, but must shove in a word to say that was quite impossible, for that he was in Fitzwilliam-square when Sir Morton and his daughter joined Mr. Highbred; and upon my remarking that perhaps the crowd prevented his seeing you, he added, 'The crowd Captain Barry, no doubt was great, and not unjustly so upon such an occasion, but I, Captain Barry, was not to be impeded by this, for I was above them—I was on the rails.' And it would be no great harm if he was stuck there still say I; however as I am out of the way here I don't mind, and I was very glad to leave Dublin, which I did three days after you, and have had an uncommon pleasant time of it at Kinnegad races, where poor Auralian lost a good deal of money to Sir George Boozer. Terry Ragin and Mrs. O'Reilly having persuaded him by way of keeping up the dignity of his office to run a horse, although the poor man knows nothing at all about

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“P. S. I break open my letter to put in one that was left for you at Cullen’s, and which, being in my coat-pocket, I forgot, and did not find until this morning. I hope the delay will not be of any consequence. Be sure you write to me, and tell me what you are going to do with yourself, and say if I can do anything for you.”

The other letter I had not before looked at, or it would have received prior attention; the well-known handwriting that traced its direction, deserving at my hands notice beyond that of almost all others; it was from Emily Mowille:

“*Fitzwilliam-square East, April 19.*

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,—As from your not having yet called, it is most probable that (the hour of our leaving being now so close,) I shall not see you before I go, and I therefore snatch the few hasty moments I can command, to bid you adieu in writing. I wish much that you could have come, as there are many things upon which I desired greatly to have spoken with you; and I am sure that no light or idle cause has produced your absence, for I am not so fantastically precise as,

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not then happen that he who has cast off his son, left him in poverty, heaped disgrace upon his head, and rejected the mediation of any, may prove less obdurate, and become more relenting, when he finds that the friend for whom his son dared to encounter his wrath, was not so abject, so vile, so utterly discreditable, as your father did believe Mr. O'Donnell to be? but has now become the master of a noble fortune, the admired and respected of men of such a class as Mr. Highbred; and with the prudential foresight of parental fondness (ah! what a deception is in these words! the fondness of what, is it?) may be now induced himself to tender the olive branch that he before spurned, and invite a reconciliation that he has hitherto refused to listen to. This is what I have desired to talk with you upon. I feel confident that something might be done in this view of the case, at least I have myself found—I cannot tell you with what disgust—the alteration which Mr. O'Donnell's change of fortune has produced in the tone of some about me, and the mercenary creature who was chosen for my companion has not scrupled to recommend a renewal of my acquaintance with

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adoring wife of Gerald O'Donnell; and yet, to again see him is impossible—to meet him, to tell him, when that meeting shall have renewed our intimacy, and recalled the feelings which to own would in open courtship cause no blush, that as now supposing I were about to be united to him, my love does not exceed in strength, nor surpass in purity, the love I felt for him at the moment that I allowed misfortune and degradation to drive him from me, is what I never can do. To make the sacrifice then was his duty—it has now become mine. You will see him; and when you do, tell him to avoid my presence as though leprosy infected me, to forbear addressing me; and if he ever loved me, if he be your friend, that he add not to the struggle I have to undergo, an unnecessary pang by our again meeting. I know not whether I may have done right in speaking so openly, perhaps even with you, friendly and sincere as I have ever found you, the leaven of the world may convert the candour I have used into an unmaidenly forwardness, an unbecoming boldness, but it will not be so; you who know me so well, who have been cognizant of the whole course of

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Morton, would not, I am confident, have existed. Perhaps, however, you are right; from man to man there is such pride, that were it not for the softer interference of us women, the stream of life would be even more intolerably rough than it is. Wishing you a lot happier than your present, or than hers is ever likely to be who writes to you,

Believe me ever, my dear William,

Your sincere and affectionate Cousin,

E. MOVILLE."

"P. S. Your answer to this will of course be sent to Straffington, as that will be our head-quarters; and, during our tour of visits amongst my mother's relatives, no other address will be so sure. My father thinks of our running up to London for a few weeks early next month, so that I may be presented at Court, and we afterwards return to Straffington, with Lady Gillsland, Mr. Highbred's only child, who is at present on the Continent, at Gratz, in Styria, on a visit to the Duchess D'Angouleme, but is to be in town with the Earl about the latter end of May."

This kind letter of Emily's was not, like pieces of good advice, a mere empty profession of regard, for, on examining the enclosed bank-note I found it to be for fifty pounds—a sum to me at that moment, of immense importance. The enclosure I found to be a few lines from Mr. Herbert, written upon paper amazingly thick, handwriting peculiarly bold and plain. It was thus:—

“ Castle of Dublin, Tuesday, April 19, 18

“ DEAR MR. TARLETON,—My friend Sir Mervyn Merville tells me you are coming to England &

as you find yourself comfortable, which will make me feel so too, and as soon as you wish to go will you oblige me by going? This, my dear sir, may savour to you of unnecessary bluntness; I trust, however, that the opportunities which we have had of knowing each other, unfortunately not as numerous as I could have wished, will have convinced you that this style of addressing you is the result not of a presumptuous familiarity, but of a desire to be perfectly candid, which in more formal guise is not so easy.

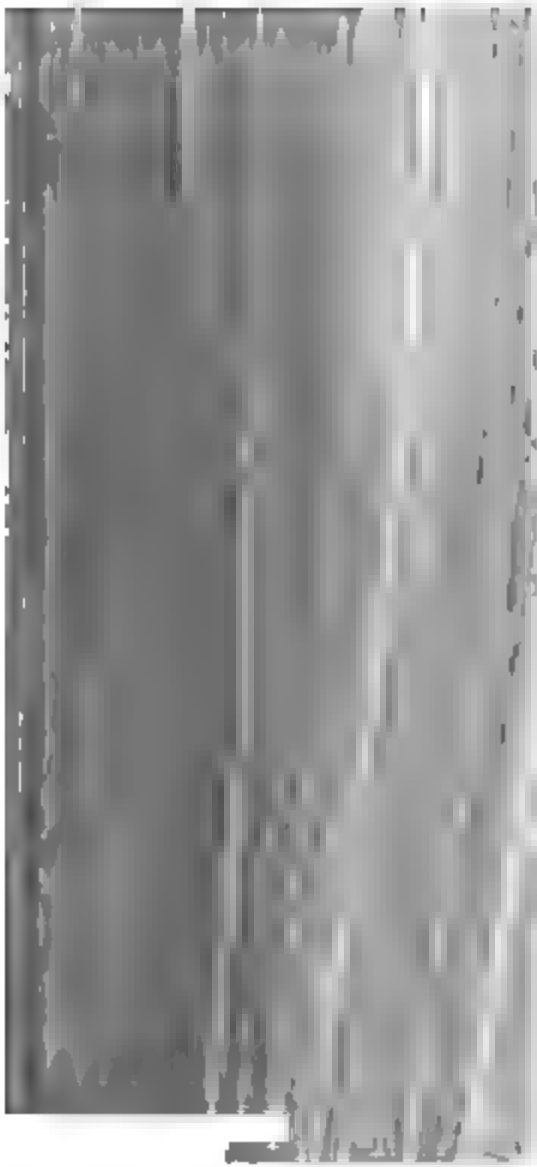
Always, my dear Sir,

With great truth yours,

GEOFFREY HIGHBRED.

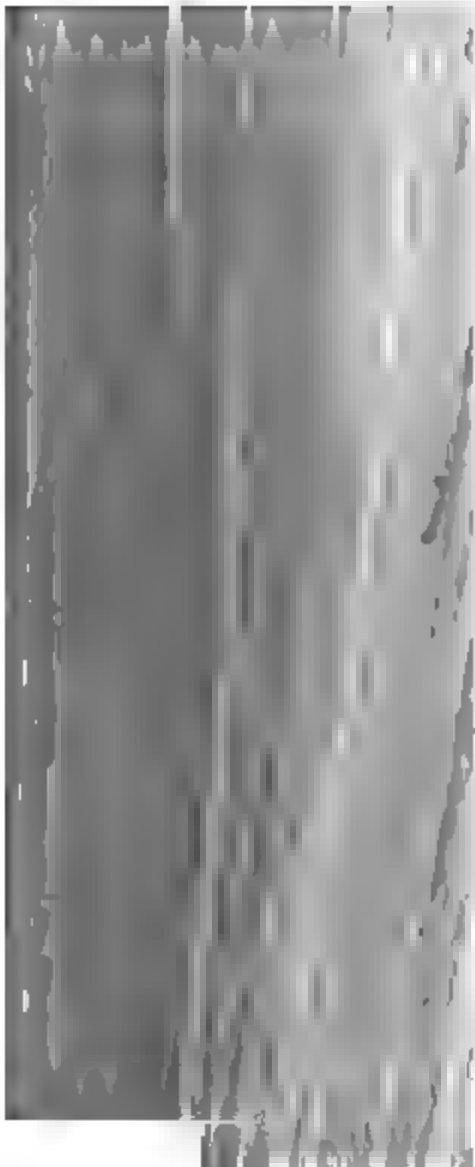
To William Tarleton, Esq.

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attention to the important details which imperiously required the absolute devotion of all my thoughts in their service—a demand not usually as little cheerfully obeyed by the enthusiastic and juvenile votary of scarlet and gold, as it was reluctantly performed by myself, a profound ignoramus in all the mysteries of the regulation, and disqualified moreover by the lateness of my adoption of this career, as well as by the total absence of all military mania, for encountering with pleasure or discharging with zeal the highly intellectual functions of equipment. And indeed, sooth to say, unblinded by the attractions of a soldier's life, undoubtedly possessing peculiar and not trifling charms to a single man, far other than the puerile and silly vanities of gaudy tinsel in which the newly gazetted boy commonly sums up its chief, if not sole recommendations, I regarded with dismay my enrolment in a corps whose approaching destination was so vastly remote and almost, I might say, ultra-mundane, as well as directed to a quarter in which the colonization of the involuntarily expatriated gave to our service there an appearance of penal exile, not inappropriately referred to by my friend



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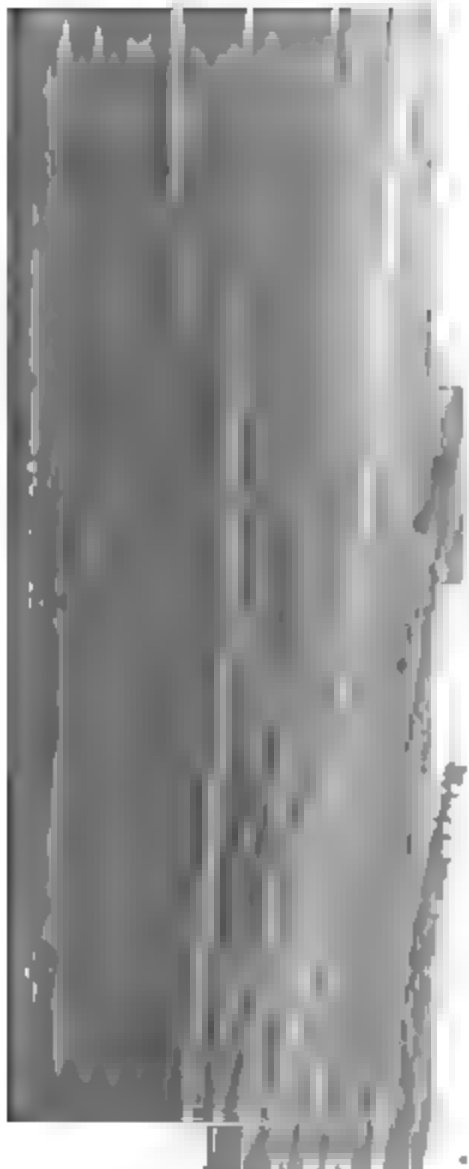
name you for. Here you see sir," and he opened a drawer, "we have our facings always ready. Every shade in the regulation, there is the royal blue, white, buff, black, yellow, purple, green, gosling green (I beg pardon, sir, no such colour now), bright green, sky-blue, red—beautiful sir! ain't they? quite a rainbow, soft as silk; just look at the gloss on this cloth, sir—smooth as ice, you see, sir. But here give me leave to shew you the very newest thing. This is the new hussar dress; splendid, sir! if you examine it closely you will perceive an extra row of lace on the pelisse; tasty, very, sir, don't you think so? an increase of fur you will also observe, costly in the extreme I assure you, sir. Ah, I see you prefer the plain scarlet, well it is neater I must own—the 133d is a very pretty uniform, it will become your figure remarkably well, sir. Tight at the waist of course, and broad at the chest; we have invented a new mode of cutting, that gives at least three inches to the shoulders, it gives a fine manly appearance, sir; it has been approved of by Lord Skimmilk of the Life Guards. You know him sir, perhaps, eldest son of the Marquess of Voteright. He is

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talking of their establishments in Ireland, whilst they themselves bask in the magnificence of two rooms on the drawing-room floor, or possibly the parlours, or it may be a two-pair front. Now as there were at this time several members of the same name as my friend Hack, inquiring for Mr. Hack at the House of Commons was pretty much à la Monsieur Tonson, except that indeed in this particular case, the one I sought for, from being in the habit of wearing an enormously high sugar-loaf hat, a good deal "*à l'Espagnolle*," as well as of making long speeches on Peninsular affairs, was familiarly known among the initiated under the *soubriquet* of "Spanish Hack." However this addendum was scarce qualified for common use, so after a little reflection I resolved upon trying the best ground in London to hit upon my countryman, so proceeding to the Union Hotel, Cockspur-street, I, according to my expectations, at once got tidings of him, and as I equally expected, discovered that he was lodging in Jermyn-street, and upon repairing thither found him at home, in undisputed possession of the drawing-rooms front and back, in the latter of which the

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begged of me to take a chair for a few moments, which having done, I waited quietly until the deputation (as a very fat, over-dressed, vulgar-looking man, pompously described himself) had withdrawn, and the clerk, a thin pale debauched-looking young man, had retired with the letters he had been writing. As he quitted the apartment, Hack rubbing his hands remarked, "that's a good job done with at all events; excessively fatiguing I assure you, but I could not refuse, it would not be politic you see; and in accordance with a particular request from some of my supporters in Clashnavogue, I have sent off a verbatim copy of my speech on the Slave Trade, which will appear in the Clashnavogue Chronicle on Tuesday next. I am in hopes that it will draw attention in that country, for they don't think half enough of foreign relations in Ireland; for what at the present moment can afford greater scope for interest than the condition of the Peninsula—Spain and Portugal, my dear friend, necessarily and justly attract the regard of all thinking men. It is very mortifying to me to find such gross ignorance pervading my constituents on these subjects, and



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tion, I took advantage of the cessation of my honourable friend's voluble discourse to urge my own object; and having explained the predicament in which I was placed, Hack entered into my difficulties in the most warm and friendly manner.

"I see it at a glimpse," he said, "the object you have in view is a transfer of—Spanish securities, I beg your pardon, I meant to say from the 133d regiment to some corps recently come home. Is not that it?"

"Quite so," I replied.

"And of course you will prefer a better one; if possible, rifles, fusileers, or light infantry. I see exactly what you mean, and it must be done immediately; well we must see to it, it will be extremely difficult I fear; however, I assure you my dear Tarleton (and he kindly pressed my hand), you may depend upon it that no efforts of mine shall be left unexerted, it will afford me the greatest gratification to accomplish this for you, but you must not be too sanguine; it may seem a trifling thing to do, but I assure you the immense run there is, makes it difficult to carry anything. I shall see what I can do, and you must come and

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out; an event announced as likely to be of speedy occurrence by his servant, who kept continually running in and out from the bed-room to the sitting-room, on each occasion declaring "Mr. Hack will be out in a minute, sir;" and in the course of a quarter of an hour my honourable friend made his appearance.

"Punctual I see Tarleton, that is the way, nothing like it, as my friend Sir Theophilus remarks, punctuality is the soul of business, in the same manner as some of these play-writers say, that in love it forms a kind of constancy. Well sir, I am delighted to see you! why did not you make the tea? Holloa! Molloy (addressing his servant) why don't you get breakfast?"

"The tay is wet your honour," returned this importation from Clashnavogue. "I knew you would be in a hurry sir, having to see so many people before you went to 'commatee,' and as you like to be in time sir, I have got everything ready, only the man has not come with the paper yet."

"Dear me that is very provoking, see after it at once Molloy, I want to see it particularly this morning;" and as Molloy left the room, Hack

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manded by Colonel Flog, and hard work we had of it too sir; what with want of money, want of food, fever, hard usage, severe punishments, to say nothing of the terrible Carlisms we had to fight with—they were ugly customers I can tell you sir; and as I told your honor before, if it was not for the assistance we gave at Hernano, they would have bate all the soldiers that they sent out of the ships (marines I believe they call them); there they were running away as fast as they could when we marched up, but we soon turned the tables.”

“Do you really tell me so Molloy?”

“Faith and truth I do sir, and as I told your honor, them was all lies in the newspapers about us having been beaten.”

“Well Molloy, well, bring up the eggs. You see Tarleton what an admirable thing it is to have accurate information, and from a source you can confide in too; it is very odd how perverse some people are, but actually it often happens that many of the statements I make in my place in parliament are contradicted and rashly contravened by people who know nothing on the subject; they all no doubt admit that the ill-fated legion have been



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study of all its difficulties, and an intimate acquaintance with the character and disposition of the people; but bless me, my dear friend, can you not find it? Ah, I see how it is—that is selfish of you; you are reading it to yourself!”

Assuring him of his error in this respect, for that I had been unable to discover the speech, he insisted upon having the paper himself.

“Here, let me see now; yes, here the debate begins. Colonel Lawlor, Viscount Lawson, Mr. Mander, Sir Smith Brown, then me—no, holloa! What is this? General Button: God bless my soul, what a mistake! and yet it is so; yes, the large print of the names—Sir Smith Brown, General Button—ay, General Button, here he begins. O, ay! here it is; I see now, there is a small paragraph before—let me see what it is.—
‘The honourable and gallant Baronet sat down amid loud cheering, and was followed in a long and argumentative speech by Mr. Hack, who went over the whole of the ground in a speech of vast power, displaying immense research, but which from its great length we do not give, as well as from its containing nothing in addition to the

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going to speak to you about when that odious paper was brought in. You know what you were desirous of obtaining was a transfer from the regiment to which you had been appointed, the one hundred and—dear me, how stupid——”

“Thirty-third,” I added.

“Ay, very true, the 133rd; well, a transfer from the 133rd regiment to some other not immediately going abroad; you perceive I recollect precisely the object you have in view, and if I remember aright it was further agreed that Fusileers, Rifles, or Light Infantry would be more desirable. I also told you that having no connexion or interest at the Horse Guards I should apply to my friend the Secretary at War, and I accordingly took an opportunity last night of seeing Higgingbottom, who entertained my application in the kindest manner. Now I have in the first place to inform you that you cannot hope to carry Rifles or Light Infantry, or as Higgingbottom called them ‘crack corps,’ (a name that Sir Theophilus, who was present at the time, declared in his usual witty manner was given them from the particular sound their guns make when fired, as you will perceive, he said, ‘It

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people except by appointment, or else we might look in at his office; but for my own part I think the House of Commons is the proper place for a member of parliament to speak with a minister."

I joyfully acceded to this proposal, as I began to suspect that Hack's anxiety to serve me was more in word than deed, and concluded that were I fortunate enough to bring him to an interview with his Right Honorable friend the Secretary at War, I should at once be able to judge whether he made his application in earnest, or if it was only one of those make-believe pretended pieces of patronage which never go beyond purely humbugging the unfortunate dupe who is silly enough to count upon its assistance. The love of punctuality he had before so much boasted of was now exhibited, for in an incredibly short space of time with the assistance of his valet Ex-colour-Serjeant Molloy, the worthy representative of Clashnavogue was shaken into a spacious sortout of blue, provided with a cape and altogether not unlike a chairman's great coat, a garment which he invariably wore up to the first of June, and then proceeded to put on his Spanish hat, which having done, "Spanish

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friend Higgingbottom, who I find will not be here until the House meets to-night, so my dear friend I will say adieu, and you shall have the result of my interview with Higgingbottom in a letter as I told you:" shaking me most cordially by the hand, the much sought for, and very useless Hack, moved on, as the policemen have it. When my new companion addressing me with a face of great commiseration said, "I hope Mr. Tarleton you don't expect anything from that ass, for by my oath, you need not; he is the rottenest blackguard that any one ever depended upon; there was a friend of mine whom he promised to serve, and to whom moreover he was under obligation, and he kept him hanging off and on for ever so long, and then did nothing at all in the end." In answer to some further questions, I explained to this gentleman what my position with Hack was, when he at once told me, "I assure you, you are losing your time, the man will never stir one peg for you; he loves to have people running after him, that he may affect to patronize them, and professes the utmost anxiety to assist them, though in reality he never makes the slightest attempt, and has not

any desire whatever to do good to anybody; moreover, he has not the power, if he would. I may wonder perhaps, to see so many of these running after him, and soliciting him, but depend upon it they are only green hands here, for believe me, no man of any experience in the management of parliamentary jobs would cross the water to obtain his countenance or support; he may push himself forward and make a great fuss, and be very big about foreign affairs, but I assure you he has no weight or influence whatever with government, except for the carrying of some small office, and to be sure, such a thing as you want.

can't do it.' That is the way with them my dear Mr. Tarleton, I know them of old; unless you can be of use to them, and give them a *quid pro quo*, take my word for it: there are not many who pay for seats in this House will serve any but themselves—kith or kin, friend or relative, must all give way here to number one; and if you only think of it, how can it be otherwise. Recollect the sums of money that most of them have to pay for admission; just look at that business some years ago at Ludlow, and tell me if you think a gentleman has not a right to think of himself, when he has to go through such a scene of expense, mortification, and annoyance; to be robbed and plundered by a set of ruffians, who, after pocketing your money, turn round upon you and cut your throat; for my part, I think no one has a right to expect these men to ask favours for them, and if they would only have the candour to say so, no one could blame them; but it is when they go on as Hack does, that one has a right to find fault. If you take my advice, you will make up your mind to go to New South Wales, and prepare as fast as you can for the 133rd; and of another thing be

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“ House of Commons, May 11, 18—.

“ DEAR TARLETON,—I snatch a few moments from my duties in the House to write to you in the Library. Your claims, I have great pleasure in being able to inform you, have been most kindly entertained by my Right Honorable friend the Secretary at War, who assures me that nothing in the world would afford him so much gratification as obliging me, by serving you in the way that you require; but that, on examination, he finds that the object you have in view does not strictly lie within his province—nor can he find any precedents which would justify his moving without the line of his department, as such a course would create jealousies in the other military authorities, and entail upon him very unpleasant consequences; as I can assure you, my dear friend, after some years' experience, I am convinced that on no other point are public men so tenacious as any invasion of their rights of patronage. There are other circumstances personal to my friend, and peculiar to the case, unnecessary to explain, which prevent and altogether forbid the possibility of his soliciting

any accommodation or favour from those quarters in which the direct arrangement of such a matter as you wish for is properly vested; but a thing he has most kindly pointed out, which I conceive to be most important, and therefore I am particularly indebted to my friend for having so markedly manifested his inclination to serve me, as it would have been perfectly competent for him to have simply confined himself to a refusal, without having taken the trouble of making the suggestion I refer to—which is this (and you will observe that coming from so high an authority as the Secretary at War, it may be fully depended on) that the Horse-Guards, Whitehall, is the quarter to

other mode we can adopt; and though I have not yet been able to hit upon anything, I shall continue to throw the lead-line zealously, if cautiously, seeking for a passage out of our present dilemma; but if in any other way I can possibly be useful, be assured, dear Tarleton, of the great delight it will afford me to assist you in any mode whatever. Would it not do to obtain this exchange after you had joined, or even after you had gone out? That you may be convinced that the whole transaction is above-board, I enclose you my letter, and also the reply to it from Higgingbottom, or rather as by the last night's Gazette you will perceive, he is now permitted to style himself De Hingéville, a far prettier and more aristocratic name I think, dont you?

Ever, dear Tarleton,

With the greatest truth,

Yours most sincerely,

J. K. HACK."

" William Tarleton, Esq."

(Enclosure, No. 1). Letter from J. K. Hack, to Right Honorable H. H. Higgingbottom.

"May 10, 18—, *Jermyn-street*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to recall to your notice the favour you were good enough to do for me, which you would bear in mind, solicited from your behalf of a young and valued friend recommended to an ensigncy in the 133rd regiment of foot now lying at Portsmouth, under orders for New South Wales, and as a matter of course in the course of time afterwards. If it be not obtruding unreasonably upon time so precious as yours, I would venture to observe, that in asking for a transfer from the 133rd to the 1st corps to one not likely to so soon proceed abroad, my friend does not wish it should for a moment

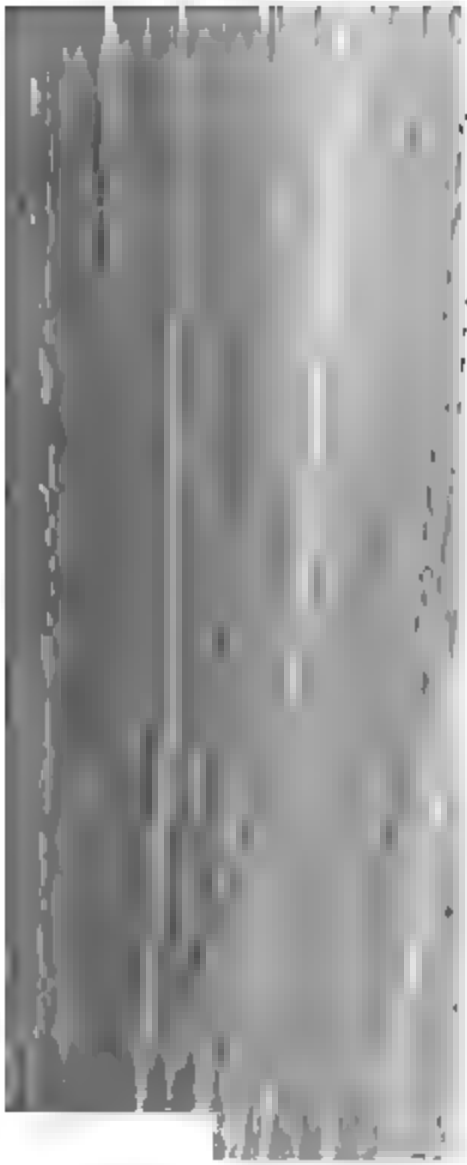
the circle of dear and affectionate friends by whom he is esteemed, that he seeks this temporary delay in going on foreign service, and it is in the capacity of one of those intimate and attached friends to Mr. Tarleton, that I have requested the transfer to which I have more at large alluded in the conversations I have had the honour of holding with you in my place in Parliament as an independent member of the House of Commons, in the course of which you were good enough to say that I should reduce to writing the subject I had to trouble you about; which having done, I shall feel particularly obliged by your kindly favouring me with an answer as soon as you conveniently can reconcile it with the other numerous and important calls upon your time; as from the near approach of the period at which Mr. Tarleton is ordered to join the 133rd regiment, it is most desirable that he should learn with as little delay as possible whether the boon he begs can be granted.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

J. K. HACK."

"To the Right Honorable Hervey
Harvey Higgingbottom, M.P."



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CHAPTER X.

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

First Part of King Henry IV.

So much thought I, upon reading these precious documents, for sincerity and public candour, as no doubt they had been the result of a premeditated juggle, as had been foretold by the gentleman who relieved me from Hack's arm in the House of Commons; in fact it was, I saw, a regularly got up business between Hack and the Right Honorable Gentleman (who following the prevalent mode, had manufactured himself as far as a name could do so, into a Frenchman), and under this conviction, I cursed the folly that had ever induced me to build any hopes upon the assistance of a com-

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and announcing to a private who I was, was by him directed to the Adjutant's quarters, who receiving me very stiffly soon gave me to understand that I could not possibly hope for the honour of an interview with the commanding officer in plain clothes, and as all my military trappings were only on their way, I was placed in an awkward and unpleasant predicament, which certainly did not tend to greatly heighten the gusto with which I entered upon my new profession. Nor was it much enhanced by the supercilious hauteur of my chief, when at last, accoutred in the necessary costume through the good-nature of a very young man, I was permitted to an audience; so that I laboured under the disadvantage of entering upon my new calling, with a distaste and disgust which augured ill for my subsequent career in it; and the very first day proved to me how little suited it was to my fancy, for though I found my brother officers for the most part extremely gentlemen-like men, and what is usually called "good fellows," yet from my being a good deal senior to all those of my own rank, or those of the next to it, as well as from my ever having disapproved of

the line of affected wildness, pretended profligate talkative extravagance—but actual closeness and insolent coxcombry—which too generally marked every young soldier, I did not fall in with my associates the most kindly possible. And looking neither with pleasure nor admiration upon an acquirement undoubtedly most necessary, but certainly most troublesome of all, the minutiae of drill and regimental duty, I fell under the displeasure of our colonel, who to me appeared an over-act disciplinarian, though from my ignorance of such subjects my opinion could be of little weight. At all events, the continued discipline one day

morning drill, then there was morning parade, then there were courts-martial, and going over barrack-rooms and examining soldiers' dinners, and field-days and reviews, and going on guard, and marches, and the eternal uniform; and worst of all an evening parade, which occurring in the afternoon kept one for ever in a fever to be back in time for it; so that with this continued occupation for me in infantry, I could not help saying to myself, "what on earth must be the condition of a subaltern of cavalry, who in addition to all these calls upon his time, has also to remain in stables for about as long again; and then thought I, if this work be so bad at home, how shall I be able to endure it abroad?" More than ever out of sorts with what I had seen of campaigning, I was sitting in very bad spirits in the little room which was allotted me for all purposes, when the awkward booby who was called a servant brought me in a letter, the direction of which was in the handwriting of Browne, though I found it contained no communication from him, but merely served as an envelope to one whose address was written in the well-known characters of O'Donnell's hand, and was directed to

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ungrateful; and you have ranked me amongst those who, even beneath contempt, forget favours when they can no longer be enjoyed.

“ But no, this is not so: I think better of myself than to believe you imagine me of this class; and even if it be otherwise, and that I overrate your opinion of me, and that you condemn me, you are wrong—for if I have maintained a silence, it has neither been one of sullen indifference nor criminal carelessness; it has been neither from a disregard of my friends nor an insufficient value of the immensity of my obligation, but produced rather by that overpowering and deadening stupor which at the period of my departure so completely bore me down, and for some time after brooded over me like an unhealthy miasm, that overspreading the former tone and vigour of my mind, corroded and destroyed by its distempered exhalation all that there was of elastic spirit and buoyancy of composition; substituting for the energies of a sane condition of the thinking faculties, the hopeless gloom and crushing despondency from which despair engenders the fearful offspring which owns the name of phrensy or of madness. It would be impossible

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very solitude, more brilliant from the darkness of all the rest ; but this, brilliant and bright as it was, shone to me a light of terror, an illumination of fear, like as the blazing firmament of heaven will be at the last hour to those whose judgment-hall it shall light—like as the pure radiance of the glory which enshrouds Beatitude will be to the damned—a solemn and reproving splendour—a magnificence that shining in its lofty and celestial sphere, far far from the bottomless pit in which they sink, will in the consciousness that it might also have been theirs, give to their torments the essential quality of hell.

“This was the case with me: the heaven upon which I gazed might have been attained by me before I had, by encountering proscription, opened between me and it the wide gulf which may not be passed, over whose stream of infamy and disgrace no bridge can be flung; but which, expanding with the widening arch that attempts to crown it, yawns impassable between us. Well, was it for me voluntarily to renew the tortures of those defeated hopes I sought to forget, by writing to you; and how could I write to you, without doing so? Anything was better. I resolved to forego your friendship;

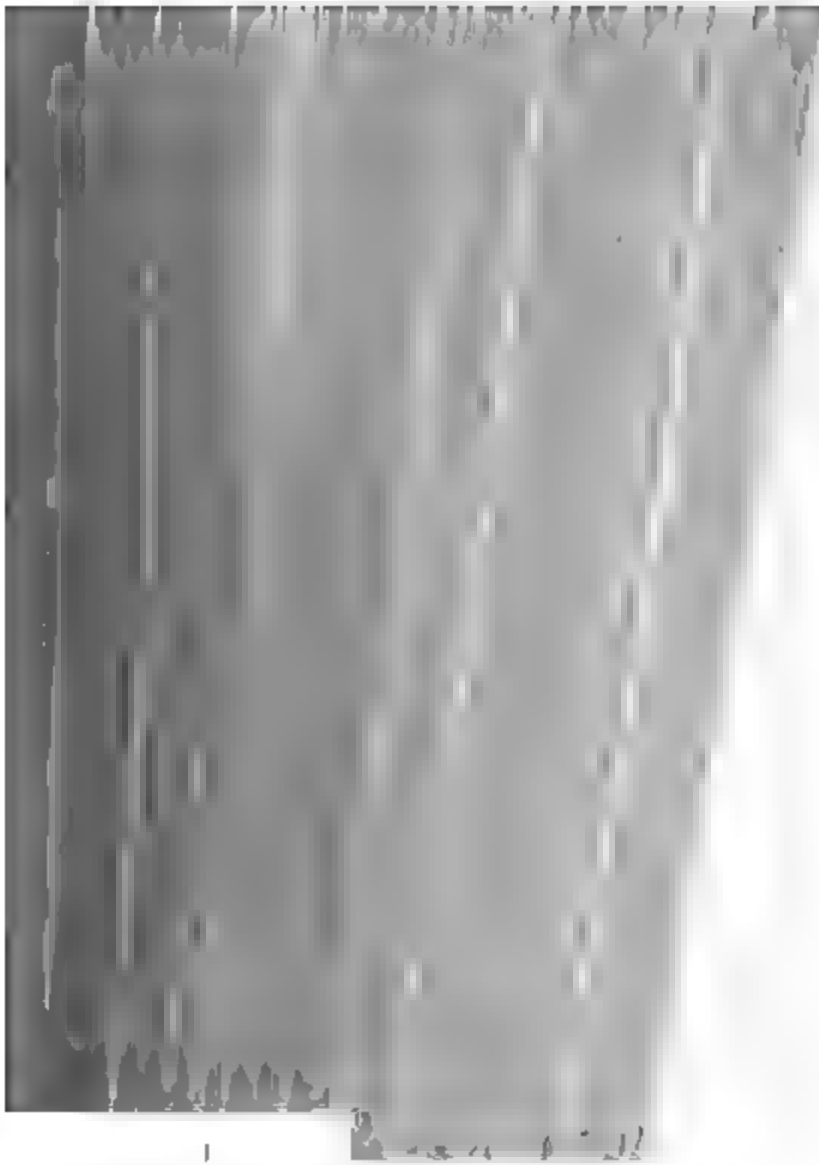
to cancel our acquaintance, to expose myself to the charge of an unworthy ingratitude and forgetfulness, rather than encounter the trial it was better to be despised by you both, than to approach in civil, but hopeless intimacy, a friendship which I will not trust myself to write—so I wandered over Europe in search of oblivion. I did not visit its capitals. I panted not for the miserable amusements of foreign magazines of luxury, nor yet the frequented resorts of frivolity, nor yet the over-neyed and over-visited attractions of nature, but in her humbler and less known walks—in those where she was not so lavish of her beauties.

for liberty, would only have been to have increased the strength of my determination, and tinged it with a virulence it did not naturally possess, prudently preferred to give me the full fling of my own free action, and only interposed in time to avert the consequences. Alas! they could not all be averted. In company with him then, I enjoyed the charms of a roving and unsettled life, until compelled by illness to become stationary at a residence he had long been proprietor of in the north of Italy, where, only ten days ago, I was deprived of this too late acquired friend. And judge my surprise when, by his death, I found myself possessed of a fortune far larger than even his ample means had ever appeared to approach. It is in consequence of this event that I have broken my resolution, and now address you. I remember to have heard you so often deplore the miseries of dependence, that it has occurred to me I may now be of use to you. But that the brilliant prospects which a legal career holds out to one placed as you are, and that it would almost be seducing you from that distinction which is in your path, if you be ambitious, I would almost ask you

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her with strength, if the contentions of her inhabitants expose her to the almost yearly recurring peril of a threatened famine; a calamity more meet as one would suppose for the sandy desert scorched by the burning sun, or the barren rock lashed by the relentless surge, than the temperate clime and luxuriant soil of our native country.

“ I cannot think of this unfortunate state of things with patience, or rather I should say—for these restless emotions of violence are now passed—I cannot contemplate the condition of Ireland without feelings of deep grief and humiliating sorrow. The dreams of independence which I so long nursed the fond visions of liberty that I once cherished, are dispelled, and have for ever flown away. I am not a fatalist, nor am I disposed to reckon much on a pre-arrangement of ordinary human affairs which does not admit of some remedial control, from a well-intentioned and combined effort of the improved virtues of good men, devoted with spirit to its furtherance; but somehow, it would almost appear that there exists a veto of fate, an infernal ban upon any permanent or important augmentation of our national prosperity—we do not



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for the subjugation of a country irreconcilably hostile and inimical, is one that to have applied to a people whom it was intended to at a future time introduce into co-citizenship, was by supplying the germs of everlasting discontent, the shallowest and the poorest refuge and shift to which, for momentary convenience, recourse could have been had. The error has been now discovered, but it is too late. The statesman who now sways the destinies of the British empire extends his hand to us as a whole people, but he can only receive the returned grasp of one-half. Whether a careful and even-handed legislation may, after the lapse of years, remove the malady with which we were at first purposely inoculated, remains to be seen; and if the gradual effluxion of time shall have worn away and washed out the bifurcation that weakness and dishonesty first designedly effected, then, and not till then, will Ireland begin to ascend. But I must not pursue this subject too far, for I shall both weary you, and irritate myself. With respect to the ideas and plans I formerly entertained, a complete unmitigated and unredeemed disgust has replaced the ardour which you know I

monsters; and regard with feeble contempt the miserable artificers and traffickers in the mere froth of belief and sedition sought all alike in the irresolution of their cowardice and the profligacy of their venal passions for a convenient rampart of prudish hypocrisy. Having received a lesson from a convincing monitor of man's experience—I was more easily influenced by the advice of him who has been a perpetrator and who once himself a perpetrator and a victim like myself to a most properly fitted condition; and the eyes put in the force of circumstances, re-

so that I have become painfully convinced that in the disorganized and disunited relations of our countrymen, all efforts to obtain that full and complete equality, which is still partially denied us, must be for ever defeated.

“As for my own plans, I am yet so lately launched in my new capacity of the uncontrolled possessor of great wealth, that scarce recovered from the shock of the sudden loss of my uncle, I am for the present wholly undecided. Were it in my power, the first and most ardent wish of my heart would be, by permanently residing in Ireland, to endeavour within the small scope of an individual's reach to improve the moral and physical condition of those around me, to create as it were a small pattern of what I should wish the whole to be, and to devote the ample means with which Providence has blest me, backed by the feeble but zealous assistance of every faculty of my mind and body, to the sole and entire cause of benefiting my country, and proving by my acts, that in the wilder and tumultuous excesses of my former conduct, I was swayed by no petty personal or selfish objects; but to hope for this is forbidden; and a banished



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dictator of Europe, the champion of Christendom against the infidel, become merely a petty dependant on a foreign power), now too well beseeeming that famous bridge, whose doleful name befits what once was Venice; for from its arch she now may pour her mourning lamentation, as she gazes on the proud residence to which it leads, where sat in olden time her more than royal prince. Alas! that yon dark line of gloomy dungeons (whose deep recesses hold buried far beneath the water's level foul tales of crime and cruelty) should also recall, together with the greatness now gone by, thoughts that do not honour to the entombed memory of her desecrated majesty. All, all speak of something that is past, and whisper as in Dublin, of what used to be, and tell the sad and mournful tale of greatness passed away.

“Of the few who shewed me kindness during my misfortunes, I have with pleasure learned that one, for none than whom I entertained a more sincere respect or a warmer regard, has received a reward inferior indeed to his deserts, but the utmost professional honour that could be granted him, and that the Right Honorable William Wakefield is

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Assure Miss Moville that though not daring to obtrude my thanks upon her directly, I would wish to express the deep and entire sense of my obligations to her. To you, my dear Tarleton, for all the kind and friendly interest you have taken in me, I must ever remain a debtor to an amount that I can never hope to repay, and towards the discharge of which its bare acknowledgment is the utmost extent to which my greatest honesty can carry me; but if I do not misunderstand you greatly, the parrot-like repetition of thanks will be anything but agreeable, and therefore hoping to very soon see you, and expecting to much sooner hear from you,

Believe me always your sincere and

Attached Friend,

GERALD O'DONNELL.

Of course you will direct to me, '*Poste Restante*,' at this place."

CHAPTER XI.

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had wasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

Pope.

THE receipt of this letter from O'Donnell, in
frame of mind in which I was at the time

of soldier, which is technically called "sending in your papers." In communicating with the colonel who had so long been an object of great annoyance to me, I informed him that despairing of ever acquiring perfectly the mysteries of his art, I begged leave with every sentiment of respect, to assure him that the strict control which was necessary for the maintenance of proper discipline, rendered it in my opinion exceedingly difficult to voluntarily continue subject to its infliction, and that I therefore was about to relieve myself from it. My announcement was of course received with the most profound indifference, as I was not of that calibre in point of fortune to render my retirement from his corps at all displeasing; and whether unjustly or not, I was all along persuaded that, had I on joining been in a condition to make a more flourishing display, or had I come under the fair countenance and support of my family, instead of their direct and unreserved denouncement, I should not have been exposed to so many severe trials of patience and temper. For in this, as in every thing, a man who joins a regiment as Lord John this, the Honorable Mr.

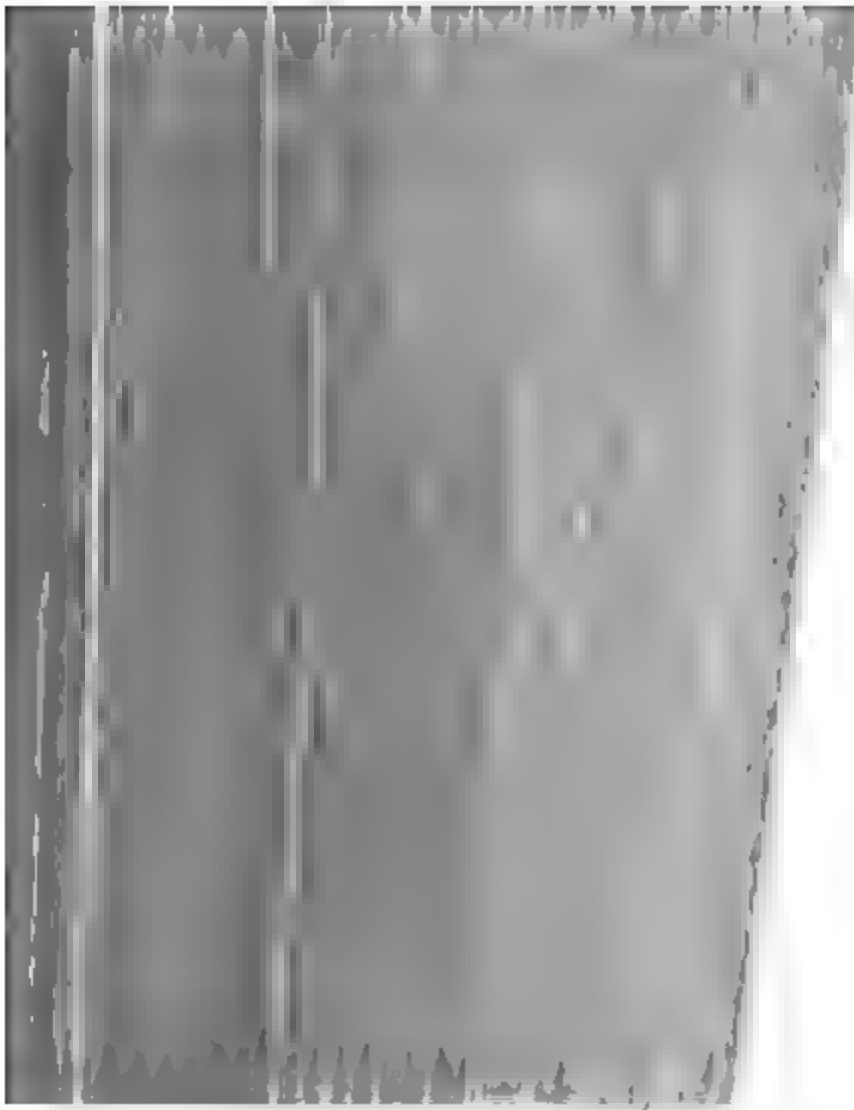
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at as cheap a rate as he had ever in the vulgar insolence of authority affected to hold me.

Free at last from these shackles, and having informed Mr. Browne of the step I had taken, and also that I was about to proceed on a visit to my friend Mr. O'Donnell, I set out on this latter destination utterly without fear that my cultivating the intimacy of a gentleman of a good many thousands, though tinged no doubt with somewhat ultra-liberal notions, yet withal a highly honourable and excellent young man, would draw upon me any of that resentment or indignant persecution which my having presumed to hold intercourse with that silly unfortunate young man had done when in a not very well ascertained certainty of affluence. This settled, I set out; having first despatched a letter to Emily, containing, notwithstanding her prohibition to the contrary, the whole essence of O'Donnell's as regarded her; for I could not bear that two people loving each other as they undoubtedly did, should through any fault of mine or ridiculous punctilio on their own parts, lose the store of happiness that might be theirs, and which amid the cares and sorrows of life was surely not

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which we hold in common with other countries, I mean having one's clean linen tossed about by the dirty hands of custom-house officers, an exemption from which, is almost the only privilege I am disposed to envy a peer. Former experience in the vast inconvenience that attends the discovery in some more remote quarter, of an omission to obtain the signature of any particular representative, made me more than commonly careful to avoid any neglect of this sort, as I conceived it more agreeable to remain a little longer in Paris than to be detained a day or two in some obscure and uninteresting country town. So that not being much in the temper for entering largely into what are called its pleasures, I am as little able to enlighten my readers (fortunately not without abundant and even numerous sources of remedying this barbarous lapse and deficiency upon my part, this Gothic and Vandalic solicism in any thing pretending—even in the humble distance that my little narrative does—to the high character of a novel, that such an omission must involve, and for which I have humbly to crave pardon) upon the secrets of the Rocher de Cancale, or the Café de Paris, Véry's, or the Trois



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struggles and purely democratic attempts at mastery, namely, the raising up of, and investing in, some one individual, greater authority and power than that which originally provoked the revolt,—so has the revolution which drove the elder branch of the Bourbons from the throne of France, replaced them by a ruler more powerful and severe, in the fanciful designation of the “King of the French.” It is not now, but it will be in some future age, that the full merits of this great man will be properly valued and understood. As the gigantic conceptions, the enlarged ideas, the expanded grasp of mind, capable too of embracing the minutest trifles, the honest dedication of every thing to France and French glory, and the all-absorbing interest which the country of his adoption received at the hands of that mighty instrument of Providence, the great Napoleon, were, at the hour of their occurrence and under the blind prejudice of momentary suffering, regarded by Europe at large (and that name comprehends the civilized world—how little of the desert is in reality cleared!) as merely the barbaric thirst of conquest of the hero-general, overrunning Alexander-like the world, scarce sufficient for his

conquest, and considered as the encroachment of unguided ambition and domination, as the severity of a disciplinarian instead of the sway of a sagacious ruler, as the simply and creation of an individual name, and as the advancement of public order only forwarded for the creation of a dynasty of his own root. These were erroneous terms applied at that time to the men who turned to the extension of their empire; the subjugation of those who had rashly intervened in the domestic affairs of France, the restless state which was destroying them within; and who continued the victories begun at Grandprè by Du

sures tributary to the ornaments of a capital which he embellished and modernised; who in the midst of foreign calls upon his time and attention of an extent and of an exigency that no intellect less colossean could have met, found yet sufficient leisure to remodel the laws, to promote internal commerce, to attend to manufactures, and to advance public works of a greater magnitude and surpassing in variety and number those that any previous monarch of that country (not even excepting Louis le Grand himself) ever had attempted and completed within a similar period; and that at a time too when his armies were sufficiently numerous to plant their standard on the walls of every capital of continental Europe.

This is the man who was traduced by the suspicion of selfish aggrandisement at the expense of humanity, but who, under circumstances of greater temptation as to power and greater facility as to commission (from the scenes to which those he lived amongst had long been habituated, and the consequent absence of that restraint which the general shock of blood-shedding would at other times produce), was so little sanguinary in the

maintenance of his authority and the consolidation of his power, that the united and combined violence of all his domestic and foreign foes only point to the solitary instance of the tragedy enacted in the trenches of the *Château Vincennes*; for the "*Vive l'Empereur*" of his day soldiers told plainly how little fairly the casualties of war are chargeable against him. And who there that, without knowing every thing connected with this dark event, will venture to accuse unnecessary severity, far less of wanton cruelty a man who, under circumstances of unparalleled opportunity, bears so pure a name? Who

in judgment before? Have there never been evil and unprincipled advisers? Have there never been unscrupulous tools, who precipitately went beyond what their own wickedness taught them to erroneously believe was the wish of him they courted? Is the generosity of Englishmen, who honoured their country in the rapturous welcome of the servant and the pupil, to find no sort of excuse—to provide no veil—to imagine no defence for the brave and mighty master, who at last reposes in peace within the girth of that city whose public thoroughfares are but the list of his wonders? And who thought the Dukedom of Dalmatia only a meet guerdon for the obstinate defender of the Peninsula? So, in the sagacity, wisdom, prudence, and foresight of him whom the occurrences of 1830 summoned to the head of the French nation, and the direction of that people's affairs (if not to the dignity of the monarchy of France), the shallow read only selfish cunning, and talk of caution; but who is there that, regarding all the transactions of his exercise of power, but must see in the combination of all these qualities, and their steady and persevering employment for the benefit of those

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sole arrangement of their internal government. Hence, as the progressive stages of that contest involved a growing necessity for its continuance, the glory of Buonaparte bore the imprint almost exclusively of military fame.

In the same manner the junior branch of the House of Bourbon, to whom was delegated the crown, fallen from the feeble hands of the anile and exhausted stock of the old reigning family, mounted the steps of the throne with the clanging tramp of armed men in his rear. True, in his case they were only banded burgesses, irregularly summoned to arms by the emergency of the times, and not a disciplined soldiery; but it was only by this same power that he, in his turn, was enabled to beat down the obstacles of the conspiring seditious.

Emerging like the First Consul from the chaos of a fierce and bloody, if a short-lived civil war, the Lieutenant-general of the kingdom confronted Europe—once more astounded and lost in wonder; not as he that had gone before him with his invincible legions and his leading staff of victory; but by the impressive spectacle of a people strong in union and constancy of purpose. With a bold-

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guarantee his opinions—all the experience, all the advantages, and all the opportunities of Maurice Périgord. Thus proceeding calmly in the road to to a glory more permanent, and possibly better founded if not so bright, the first King of the French pursued the path to its attainment which circumstances shaped, and his own constancy of purpose and magnanimity of character enabled him to follow; in the same manner as the transactions of the day moulded the peculiar path that led the first Emperor of the French to his undying renown. The one a warrior, yet exhibiting during war all the qualities of the statesman; the other a statesman, yet exhibiting during peace all the qualities of the warrior. Both the founders of new dynasties, the reputation of both has depended on the peculiar circumstances of each. The empire of the French ceased with its first Emperor. Time alone will shew whether the first King of the French shall have a successor, or whether legitimacy may return in the person of Henri Dieudonné. The remarkable coincidence also, of each having become acquainted by personal experience before their assumption of their kingly dignity with the con-

dition of private citizens, distinguishes both the case of ordinary monarchs; and the cause that wrapped in the purple robe of state the shoulders of the simple Lieutenant Artillery, and placed upon his head the Imperial diadem of France, and bound his brow the Iron Crown of Lombardy, drove into his lowly and humble life the head of the Duke of Orléans—a name never at any time honoured than in the dark hour of adversity when in the day of exile and of want, he bore it, disdaining the idle dependence and helplessness of a mere *noblesse émigrée*, preferring the proud distinction of earning his daily

their government has secured them the blessings of peace, he has not shewn himself incapable of calling forth her resources for a more calamitous occurrence; and the promptness, energy, and decision which have characterised in the most distant quarters of the globe his application of her forces for the extension of commerce, give them fair reason to conclude, that an equal vigour would mark measures necessary for more important proceedings nearer home. An effective, yet not a barbarous strangulation of the germs of great domestic troubles that early assailed him in La Vendée and the South, has inspired with confidence an immense portion of the French community, who long for repose and pant for quiet. A foreign policy, the reverse of that conciliation which weakly and erroneously seeks to be great upon sufferance, has given, under his direction, a preponderance to French opinions in the council of nations, which she assuredly did not possess when he was called to her command. An extensive and a judicious advancement of public works of every kind, prove that utility is not forgotten by him; whilst his zeal for the national honour is avouched

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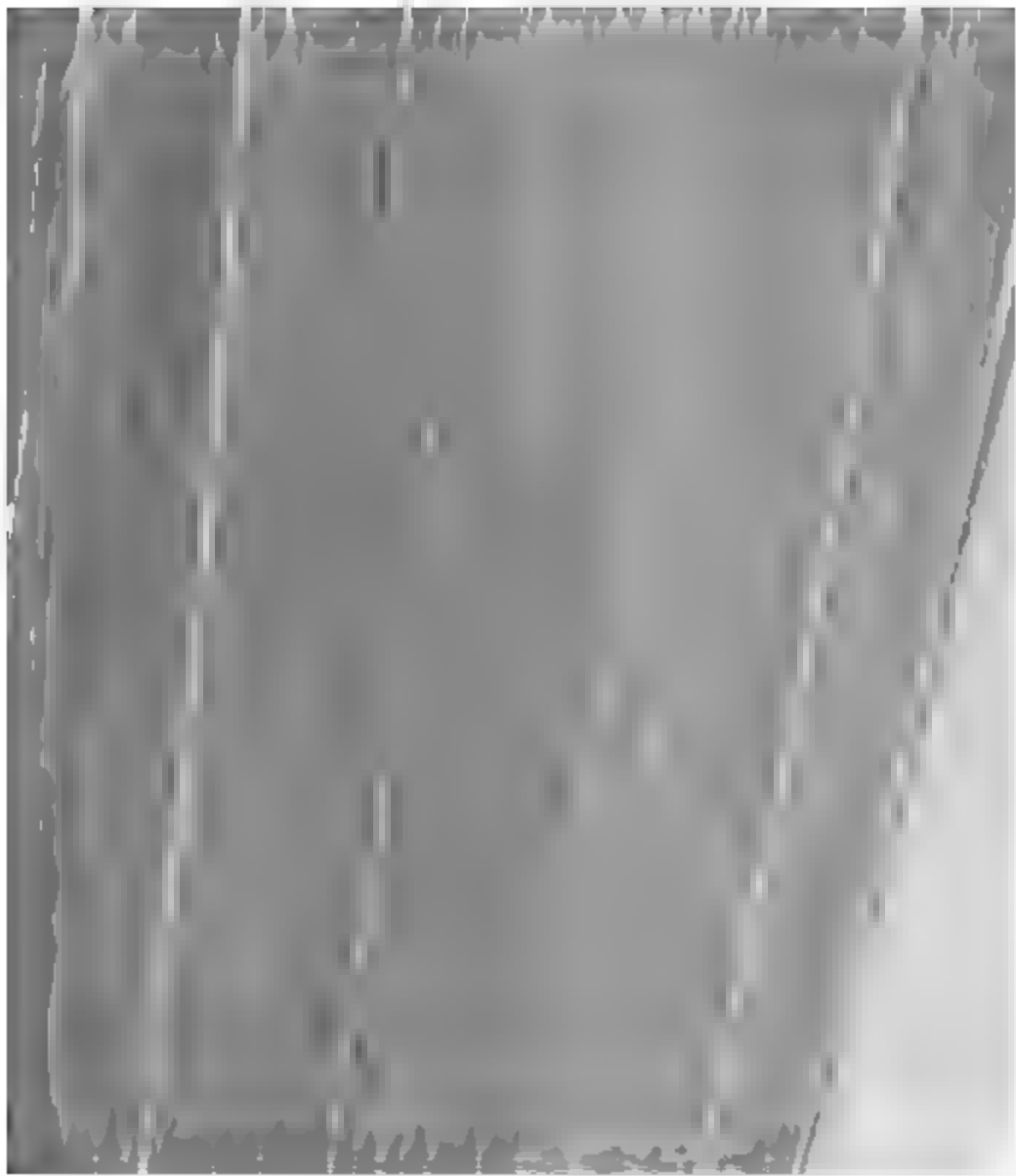
of parts as to render the consolidation and firm adhesion of one whole and entire party, of sufficient strength to maintain free from danger or inroad the principles of their new constitution, a matter of most difficult consummation; and will possibly under his guidance, at last enable the minister of the crown to fearlessly reject the fanciful bubble of electoral reform, which in France no doubt, as in this country, is merely an application of some few existing abuses to the advancement of the particular views of the interestedly revolutionary and sincerely democratic. Thus, in his own person, conducting the intricate tactics of perpetual prime minister, the pupil of Talleyrand will most probably succeed in laying a broad and wide foundation for securing the hereditary transmission of a name and power, the temporary existence of which, his extraordinary abilities and undaunted firmness alone could have secured, far less could anything short of these qualities have hoped to perpetuate.

CHAPTER XII.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections ; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified being ; 't was the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness : 'tis lone,
And wonderful and deep, and hath a sound
And sense, and sight of sweetness : here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a th

Childs Hall

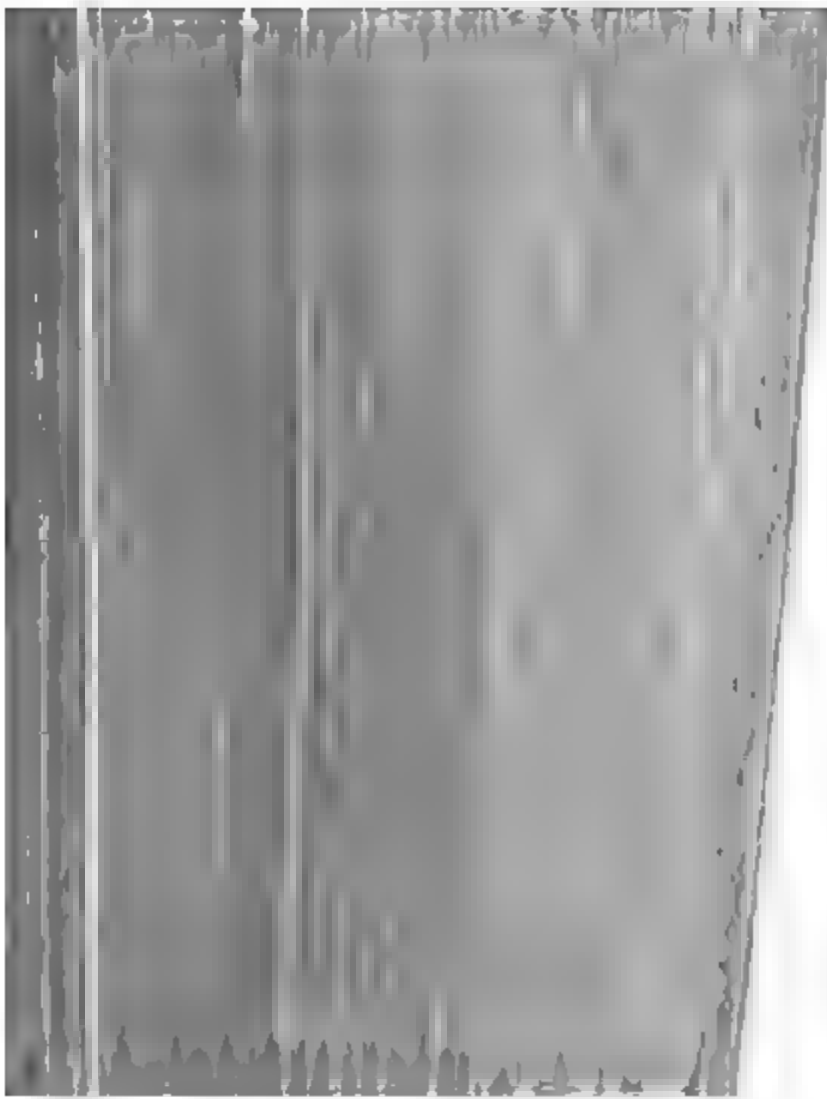
of the millinery establishments in the same street; I made no inquiry as to *coupées* or to *rentes* at the Bourse or at Tortoni's. I neither promenaded the Boulevards, nor paraded the street *de la Paix*, nor the circular square of Vendôme, nor yet the Piazzas opposite the Thuilleries, in whose gardens I did not even indulge in one solitary lounge. The Champs Elysées I did not enter, consequently never reached the Bois de Boulogne. Upon these various places therefore, so little known to the English reader, and so infrequently described, it is my misfortune to be unable to cast any light; even the modern fashion of the *Chausée d'Antin*, and the aristocratic antiquity of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, will not tempt me; and but that the narrow streets which lead to the *Barrier d'Enfer*, after you have left the *Palais de Justice*, actually forced me into the *Jardin des Plantes*, I think I should even have omitted to enter that; however, this being the road I meant to follow to Geneva, I passed very frequently through this quarter, as I remained for a few days at a little village which, though once a royal seat, as its name when I tell it to you will import, is not honoured with that



friend Monsieur Jean la Ville for mustard, that is to say, Dijon; thence crossing the Jura mountains, I beheld at my feet Lake Lemman reflecting the mighty masses which distantly surround it. Here, quitting "Les Balances," I made a *détour* to Lausanne out of the direct Sion route, into which I again struck by crossing the lake from Lausanne. Continuing my road along the hackneyed and familiar passage of the Simplon, I descended into the fruitful plains of Lombardy, and made for Milan, which I was anxious to see, and not intending to go further south, struck at once across for Venice. I had come so far without the occurrence of any incident on my journey, and indeed without my having met a single individual from the time of my leaving Paris whose face was known to me, with the exception of my having at Lausanne seen, with some surprise, a gentleman already slightly presented to my readers, but one with whom my own acquaintance was of the most imperfect and slender description; known more indeed through the medium of my worthy friend Barry's repeated reference to his name and proceedings, than from any intimacy of my own, beyond an introduction and a single meeting.

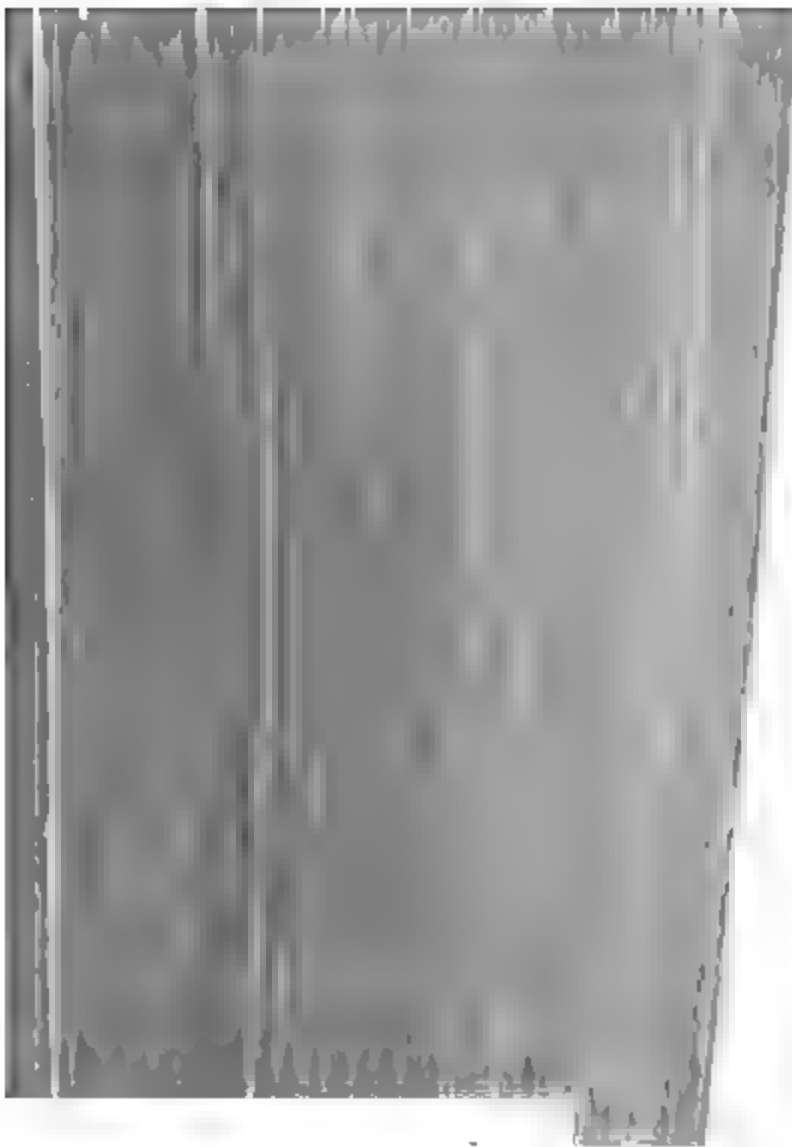
The gentleman in question was no other—Mr. Terentius Regan; but in consequence of returning my salutation in a manner as though scarcely recollected my appearance, and evident was disinclined for a renewal of our acquaintance together with the fact of his being greatly spruced up in dress, so much so as to have a very comical and dandyish appearance, I was at the moment inclined to be somewhat sceptical as to the correctness of my recognition, and felt doubtful as to his identity, more particularly from the look in which I met him. Though sufficiently roomy for the resort of a sentimental lover, from

looking woman of some eight-and-thirty, gave an air of credibility, if not of probability, to the presumption of his having, as a new-married bridegroom, sought for the scene of the first weeks of wedded life—a spot so admirably adapted by nature for the interchange of those soft and sweet emotions which are usually presumed to mark the earlier periods of that conjoined existence, but which unfortunately afterwards do not universally characterise its more advanced stages; and if the author of “*l’Héloïse*” declared, that to behold the scenery of the rocks of Meilleraï is to at once pronounce that such a spot was only formed for a Julie and a St. Preux, surely it was not too much to suppose that a place so lovely—a neighbourhood so enchanting, so formed for love, so adapted to refined and exalted passion, should also have been consecrated by the wedded loves and earlier married hours of Terentius Regan and his lovely bride. Though the mutual friends of both had no doubt been assured that the “happy” pair had gone to spend the honeymoon in Switzerland, there nevertheless appeared to me in the glance, short and transitory that I was fortunate enough to



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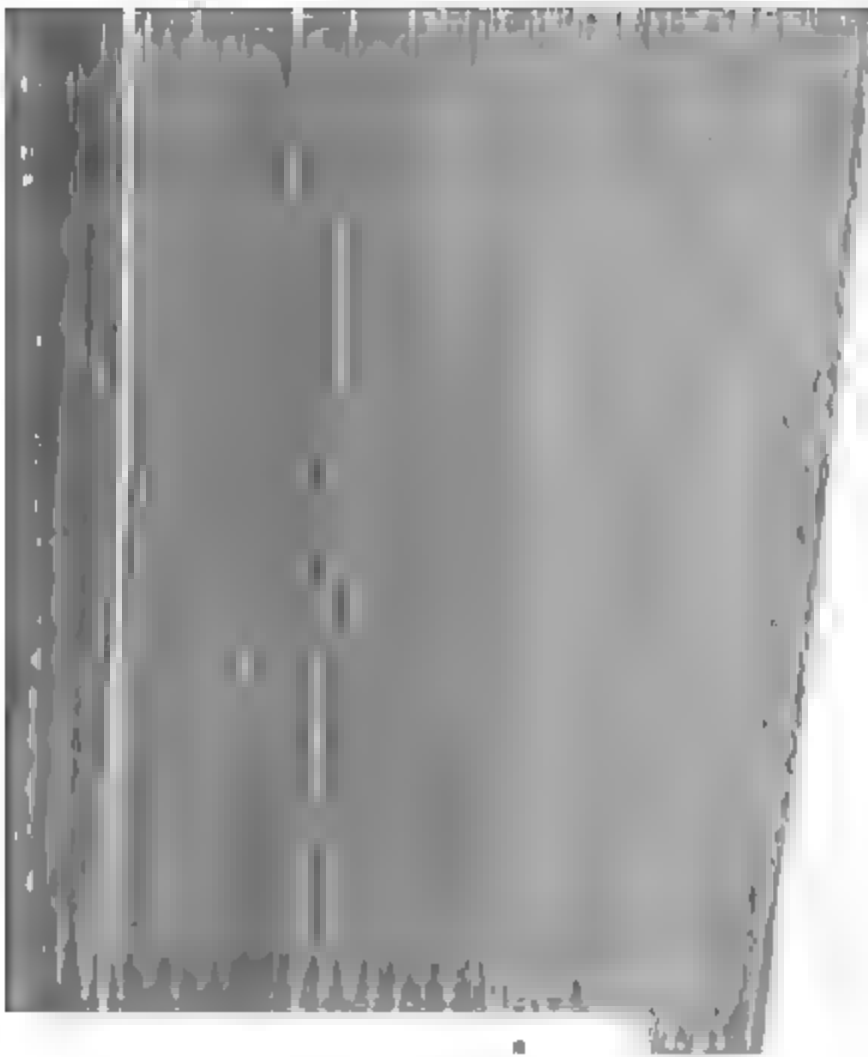
dently found themselves in an awkward dilemma; and consequently were in a pretty considerable fuss; for their organ of speech—the gentleman in jack-boots, red waistcoat, laced coat and cap, and large whip, who had galloped before them on a horse hung with bells, from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to where they now were, explaining what they wanted at every inn, and giving orders to the landlords to charge them double, whom the young ladies (having been to a boarding-school, and knowing how to read Telemachus in Italian with the assistance of the master, who, by the way, played extremely well on the flute, wore mustachios, and rings on his thumbs, and was a Neapolitan prince to boot) called “Luigi Romagi,” but whom the footman as well as the lady’s-maid invariably denominated the *currier*—had thought fit to absent himself for a longer time than appeared to papa necessary for the ordering of fresh horses. Upon his desiring the second girl, Miss Arabella, to make known their want, she felt some reluctance in obeying, as well from maidenly modesty as that natural repugnance which all people feel to trusting themselves in accentuating orders very loudly or peremptorily in a foreign tongue.



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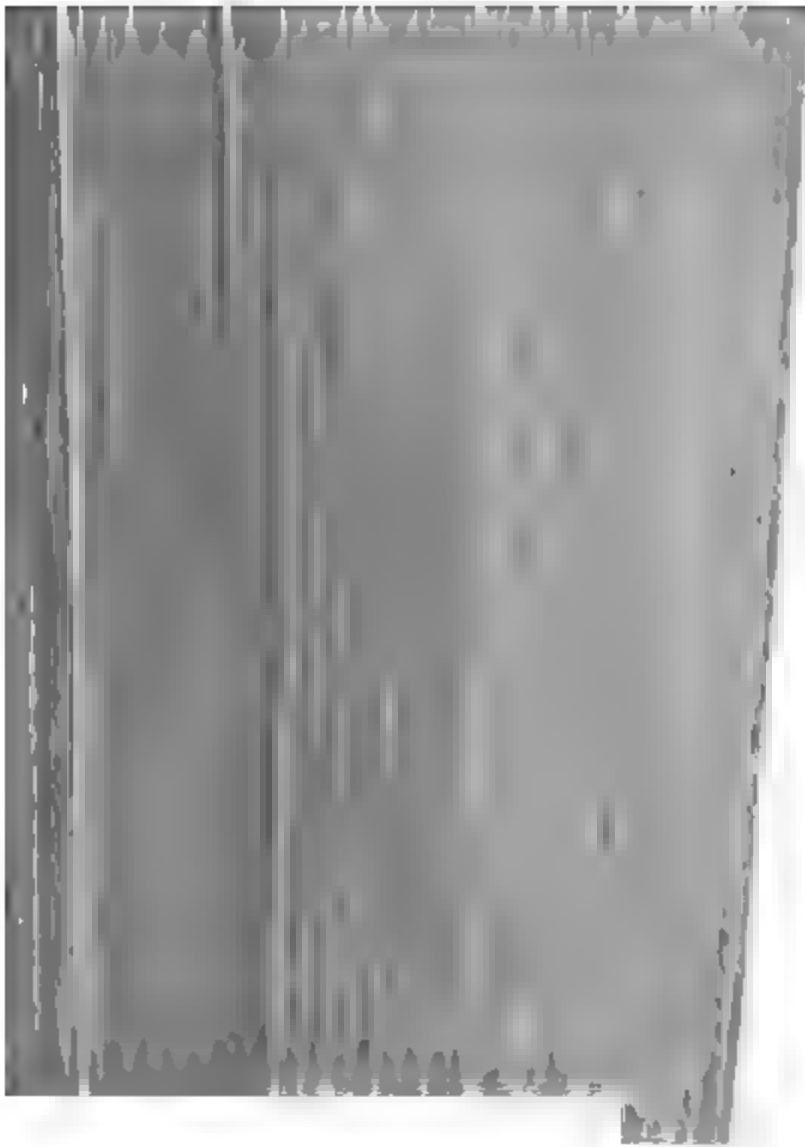
quickly came to the carriage door. Being an Italian by birth, but long an inhabitant of France and accustomed to move all over Europe, he was able to speak a mixed gibberish composed of Italian, French, German, English and High Dutch, so that without speaking any one of them intelligibly he was able to converse a little in all; but on the present occasion, what with his own astonishment at his master's proposition to order horses on to Venice, and the latter's furious impatience at his orders not being at once complied with, the Italian was utterly unable to make my English friend understand that no horses were required. "A boat! a boat! what do you mean by a boat? Do you suppose I am going to get out of my comfortable carriage to pack my wife and daughters into one of those damned dirty black-looking things of boats there, as black as a coal barge. No, no, my good fellow, none of your tricks upon travellers. Just do as I order you!"

"But my dear," interposed his wife, "had you not better listen to what the man has to say? Now do hear reason, I beg of you. For God's sake, keep yourself quiet Sir Peter! Don't you hear he says there is the sea to cross."



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at, and half ashamed of her father's silly exhibition, cast more than one imploring glance at me), I felt my gallantry as a *preux chevalier* so much in question as to induce me to form the resolution of bearding the lion in his den—the Douglas in his hold, Sir Peter in his carriage,—and accordingly, civilly apologising for my interference, which I trusted he would be kind enough, though unauthorised and possibly impertinent, to kindly ascribe to at least having its origin in the very best motives, I proceeded to explain to the irascible Sir Peter Dowdy, the impossibility of his transporting himself, *his* wife, and *his* daughters, and *his* servants, in *his* carriage (as he prefaced every thing with the possessive “my”), for that the only mode of going on to Venice was by water. Having, at last, succeeded (no easy task by the way) in persuading the tour-making knight of this state of things, I received the polite acknowledgments of the whole party, not even excepting the great man himself, who good humouredly enough, now that he was appeased, laughed at his mistake, accounting for it, however, by the necessity he found himself placed in, of looking very sharp after these foreign fellows.



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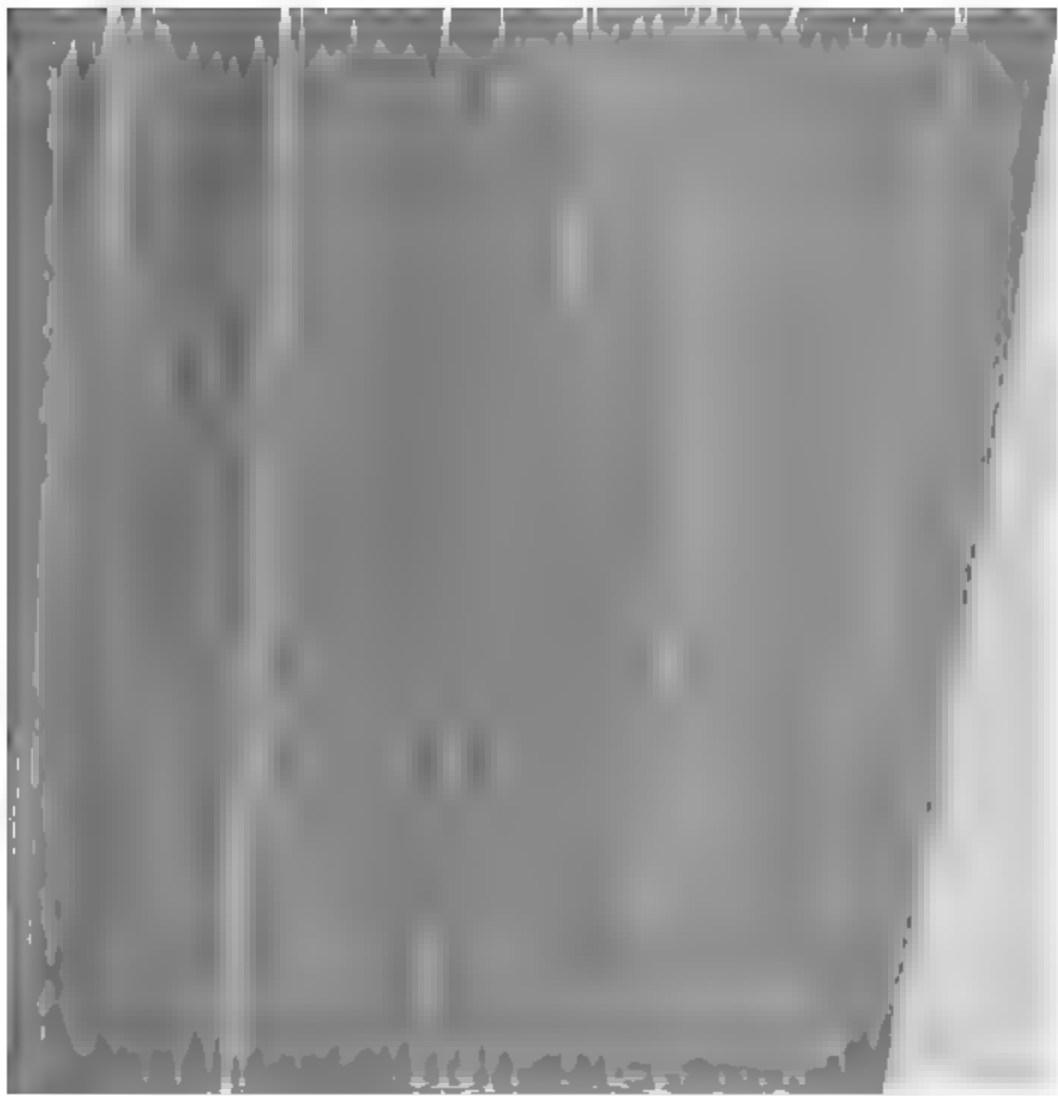
selves, though not of such a nature as would render their entire disclosure very amusing. A full and unreserved avowal from O'Donnell of the strong attachment he still continued to cherish for Emily, was the principal topic-upon which we dwelt after canvassing the comparatively inferior subject of his own affairs. He declared his resolution to be taken, rather to pine and languish the victim of a hopeless passion, than profane her presence or outrage her feelings, by presuming to make the slightest advances towards her, as long as he should continue to labour under the ban of political proscription, and be condemned to remain in exile—as himself termed it, an “outlawed traitor.” It was impossible even now, more than at the time of his escape from Ireland, to make him fully comprehend that this position involved no personal degradation, nor attached either infamy or disgrace to his name. I however was rejoiced to find that he was not altogether without hope of being able ultimately to procure the reversal of the sentence of expatriation, decreed against him more from the troubled times in which he had unfortunately made himself prominent, than from any particular guilt

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to the proffer of his hand and fortune to Emily; for that I might venture, without taking an unwarrantable liberty, by confiding in, to solicit the co-operation of a man who (if any could), was of all persons, from his immense influence, the most likely one to accomplish it; and who I knew would be actuated, not alone by the almost parental affection he bore to Emily, but also, from entertaining a very warm regard for O'Donnell, would be extremely likely to undertake with pleasure and prosecute with zeal, a task so eminently adapted to the kindly and benevolent disposition of Mr. Highbred. To him, therefore, without any hesitation I determined to write, and explaining every thing without reserve, to entreat the exercise of his powerful interest, of course taking care not to apprise O'Donnell of what I had done until the result should be known. Having come to this determination, I acted upon it without delay, and despatched by the first English post-day after my arrival at Venice, a long explanatory and very urgent letter to Mr. Highbred at Straffington. Awaiting his reply, I endeavoured to turn away O'Donnell's attention from dwelling unnecessarily

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did not feel any scruple at undertaking the management of his affairs, being persuaded that to the honest and conscientious discharge of this duty the principal requisite was, not so much great capability, as great attention and moderate industry. It was also further agreed that, as circumstances did not for the moment render it desirable that I should reside permanently in Ireland, some person should be chosen for the management of the landed property in that country, in whom O'Donnell could feel confidence for fair and impartial conduct towards his tenantry, who numbered among them persons of all creeds and of different political predilections. As O'Donnell did not himself know of any one possessing these qualifications, I had the gratification, having premised that he was a man to whom I felt under the deepest obligations, of being empowered to tender to Captain Barry the offer of this valuable sub-agency, than whom I did not know of any one who for honour, honesty, and singleness of purpose, could half so well be depended upon; and who, as far as I had had opportunities of judging, was as free from any particular and unfair bias in religion or politics as



elapse, after my arrival, before I had the satisfaction of enclosing to Browne a bill of exchange on London for 450*l.*; and, in due course, the return of Post brought me the following from Browne :

“ Dublin, June 15, 18—.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have the greatest satisfaction in acknowledging, with Sir Charles Tarleton’s love, your bill for 450*l.*, which Sir Charles positively declines your giving up to him, as he very properly considers that, in purchasing you the commission in that horrible regiment, (which, by the way, he half empowers me to inform you, was done in a moment of hasty anger—and between you and I, he is delighted you sold out of it) he never intended you should go abroad with it; but on the contrary, you will now find enclosed a letter of credit, on Rothschilds’ of Paris, for 500*l.*; also, you are to understand that all your debts will be paid immediately. Write to me to say what you are going to do; and if I can be of any service to you here.

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD BROWNE.”

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postage from thence, quite a fortune to release. It was as follows : “*Straffington, June 14, 18—.*

“ MY DEAR MR. TARLETON,—I only write to you for the purpose of acknowledging your letter received by me this morning; and of course I can do no more at present than assure you, that if it be in my power to accomplish what you so kindly suggest, it shall be done; but I candidly tell you that I do not feel confident of success; however, as I conceive your being within reach of more prompt communication is requisite, you will, I know, excuse my recommending you and Mr. O'Donnell to proceed to Paris by the end of this month. Do not be later. I have taken the liberty of writing to my friend Sir John Congress, our minister at the French Court, and without troubling you by a formal letter of introduction, I think I can insure you every assistance and attention from my old friend, upon your leaving your name at his residence, which I hope you will not fail to do on your arrival. Both you and Mr. O'Donnell will know that, of course, in his public capacity, His Excellency must be denied the pleasure of receiving poor O'Donnell; but as a private friend, I feel

assured Congress will feel happy to be
honour of making his acquaintance. Sir
and my little Emily arrived a few days ago
my daughter and her husband, and our
would be complete with you and Mr. O'I
Emily has turned the heads of half London
début; and I positively will marry her in
O'Donnell do not. Your own good sense
make this letter private, as it might hurt a
friend's feelings that I should speak so
about the impossibility of his reception
ambassador; but you know what a blunt I
am, and therefore I shall not attempt to p

CHAPTER XIII.

She looks a sea Cybele fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :
 And such she was;——

—— but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masquerade of Italy!

Childe Harold.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ! all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

Pope.

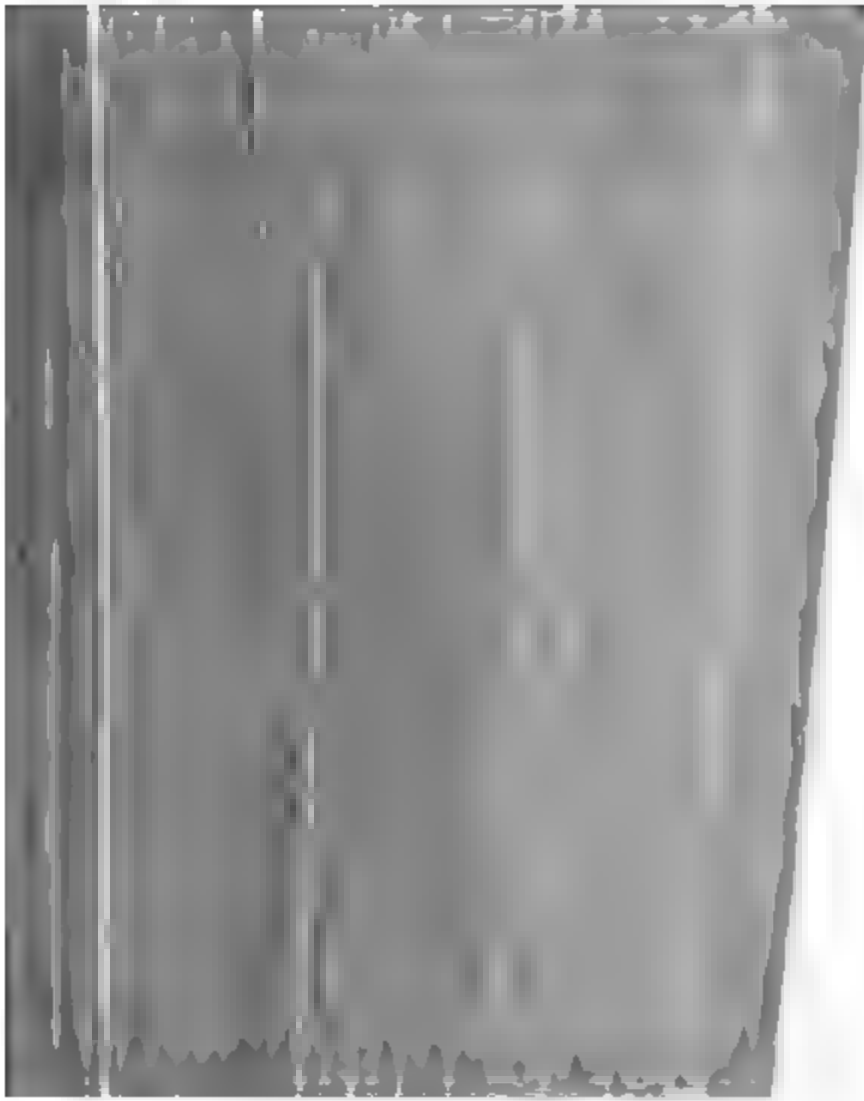
IN consonance with the kindly dictated recommendation of Mr. Highbred, we without loss of time set about preparing for moving,—of my application to whom, on his behalf, I now partially informed O'Donnell, carefully however avoiding

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the temporary relief it procured, aggravated the uneasy and diseased state of mind under which he had so long laboured. The solemn grandeur of the magnificent palaces lining her canals, no longer the resort of the princely festivities which once rendered Venice the capital of fashion and of pleasure, now standing in stately sadness—painful emblems of the reverse of fortune which has trampled in the dust the olden greatness of the Republic! the still and almost painful quietude that reigned in the midst of so large a congregation of human habitations; the unheeded movement of the gondola which glides mysteriously along the watery street, now invisible in the dark shade of the lofty houses that cast their shadow half across upon the water, now again clearly defined in the moonbeams which glitter on the broken liquid of the dipping oar, her course no longer made a march of vocal harmony by the light song of the blithe and merry oarsman; the spectre-like piles that stand before the doors, no longer smoothened by the frequent cable of the numerous visitors, now only the needlessly multiplied moorings which hold one solitary boat; the feeble mirth of the crowd of idlers who

throng in the evening the Place St. Marc—the
of general rendezvous; the impressive solemnity
the almost chilling sanctity of the great edifice
itself, with its mosaic ceiling—all, by their in-
action and their indirect but inseparable in-
fluences, tended more than was wise to nurse
keep alive the morbid melancholy which had so
preyed upon my friend's mind; so that he
exhausted in a few days the list of sights im-
mediately to be visited by the lionising stranger
persuaded O'Donnell to break ground; and he
a great abundance of time on hand, he resolved
my sake to vary our road to Paris by adopting
the line of the Tyrol.

we ran down to Cologne, turned off through Aix-la-Chapelle to Spa, where my good stars once more brought me in contact with that amiable and erudite civic dignitary Sir Peter Dowdy, who here, as I knew he had done at Venice, and as I take it for granted he had also done at every other place that he had thought worthy of being visited, during the course of what Lady Dowdy called their *tower* to foreign parts, manfully upheld the well-established reputation of his order, for good temper, good sense, and good taste, by embroiling himself in a fracas with a native of the town, whom he had persuaded to write to Cologne for the purpose of making arrangements with his agent at that place, for the regular transmission from time to time, to Sir Peter's house in Finsbury Square, of huge hampers, fresh and fresh, of the admirable and beautiful Seltzer-water as he supposed it, which he was drinking pure from the fountain every morning, all day long, and after dinner; until at last he had brought on a spitting of blood by using, without being aware of it, a strong chalybeate upon animal food. Nor was it until the packing of the carriage brought for the



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the bottles is broke, Sir Peter. I made the *currier* ask the man the reason, Sir Peter; but I could not quite understand, only he said it was all right—that it was quite fresh, Sir Peter.”

“Fresh or stale,” retorted the civic knight in a fury, “I’ll have no such changes as this—it shall be in earthen jars as usual. Here! where is Rumager? where is the master of the hotel? Here! send for this man immediately; and the *marchand* who was not far off, curious to see the departure of this great consumer of Spa water, soon arrived at the carriage door, when Sir Peter leaning three quarters of his body out of the window clutched convulsively in his left hand the shivered fragments of the bottle, that erst was filled with Spa water, and held in the other an empty Selter’s jar; his face flushed with furious rage, incapable of speech, and were he capable, ignorant of the language—all that he could do was by gesticulation to express,

“Look here upon this bottle, and on this—the counterfeit.”

The scene of confusion which followed was indescribable, when Sir Peter discovered to its full extent the gross delusion under which he had so long laboured. The error he had fallen into of

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which the man had made arrangements at Cologne for sending to Finsbury-square, that Sir Peter was able to get away from the threat of a law-suit, and the intolerable ridicule by which on all sides he was surrounded. Not many days after Sir Peter, we followed from the pleasant little town of Spa, with its high and salubrious promenades upon the Mount, definitively bending our steps to Paris; where I found awaiting me a letter from Browne, announcing the retirement from office of Sir Charles Tarleton in consequence of ill health, as also his elevation to the Peerage—an event upon which Browne added that he could not congratulate me quite so much as he would otherwise have done, because a limitation in the patent, which specially conveyed the succession to this honour to his heirs male by his second marriage, of course passing me by; but that it afforded him pleasure to be able to say that there was no sort of disrespect intended to me, only that in consequence of my having relinquished the bar, and adopted an unsettled and wandering mode of life, it was exceedingly improbable that I should ever marry, and that consequently the exclusion would not be of that



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into the means of entrapping him, was a proof that I could be of use ; accompanied as it was by the gross and unjust violation of my rights, in the elision of my name from the fair succession that was my due, involved a contradiction so decided, as to demonstrate the utter insincerity of the affection and confidence now professed. However in this, as in all through life, the wisest thing is to try and make the best of matters, and accordingly feigning a concurrence in all that was said, I left it to be inferred that I would further the views intended, thinking it better to avoid if possible a complete and decided rupture.

Another thing surprised and annoyed me very much at this time, which was, that although I had long since written to Captain Barry, offering him by O'Donnell's authority the collection of his Irish rents, I had not ever heard from him in reply, nor even had an acknowledgment of the repayment of the debt I had incurred to him. How to account for his silence I could not conceive, as I had already twice written to him, and as yet had received no answer ; and O'Donnell being anxious to lose as little time as possible in procuring a

ground of this gentleman being now in circumstances of wealth; and, indeed, the long continued maintenance of a similar outlawry against his late uncle, was a case in point not easily got over—that hitherto his efforts had been confined to written communications, but that rather than allow himself the reproach of having omitted anything that could possibly tend to give greater weight to his requests, he had determined upon breaking through a resolution he had long formed, and going up to London himself at once, in order to have an immediate interview with Lord Mowbray. There was a short postscript, which was to me full of the deepest interest, and which appeared pregnant with a greater meaning than met the eye. “I regret to add,” he said, “that our north country air has proved too keen for my little favourite, and a move southward has been decided on by Sir Morton. I have made him have Sir Humbug Drivequick from town, who talked of Nice and Lisbon, but for some reason or other, Emily positively refuses to go to the Continent. Devonshire therefore has been selected; of course you shall know when they go. It is more from prudence than necessity, so

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return. He gave me very

who would be most insolent to general visitors, towards those to whom they know that it must be paid), proved that my introducer stood high in the respect and regard of the man's master. Accordingly declining this last offer, I gave my address, the man observing, "what time do you think it likely, sir, that you will be at home to dress for dinner this afternoon, as no doubt His Excellency will be anxious to communicate with you without delay, on his return from his airing." Having also settled this point, I was, as the man anticipated, very shortly honoured by the reception of a private note from Sir John Congress, who, though an ambassador, was very unlike the general men of that class, being an extremely open-hearted, good-natured, plain-dealing, but most finished old gentleman. One who admirably fitted to deck a court, was yet much fonder of a country life, and had only undertaken his present office out of regard and respect for his friend Lord Mowbray. He was distinguished by a particularly frank, candid, and open manner, altogether dispensing with mysterious and roundabout modes of delivering himself. After expressing his regret for not being at home

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very warmly by the hand, and having put his hat on one chair, sat himself down on another.

“ Well, gentlemen,” he began, “ you are, I suppose like all young men, come to Paris to be very wild; but if you will be advised by an old fellow like me, whatever you do, don’t game; that is what I say to my own son, a noisy wild fellow, who is over with me on leave from his regiment, and who will be delighted to make your acquaintance. Highbred tells me that you are likely to remain a little while in Paris, and I hope you will take care that anything in my power to make your time pass agreeably, shall not be wanting. I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very much, as I do not think there is a pleasanter or more lively place for a young man; though for my own part, who am fond of farming and country life (but I suppose it is barbarous to say so), I really prefer Yorkshire. By-the-by, Mr. Tarleton, how lately have you heard from my friend? and *apropos* permit me to tender you my congratulations upon your father’s well-merited honours. The worst of it, these good things never come until a man is too far gone to enjoy them.” Having informed

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the reverse proposition stands good; namely—that if I may not know you in public, to have had the advantage of making your acquaintance as a private friend I esteem a high honour, and consider myself greatly indebted to Highbred for giving me that opportunity; so having explained this, I trust all unpleasantness between us is now removed.”

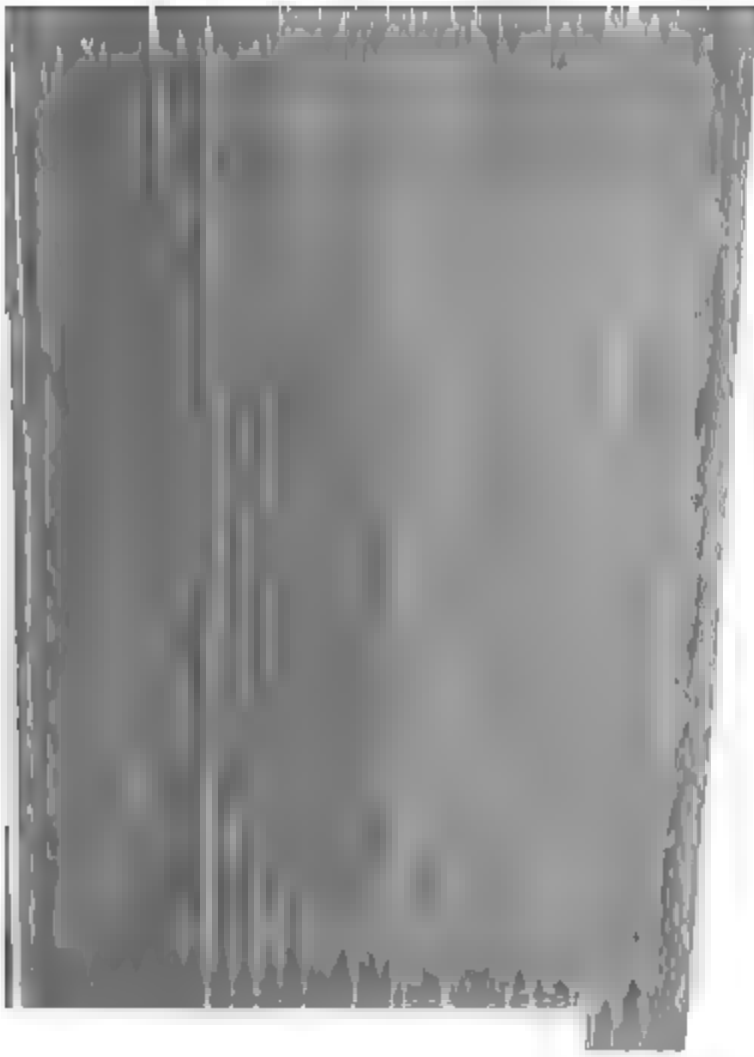
O'Donnell having acknowledged most gratefully, as he could not but do, this very handsome conduct, our conversation continued in a pleasant and familiar strain, in which the shrewd sense and good-nature of our excellent visitor were clearly developed, and having kindly received my unwillingness to leave O'Donnell alone as an excuse for my not profiting by his pressing and hospitable invitations in a larger degree, he extorted a promise from me of being present at a grand dinner he intended giving that day, from which I should derive some amusement, as exhibiting a good specimen of the varied and different characters among our countrymen residing in this metropolis. Soon after having announced his intention of taking a ride in the country, Sir John Congress wishing us good-day, mounted his horse and set off at his

usual jog. Sir John was one of those gentlemen of silver-spoon birth, that might as happily have been born and bred mechanics, for his handicraft turn of genius with which they were bountifully gifted; for besides being a gentleman-farmer, he was an admirable carpenter, - a regular workshop with long rows of bright tools, nicely stuck in order against the wall; sharpening-stones and setting-stones, wore a like green apron, and could make a wheel all to the wheel; had once constructed a carriage and even tried his hand at a tax-cart which ran down on its first journey, moreover was

mix paints, was also a bit of a cook, had a particular receipt for boiling fish, knew how to brew a greater quantity of strong ale out of any given number of strikes of malt than any man in the counties of Nottingham and Leicester, and always insisted on his household eating only home-made bread: his son, the captain of Dragoons, to whom he afterwards introduced us, inherited also not a little of his father's peculiar talent, but in a somewhat different form. Though an Eton and Christchurch man, a stranger would from his conversation rather have supposed him to have been apprenticed to a coachmaker, or to have graduated at a veterinary college. He was as troublesome a technicalist in those departments as any new hand at yachting can be with yards and spars and jib-booms, etc.; for he was for ever describing all the different kinds of carriages he had ever seen in his life, explaining the advantages of short perches over long ones, and crooked ditto *versus* straight; and confounded you with springs, bolts, nuts, and axle-trees. In the same way, horses (that eternal subject of conversation) afforded him a boundless scope. His own and his friends' horses, their

action, their speed, and their bottom, their j
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run last February, and that awful upset
down to Greenwich the other day,—were a
themes he never stopped nor tired upon, a
Duffy with military men in Dublin, he ha
and knew of every horse that had been on
every livery-yard in London for the last cen
a perfect horse-dealer's catalogue, an an
advertisement of warranted sound, wind and
steady to ride and drive. Though ge
speaking, in point of dress, he was what i
monly called expensively got up, there w

cut-off coated, green neckclothed, sporting fashionables ; though indeed when made up for the road, which when in country quarters occupied a good deal of his time, (invariably driving the nearest mail, or fast coach, some five-and-twenty miles, doing both sides, and even was known to have been carried so far by his zeal in this line as to have assisted a London proprietor, when placed in a hobble as to covering the ground, from the taking off of some of the owners below, by himself volunteering to work the disputed stages), the individuality of his species was lost sight of and swallowed up in the long-waisted, velvet limber-collared, wide-back-buttoned, brown top-coats, which belong in common to the whole genus comprehended in "the sporting world." His phaeton always had some new improvement of his own; and when he had one building, the mechanical genius he derived from his father turned his thoughts so exclusively to this great work, that from the moment of its being first clapped upon the stocks to the hour of its launch, he never ceased to haunt the unfortunate coachmaker by day and by night, besieging Long Acre at the most unseasonable hours,



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English, and as my French was rather imperfect, our intercourse was slight, leaving however from the bows and polite bearing of my neighbour a very high impression on my mind of the good breeding of "Monsieur le Baron de Fauster," and also a conviction of the great superiority and elegance of continental manners over the plain simplicity of a poor Irishman like myself. The following day O'Donnell having proposed by way of a little change that we should take a turn in the Thuilleries, which we had not hitherto visited, we set out on foot for this oft-described resort of chairs and children, fops and fools, nurses and newspapers, soldiers and savants, whose artificial magnificence as a city promenade is, I believe, unequalled. On entering at the most frequented gate opposite the end of the Rue de Rivoli, a very handsome cabriolet, but altogether in the French fashion, drove up, and a tiger, *à la Française*,—namely, pantaloons, a blue frock as long as a petticoat, and two bits of gold lace on the front of the collar, gold hatband and large mustachios,—jumped off, and standing in front of the long-tailed horse that drew it, my quondam friend the French Baron of yesterday's

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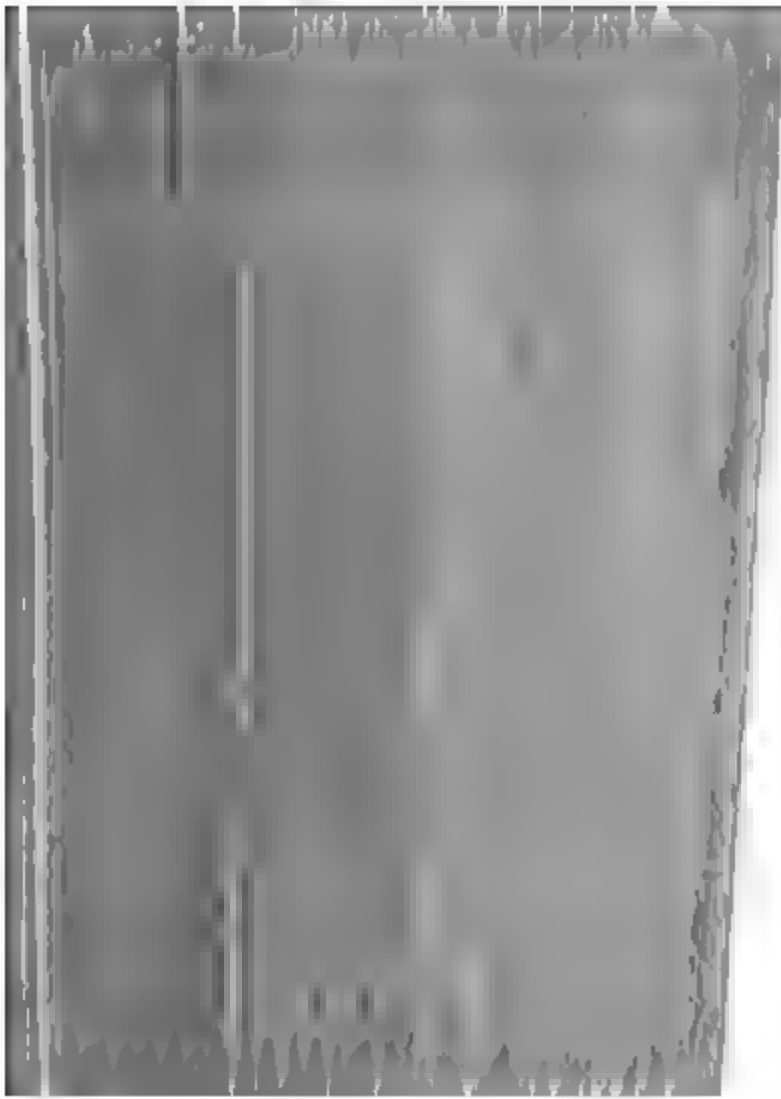
fibre, looked with astonishment at the Baron, and embarrassed by some powerful emotion, appeared for the instant unable to speak. At last he cried, "What Tarleton! do you know this ruffian—this loathsome miscreant?"

"Who on earth do you mean O'Donnell? I see no one but the Baron de Fauster."

"Baron!" he said, and continued furiously—"Baron me no Barons. I tell you that that wretch you see is no other than the despicable Foster, the filthy and vile informer who strove to gibbet me, who murdered poor Tyrawley, and who now is pranking himself in his ill-got gear; but," he cried, "I will crush the reptile," and his voice assumed a sort of demoniac shrillness as he spoke. He sprung like a tiger upon the object of his vengeance, and grasping him by the throat with a degree of strength that his well-knit and muscular form gave promise of, but that I had never before seen exerted, and which was now wound up by the paroxysm of the moment into a tenfold force, he dashed the bloated fop violently to the earth; when exhausted with the effort, and ashamed of the exhibition of rage, he leant heavily on my

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seeing any one whom I knew, or being struck with anything very remarkable, I was taking my last turn, when my notice was drawn to two very English-looking gentlemen a considerable distance a-head of me, and moving in the same direction, upon whom, I observed that almost all the passers-by turning round, looked back, and a kind of titter pervaded all who did so, in many instances accompanied on the part of the promenaders, by exclamations of "Ce sont des Anglais ! Qu'ils sont drôles ! Quelle tournure ! Mais regardez donc le gros avec le chapeau blanc ! Tenez donc ma chère, voyez l'autre, qu'il a la figure rouge ! Cependant il a l'air bon enfant," and such like running commentaries upon the gentlemen in front, two particularly tall, large-sized men ; one indeed was in great case, being stout and lusty beyond the common. He wore a large broad-brimmed white hat, whose leaf was turned up with green, a white neckcloth carelessly and loosely tied round his neck, a body-coat of invisible green, made with skirts formed to fit a Dutchman, and provided with pockets on the outside, from one of which peeped an orange handkerchief, whilst in the other reposed



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my persuasion of Captain Barry's alibi, I resolved to push on, and by passing obtain an opportunity of ascertaining whether it could be him; but long before I had come up with the object of my pursuit, the harmony of a Westmeath brogue gave the *coup de grâce* to my doubts, and afforded me some insight into who his companion was, for as I neared them, I heard the well-known voice of my worthy friend, observing, "Well, now that the job is done clean and nate, if I were you, Auralian, I would forget that there ever was a Mrs. O'Reilly, or such a ruffian as him you have winged; and bad luck to me, but if you had killed him I think Terry Ragin deserved it." Unwilling to become an unintentional confidant of what were obviously that very seldom agreeable subject, family affairs, I hastened to tap Barry on the shoulder, and expressing my wonder no less than my pleasure at finding him where I now saw him, he said, after a hearty and, I believe, perfectly sincere expression of joy at our meeting—

"And well you may wonder, if you have not heard of it. There he stands, my poor friend Auralian, the worst treated man in Leinster; but I must



which that gentleman had authorised me to make to him.

“Then,” he said, “you will feel no surprise whatever when I tell you I never received it. Why, sir, it is going on more than four weeks since I have been in Ireland. There are motives of delicacy which at the moment make it impossible for me to explain altogether to you what it is that has kept me so busy, but it was all on my friend’s affairs here ;” and forthwith, notwithstanding the impossibility that he admitted of a direct explanation, Barry went on by a continued series of distant inuendos, and awkward references, to put me in possession of that knowledge, the full and entire disclosure of which was to be deferred to a more suitable opportunity. “Auralian,” he said, “where will you dine?” “O! by my oath, Barry, where else but at Morriss’s to be sure; you have forgotten, like a blunderbudget as you always are, to tell Mr. Tarleton where we are stopping. Over the way there, sir, you will see the back-door into Morriss’s hotel, the front entrance is in the Roo St. Honowree; and as my friend Captain Barry there, don’t seem to recollect himself, I must take



and that it is in *Parris* you are." "Faith, and by the same token, I suppose it is the same place that the fellow got the stuff from to do up that stable loft which Mrs. —— (I mane that unfortunate misguided woman,) called 'the Barrack-room,' and which nothing would do but it must be done up like a drawing-room, with fine plaster of Parris, bad luck to it! I wish I had all the money it cost me; and, upon my soul and conscience, if I had thought of it in time, the divil a foot I would ever have put into Parris. The recollections, sir, which the plaster of that name recalls, are of so heart-rending a character,"—another sigh, and the green lining of his hat-leaf was for a moment obscured in front by the silk handkerchief which he held to his eyes.

• "Did you notice that?" said Barry. "We caught the vile ungrateful ruffian of a Ragin in Swisserland, at a place called Ball (as he pronounced Basle). Was not it a good name for the job? Finegan advised a law-shoot; but says I, believe me, there is nothing like a ball-shoot. I was at my uncle's, at Castle Barry, when it happened; we lost no time, sir, but they were off too quick for us, so we had to follow them;" then, once more

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loan which he had at so important a moment advanced to me. "Well," he said, "it is come in good time, to make up for all this travelling work, but, at the same time, I don't actually want it; and I suppose you would not have paid me the bad compliment of sending it to me so soon, if you could not have spared it conveniently; as to the other business, I hope you will not think me undervaluing it, or the less obliged, if I don't jump at it at once, like a salmon at a fly; but you see, my dear Mr. Tarleton, I should like first to see Mr. O'Donnell, and ascertain exactly what his views are; because, acting for a man who never comes over to the country, is, in my opinion, a very serious responsibility, and I might not give satisfaction, or quite fall in with his ideas."

Respecting, more than ever, my worthy friend for his candour and honesty, as I knew the appointment would be to him one of importance, it was arranged that we should meet on the following day, when, by a personal interview with O'Donnell, he should have an opportunity of satisfying himself, as to whether their plans for the management of landed property coincided—a pre-consideration

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CHAPTER XIV.

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning, like Noah's faithful dove,
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on sorrow's dark'ning
sea,

And Mis'ry's children have an ark, and saved from sinking be;
Oh, thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found !

Lover.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away !

Tickell.

THE following day, according to his appointment, Barry having called, I had the pleasure of introducing to each other these two, in most respects as opposite characters as well could be conceived, but not opposed, as having in common that highest species of honesty, a nice sense of honour; the absence of which it is that, in my opinion, forms the insuperable barrier which classifies society, and

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not with the bare consciousness of omitting to do what is wrong, but cannot exist without doing what is right; which shudders at an act of meanness and shrinks from one of littleness. It is honesty thrice distilled, it is virtue emboldened, it is a high and lofty rule of action that is deduced from no principles, and to exist must be innate and inbred. Rank inherits it not as of course; wealth cannot purchase it; education instils it not; good breeding cannot confer it; it is capable of growing so well in the fat sluggishness of an uncultivated and weed-encumbered mind like Barry's, as to be scarce more luxuriant in the highly cultivated soil of one so intellectual as O'Donnell. That then these two individuals, the one battenning on the garbage of worldly pleasure, the other sighing after the spiritualized abstractions his own thoughts had created, should at once and without difficulty come to a full understanding, and in the course of one short interview pass from the position of perfect strangers to a condition of the most complete and entire mutual confidence, as though they had known each other for years, was not to be wondered at when it is recollected that the same pure and

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of character, that had no doubt exposed the latter to the cruel misfortune which had been so basely inflicted upon him. Anxious, however, to be at his post at the ensuing assizes, as well as somewhat in the condition of a fish out of water in Paris, where indeed he could only be said to exist whilst either at Galignani's or Meurice's, the High-sheriff of Westmeath and Captain Barry, to our great regret, speedily took their departure. In the course of a few days after which event, I received the following letter from Mr. Highbred.

“ St. James's Square, London, June 27, 18—.

“ MY DEAR TARLETON,—By the address of this letter, you will perceive that I have fulfilled the promise in my last of coming up to London to see Lord Mowbray on Mr. O'Donnell's affairs. I have seen Lord Mowbray,—the thing cannot be done, there is no use in mincing the matter; I must further add, that though I regret the consequences, I can scarcely bring myself to condemn the decision to which, as a public servant, his Lordship has come; possibly, nay probably, were I similarly placed I should adopt the same course, however much as

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predicament of duty opposing inclination, for I not only believe, *but have reason to know*, that his wishes are with us. Hitherto our communications on this subject have been kept secret from O'Donnell, out of the proper motive of not raising hopes of doubtful fulfilment. Now, however, I would suggest for your consideration, that a similar propriety of motive would render it advisable for you to inform him of the exact degree of success which has attended my attempts to serve him, in order that the hope which now at all events opens for a future day, may tend to dispel that dangerous despondency of which you speak in your last; and I feel confident, that neither he nor you will suppose that, in authorising you to fully state the steps which I have taken on his behalf, I am even remotely actuated by the most distant wish for entailing upon him the slightest particle of obligation. I have this morning had news from Sir Morton. They are, he tells me, lodged with tolerable comfort at a gentleman's seat which they have been fortunate enough to secure for the winter (the owner going abroad), near Teignmouth. The address is to the neighbouring village, by name—

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from having any other physician down, more particularly she implores me to save her from being obliged to see Sir Slander Blunder, whom Merville is anxious to send for, but against whom she feels the greatest repugnance, and I must own, as appears to me, not unnaturally either; indeed my own idea is, putting out of the question all considerations connected so unfortunately with this last gentleman's name, that the common practice of sending some hundred miles for a London doctor is quite absurd, except indeed as perhaps affording a fanciful consolation to the sufferer's friends,—for almost in every part of England there is to be found men whose experience and knowledge are quite equal to your most royally patronised physicians, if perchance inferior in good luck. I scarcely know where to tell you to write in answer to this, for being now on the wing from my retired Den, I feel less difficulty at moving, as in this, like everything else, "*ce n'est que le premier pas,*" and if I have not a great deal better news from Emily I think it probable I shall go round in my yacht to Teignmouth; at all events before leaving London I shall write to you the latest accounts I shall have

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discovered my error, as I quickly perceived that they do not bear the slightest resemblance to that carriage), render the public ways impassable to pedestrians, except at immense risk of life and limb. Common people altogether extinct, every one being a gentleman since the Reform Bill; what used to be gentlemen, extremely scarce; and even this square, in which I wrote to have a house taken for my use, once respectably inhabited, is now, I find with surprise and sorrow, occupied by inferior clubs, gambling-houses, and even shops. ‘Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo qui olim!’”

The contents of this letter I at once hastened to impart to O'Donnell, upon whom this unexpected and unlooked-for kindness and interest in his fate, manifested by a total stranger, did not fail to produce a very deep effect; and as I dwelt upon the probability of no very long time being likely to elapse before he should again be relieved from the ban of exile, his countenance lit up, as he caught the idea, and with somewhat of his old animation he paced the room, descanting upon what he would do; suddenly, however, a deep gloom overspread

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importance by the anxiety
has disease really settled up

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not stem the tide of fate, she is doomed—and I it is who have served as the instrument of her destruction; but I shall not long survive it—I knew it, Tarleton; I felt it at the hour that we parted; already has the grim tyrant sat down before the fort, unfurled his standard, and marched on to the attack; if his advance be slow and unappalling, it is not the less insidiously sure; already I behold the preternatural lustre of her eye,—the deep vermillion of consumption mantles on her cheek, her lovely form gradually moulders and wastes away. She is sinking into the tomb, and I shall not again see her. Never shall we meet again on earth. You see she refuses to meet me; she flies me. Accursed be the evil hour that bade me hearken to prudence and to honour. Why did I not with my traitorous and dishonoured arms snatch her from her home? Why did I not fly with her when she tendered me the rich offering of her young heart? Why did I not, strong in the consecrated purity of a holy and happy love, trample on the base considerations of what the world would say of me, and enjoy the only blessing that Providence has cast across my path? But, O blessed be God that I did not do so! for

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earthly bonds, and, longing for escape, panting to be free, looks ardently for a crevice in the dungeon walls that encase it, through which it may flee away to meet her. You shall tell her—that though she hears me not, this voice pours its prayers to heaven for her, in accents guardedly low; that though hundreds of miles interpose, even here my foot unconsciously treads in the stealthy pace of creeping caution, lest it may disturb her chamber; and that, if in former years there was in the wishes of this heart too much of earthly pride, too much of worldliness, too much of ambition, all now has been subdued and humbled, all now is quiet and at rest. It is not moody discontent which makes me weary of life, but it is impatience to meet my Emily. You shall tell her, that in such hope I have striven to war the war of conquering self,—that in such hope the sceptic difficulties for which she used to chide and grieve have sunk away; that all the mystic truths of blessed revelation have shone with increased light, because they form the only road which leads to where an angel can be met; that all the stern, stubborn, empty pride of vain and learned self-conceit, has quickly melted before the grand and simple beauties

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set out through London for Exeter, from whence the Dartmouth pair-horse mail conveyed me along the beautiful road to the coast, where I came to an anchor for the moment at Teignmouth; and having dispatched a courier on foot, with a note to Sir Morton, stating my arrival, I did not suffer myself to lose much time in gazing from the windows of my hotel upon the beautiful sea view that opens from the Den; but learning that the tide was running briskly up, I preferred going by water, and hiring a boat, was landed at some little distance under the village of Bishopsteignton, from whence, proceeding on foot towards the town, in quest of a guide to Sir Morton's present residence, I stumbled upon a small party in the narrow lane that runs up by the church from the Newton-Bushel road, which, upon my overtaking, I with great astonishment discovered to consist of poor Emily herself, mounted upon a donkey, whose bridle was led by no less distinguished a hand than that of the proud proprietor of Straffington, accompanied by her father, and by a lady to whom I now had the honour of being for the first time introduced, as the Countess of Gilsland, the only

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quillity, which settling on the brow repressed all lightness, and gave that divine gravity of aspect which to the painter's eye inseparably combines in the idea he embodies, when representing one of the angelic choir. With a voice feeble, not from illness alone, but tremulous with strong emotion, she returned my salutation; and Highbred with his innate tact dropping immediately back with his daughter and Sir Morton, we were left in advance alone; quickly perceiving which, Emily at first appeared embarrassed and rode on some distance without speaking, when suddenly, instead of replying to the observations I had made of being glad to see her so much better than I had expected, she said—"Of course you are come alone; he is not with you?" Assuring her that it was so. "Give me your hand William," she said, "tell me truly if it be so? I know his impetuous character, I know his regardlessness of consequences, and I still have my fears. I would give worlds that I might see him; still I would not for worlds that I saw him but with the last glance of life; my end is fast approaching, I feel the disease gaining strength with a rapidity which those around me

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if I only knew that those I left were so too. My poor father, he will feel my loss, but his own days will not be many. You and my other kind friends will grieve for me, but you will content yourselves to think that I am happy; but my poor Gerald! he that is already heart-broken and desolate, a wanderer and an outcast! Ah! what temptations are these to fly in the face of Providence, when I, who alone on earth tenderly love him, shall be snatched away. If I could but learn that he would reconcile himself to it—that he would forego those vain sophisms with which, in the folly of earthly wisdom, he used to combat truth; if I could but feel that with resignation he would turn this bereavement into a blessing, and become a good man, how happily, oh! how happily, should I die! If at that last moment, when all was too solemn for the vain bashfulness of womanly modesty to adopt concealment, I could, gazing on his face, receive that assurance from his own lips, oh! how I would bless that hour; but before that time, it would not be so well that we should meet, and then, it cannot be.”

Emily's presentiment was right: the consump-



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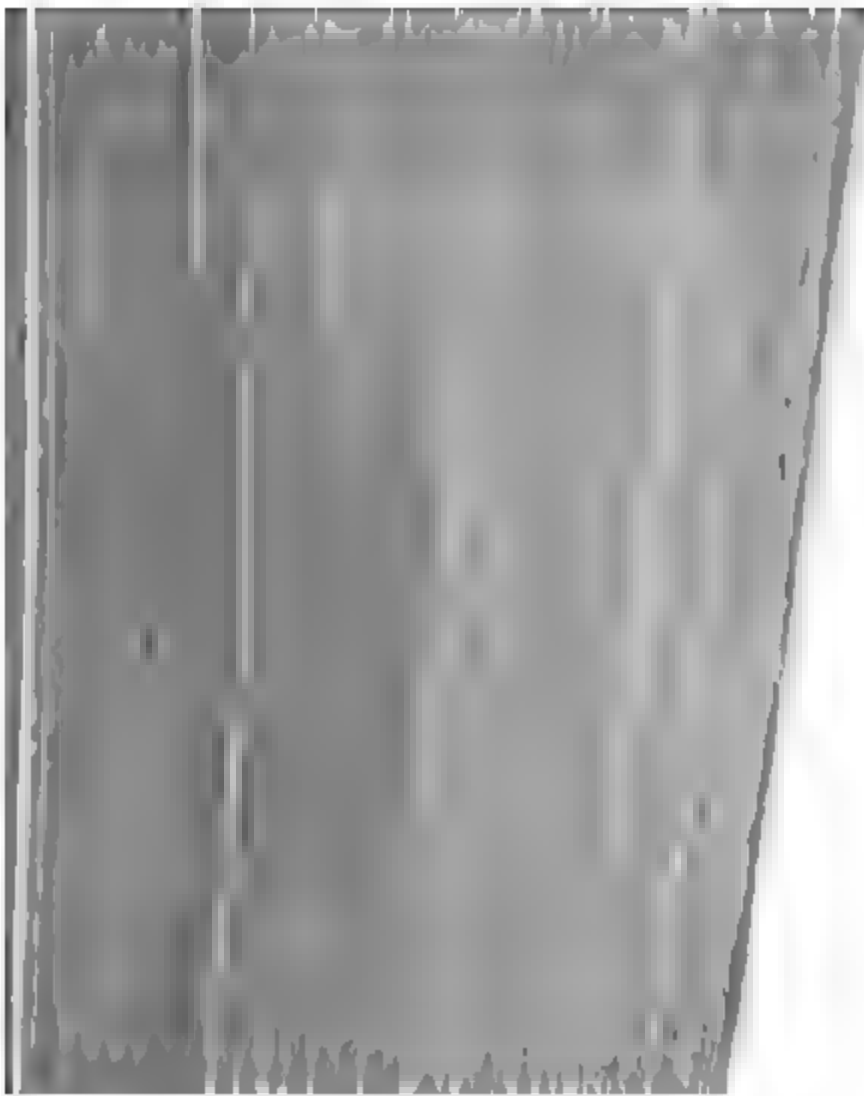
shall post up with my letter, so write to him by all means Tarleton."

I did write, and long before I could have had an answer, Mr. Highbred's servant returned with the Premier's notification of the Royal permission. The day upon which I might have had an answer arrived—none came; the following day succeeded, and still no letter.

"He must be on his way over," said Highbred, "and has forgotten to write."

"It must be so," said I.

Fortunately Mr. Highbred's prudence prevented any intimation of what we had done being made known to Emily. I say fortunately, for on the next day arrived a letter containing my own, returned in a few lines from the hotel-keeper at Calais, who said "he had received strict injunctions from Mr. O'Donnell to open any letters which might come for him, and inform the parties that he had suddenly been called elsewhere on most urgent business; but (the man added) he could not say where he was to be found." This was an unfortunate business; to make it worse, one of the female servants having by some means got an



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mental sufferings, poor Emily had sunk into a profound slumber about eight o'clock, when leaving her to the care of Lady Gilsland and Sir Morton, Mr. Highbred and myself proposed riding into Teignmouth on horseback, partly to see after his steam yacht, as he had early in the day had a communication from Sir Piston Paddlebox to say that he did not like the look of the weather, and that if it continued so dirty he would prefer running for Torquay, where he would be better sheltered, as from the narrowness of the deep water in Teignmouth, and there being several colliers and Newfoundlandmen inside, he feared the yacht might get some damage; in part also to witness the effect of so unusual a gale. Accordingly galloping in the couple of miles, the tollgate-man on the bridge outside the town informed us that Sir Piston having got up his steam in the afternoon had gone out with the ebb tide, and on leaving our horses at the London Inn in charge of the groom, its master (who, when I say he worshipped Sir Piston, his late customer, you may conceive treated Highbred with no ordinary respect) addressing my companion, said—

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ally reminded one of the expression so often applied to it, of howling for its prey, as it really seemed about to devour the whole town; and one even felt timid least over-leaping the immense barrier of sand which protects the Den, it should sweep all before it. On reaching the great walk next to the sea, scarcely ever approached by the very highest tides, the last bubbling foam into which the huge black waves spent themselves was now visible along its edges, and two young women, absurdly foolhardy, who amused themselves in running after the receding water, as children often do at moderate seasons, were near being drawn in and engulfed, and but for the assistance of several people collected under East Teignmouth, who were busily rescuing the old bathing-machines that had been beaten about by the waves, they would probably have been drowned.

At the western end, the usually narrow passage into the harbour was widened to about ten times its common breadth by the overflowing of the beach at that point, and the bold black Ness overhead stood out more than usually surrounded by water, calling out, as it were, to its more eastern brother

LAST TWO WARRIOR BROTHERS OF
AN ARMY. THEY ADVANCED FOR
OPPOSING HOST, WHOSE FURIOUS
EXPRESSON ON THE CENTRE.

At the spot where we sit
and fishermen were collected
that was likely to be made
in the river, and to which
render any assistance.

"A dreadful night," I said
to the boys and jacketed to a

"Ah! that it is, sir," re-
plied, sir, there goes a sea and

Observing that several of
them looking in turn there
if it were a vessel, adding,
look at this place to night."

"Oh!" replied the man,

guish the little vessel with the small dark sail she shewed standing boldly right in, now casting a shower of white foam before her, now scarce visible.

“Who can she be?”

“None of ours, anyhow.”

“I hope she has some one aboard that knows the way in,” ran from mouth to mouth around the circle of veteran tars, who seemed to shake their heads with contempt at the folly of any but one of themselves attempting to enter their own port under such circumstances; and innumerable were the opinions hazarded, of the impossibility of her doing so.

“She will never make it, Bill,” cries one.

“Psha,” exclaims another, “she is running far too much down to the eastward.”

“Ay,” cries a third, “but he is mending of that fault now, let him only fetch up a bit, make the Ness, and I will answer for it he will do well enough.”

Mr. Highbred and myself naturally entered as much as any of them into the anxiety felt by all for the safety of the little cutter. Oh! how she ran along, and dancing over the bar, passed magnificently under the Ness, and rounding the point,



aside, I whispered to him that I thought it might possibly be O'Donnell come over in private without any authority. "Do you say so? not at all unlikely either," he replied. "Yes, you see she is a foreign boat. Would it not be well," I continued, "if it be, to send him word not to attempt to land for fear of any accident; and I have no doubt any of these men would endeavour to pull across for a round sum." "No," returned Highbred, "you see there is no danger of his being able to prevail upon the men he is with to hazard a landing, even if it be him; and I would on no account tempt any of these poor fellows to risk their lives for mere money, but the very first instant they think it tolerably safe to go, either you or I shall cross over with them." Presently one or two old pilot hands said they thought there would be no great fear in rowing across; and Highbred refusing to allow me to proceed alone, I resolved to accompany him. After a little interval, stepping into a strong-built four-oared gig, we got safely alongside, where I soon found my suspicions were correct, as we perceived O'Donnell walking about in a state of almost frantic agitation, and were by him accosted as we

and watch

until too late, enjoyed the rich satisfaction of mutually understanding each other before their mortal separation; and in the tranquil and calm resignation of O'Donnell, Emily received the last and sweetest gratification earth could have afforded her; whilst to the bleeding heart of O'Donnell there was applied a balm, of effect so potent as to shed its tranquillising influence over the remainder of his existence; and to all who witnessed the departure of that sainted being, was given the full persuasion of how easy it is for a Christian to die, and that to mourn in wild despair for the change which takes their spirits from earth to heaven is most unmanly grief. Long shall that hour live in my memory—long shall I remember the parting look of ineffable sweetness, of inconceivable rapture, with which, glancing round upon our assembled circle as she blessed us, her eyes rested last upon O'Donnell, and gazing on him glazed beneath the dull film of death, which still did not rob her of the rich smile of hope and joy she at that instant wore. Oh, blessed hour! oh, dear, sweet, departed friend! how do I treasure thy memory! how oft do I, and he, who loved thee more than life, talk of thee,

blessed in going thus
thus loved, and thus
been prolonged, and
had mixed their bitter
if perchance, long had
earthly bliss, had cloyed
in the warm feelings
difference of time has
strong, deep-rooted, and
could have essentially
and all of us be but
thy death when our
friends need not to grieve
weep.

CHAPTER XV.

He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Pope.

This maxim more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends ;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

Swift.

“ SOME few years after this might be seen,” from a novel writer at the end of his third volume, is so much in the style of “unaccustomed as I am to public speaking” from a mob orator, a lover of liberty *par excellence*, a platform gentleman, a man for freedom of debate, and your truly public-spirited individual, that I would fain adopt some

marks of premature old age, whilst in the other permit me to present to you, so humble an individual as myself. A lengthened and unusually extended tour was drawing to its close at this place on our homeward route to England (whither the permission of returning, some months ago accorded with an unsolicited baronetcy to my present companion, Sir Gerald O'Donnell, having been communicated to us not a great many weeks back at Athens, where we had rested after a journey into the interior of Palestine), for which we were now bound; and not pressed for time our curiosity being excited to visit some of the matters of interest in this most ancient city, somehow or other oddly enough passed over in the earlier stages of our travel, we resolved to remain a few days; a determination the prudence of which, the cunning little hotel-keeper applauded, and even the commissionaire selected from the crowd of those gentry who pressed upon us their services, did not fail to pay us a compliment, more handsome than my modesty will permit me to repeat, on our extreme good taste in so doing. Accordingly we were overpowered with a civility and an *empressement* of attention,

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—“Tarleton! be gor, I should not have known you. How do you do? And Sair Morton, that prince of good fellows. Such dinners! my dear friend, I have never had since. Ah, l’Irlande was the country; but I think I have seen your friend here too; will you help my memory?”

Laughing at the confusion into which the old gentleman was thrown when he discovered that it was O’Donnell, and remembered what a share he had had in arresting him, I proceeded to ask if he had ever touched the reward.

“*Naiver* one penny, my dear friend; I was treated most shamefully. That policeman Rooney quite misled me, for he said if we only caught him that would do. I knew very well he would get off, and if I had had the slightest idea that a conviction was necessary I never would have had anything to do with it; but as it is, I am charmed to meet Mr. O’Donnell under different circumstances. Now you must come and pay me a visit at my little spot outside the town, or else let me see, that would be too far to drag you, and I may as well go with you to the Fleur de Blè. How do you like French living? I wish you would permit me to order

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occasionally, but that I put up with; altogether it was a very good rack-and-manger. At last Miss Rosina Goggin manifested a clear preference for me—a marked partiality—a decided *penchant* my dear Tarleton; and having inquired as accurately as I could from a relation, an attorney's apprentice, I was informed by young Narcissus Goggin that the affairs were in a very flourishing condition. So one evening at a tête-à-tête tea, I took an opportunity as I handed the hot cake to squeeze her hand, and finding myself well received I without any *mauvaise honte* at once tendered her my hand and heart, which she accepted on condition that we should elope, as her father would never give his consent to her marrying me; so every thing being arranged, we set off at enormous expense for Gretna Green, I having caught a bad cold in waiting for her near the house, as the grass was very damp; and every thing went on very happily for about a month, though I never could get a satisfactory answer about the fortune, and fearful of appearing indelicate I could not press the subject as much as I wished, when I received a letter from her father to say, that his affairs being rather

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way. To dwell on the different emotions with which we became once more inhabitants of England would be a vain and painful task. The ruined hopes, the blighted and blasted happiness strangled in its birth—the thoughts of what might once have been, and the bitter view of what now was, were not unnatural fruits of grief for memory to gather from out the bleak wilderness of the past. My own condition too, was one of partial degradation. My father long since dead; and from his plenty, penury and want alone bequeathed to me—pushed from my fair and natural position, his honours were now handed to another. Stern and unforgiving to the last, even in that solemn and irrevocable final act of mortal volition and human power, which in the paltry transfer by dust to its brother worm of those prized goods it called its own, but could not make or destroy, use, or carry with it, is the extreme prerogative of the vaunted authority and boasted command some few hours before possessed; even in this well-considered and coolly-prepared publication to the world, I was by him branded with infamy, loaded with disgrace, and then for these imputed faults denied that right which nature



forgotten dust of the partner of the early days of Charles Tarleton, lay nameless, and unmarked, without even a headstone to say, that there my mother was interred. Facts are stubborn things, and read simple, but plain commentaries; and with this overstrained contempt, this insolently useless outrage to the memory of the mother, was it unlikely that her only child should also be proscribed? To O'Donnell, there was now little charm in the marked attention and courteous compliment, on all sides solicitously thrust upon him, and escaping from it, he plunged into the country, securing as his residence for the remainder of his life, the house in which his Emily had died. He is now to be seen each day at eventide, in the southwestern corner of the green and cheerful little churchyard of the village of Bishopsteignton, leaning over the marble cover of the house of clay; there he holds converse with the dead—in his voice there is a spell which breaks the enchanted silence of the grave; at its bidding, the ponderous jaws of the tomb re-open, and casting wide the iron portals of corruption, the sleeping dead re-wakens to the invocation of the charmer, and rising

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The villagers know him and respect him; no intrusive step breaks in upon his reverie; the mother hushes her squalling child, the elder girls chide their younger playmates' boisterous mirth, and even the silly coxcomb touring it for the bathing-season from London, who partly comes to gaze in unfeeling vacancy upon the church, and wonders that its steeple is not higher, who is shocked to behold the churchyard overgrown with grass, and having learned that the minister is an Honorable, wearies himself in speculating of what family he may be, even this embodiment of smallness, forbears to obtrude rashly upon the sacred sorrow of the kneeling mourner. From such communion with the dead, O'Donnell fails not to return, if not a happy man, at least as far as humanity admits it, a good one: cheerfulness and contentment are in his countenance, his eye sparkles with the reflection of the radiance on which he has so late been gazing, and in his voice there is the melody of peace: his heart at ease, expands into a higher and purer charity, which blinds itself, and will not see, any of the faults of others; if the light smile of mirth never crosses his face, there is a calm bene-

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carries on a more successful and a more deadly warfare, than in all the folly of youth or the blaze of passion.

Oh! ye canting hypocrites! ye, who point the road, but will not give one miserable farthing to equip the traveller for it, or pay the tollgate at its entrance: "Go ye and do likewise."

Here, in Sir Gerald O'Donnell's house, it is that I enjoy the only happiness I know—his example affects us all; even Barry, who is now staying with us, cannot escape its influence; and this very morning, when we were talking after breakfast, he observed—

"'Pon my conscience, Tarleton (but I hope Sir Gerald is not anywhere near, for he will be annoyed if he hears me swear), go where I will, I never feel so truly happy as I do here; you see after all what that drinking and racketing came to at Lishmakeel: there is poor Auralian quite a desolate widower, though his wife is alive; and she, God forgive her! is at present I believe suffering for it, for I'm told she has been obliged to make many hard shifts for it, and has been even in prison. Ragin, the ruffian, is long ago run away

to America; the whole of the O'Reilly estate has been mortgaged through thick and thin, and there is a dale owing; then the second son, I Adolphus, though he rose to be a Lieutenant in the Sierra Leone, and we all thought was getting acclimated to the climate, has been carried off by the yellow fever; the eldest fellow, you know, has been long ago dromedary-riding at Oxford; and now there is only the girl remaining, and I don't think her mother's freaks will do her much credit. Then, look at Limerick, there is Lord Swillpunch dying of the rheumatism; the man can't move, sir, he is obliged to be carried about on a sofa in a most miserable condition.

“Very true,” I replied; “but tell me, my dear Captain Barry, as we are talking of old matters, what has become of all our quondam friends at Cullen’s?”

“Oh! did you not hear anything of that business? I will tell you all about it. Why, sir, old Watkins, will you believe it! fell in love with that fellow Duffy (you recollect what a tongue he had; my conscience! how he used to talk), and by Jove, sir, they are man and wife now; have left Cullen’s long since, and have a beautiful house in Mountjoy-square, where they give dinner parties, though I am told, it is almost all to officers and strangers; and any day you wish, at about half-past two, you will see them driving up Sackville-street in a kind of a Swiss carriage, called a ‘Demmy Fortewne,’ with one horse, and a half-moon of spikes, like a crescent chevaux de frise behind, to prevent little boys getting up. Old Crossley is still living in the house, an old maid, and as usual stuns them all at breakfast with the Saunders. Sleekly died of a surfeit of tea a few months ago; and Dr. Mulrooney pricked his finger as he was dissecting a corpse, and never recovered. Little Thompson,

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Indeed, my own reflections coincided in this remark; for thought I to myself, there is poor old Sir Morton tottering on, in lonely, solitary, childless, childish old age—nominal master indeed, of Morton Castle, though its authority is in reality swayed by the quondam Mrs. Oswin, now the wife of Captain Rooney; who both living as it were with Sir Morton, are in reality masters of his house; the bed-ridden old man scarce knows them, and cares not for his property, which the harpy gripe of his canting relative has already succeeded in wresting from him and his right heirs, by his own hand, in favour of herself; and the late sub-inspector of police, gliding into the magisterial chair, has ousted poor Langley, now grown too old to fight for it, and scarce frequenting a petty sessions in a week; whilst the little thatched cottage opposite the court-house of Monaveedy, has, under the tutelary genius of the defunct and worthy Father Phelan's successor, been metamorphosed into an ugly, vulgar, slated dwelling-house. In Dublin too, Pertinax Halford is eclipsed, and a superior gourmand has carried off the palm; his wife and Lady Rutledge still patronise charity-

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Parliament passed, authorising the cutting of a line of railway through the very heart of Straffington, it might be almost said though the heart of its owner—for from the first day that the engineers began mapping, he fell ill; when the swarms of wild Irish workmen were let loose in the centre of his park, he took to his bed—and the very first locomotive that passed the line, terminated his sufferings. “It comes,” he cried, “lo, lo! I hear the din—the horrid rattle.” In vain the house had been fitted with treble windows,—in vain trees had been planted in all directions to shut out the odious sight—in vain gauze blinds of inconceivable fineness and of immense magnitude had been prepared to surround the mansion—in vain the mechanical genius of the elder Congress had been summoned to his aid—in vain called in the vast experience of the younger; all would not do: within an inner apartment, at the very centre of the house, the suffering proprietor lay stretched in nervous apprehension of the coming calamity, surrounded by his sorrowing friends, who had in vain besought his removal. At last the clattering engine rolled furiously by—all was heard, even to the loud panting

of the labouring steam, and the air darkened by the smoke, was no longer breathed by the world which now alone remained of what was once Geoffrey Highbred. Of my former friends O'Donnell and Barry, Browne alone remained to the last. Of all others I may say, *obliti et oblivercendus ab illis*.

Here then, I make my bow—grateful that I have followed me so far; more than repaid the sentiment to which I may have given vent, in token to your love of virtue, and if the end of the calamitous existence left me to drag a too severe punishment of my own bow.





